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DESULTORY REMINISCENCES

OF

A TOUR.



Wright, F. H.

DESULTORY REMINISCENCES

OF

A TOUR

THROUGH

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, AND FRANCE.

BY

AN AMERICAN.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;  
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home.

BYRON.

BOSTON :  
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.  
PHILADELPHIA :  
E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

1838.

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TO THAT  
AGREEABLE COTERIE OF INTIMATE FRIENDS,  
WHOSE  
SOCIETY AND CONVERSE  
ENLIVENED HIS RESIDENCE IN PARIS DURING THE WINTER OF 1835-6,  
THESE PAGES,  
WHICH MAY REVIVE PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST,  
ARE  
WITH MUCH REGARD  
DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

## ERRATA.

*Page 39, line 25, for marbled, read marble.*  
“ 116, “ 16, “ *champaigne*, “ *champaign*.  
“ 215, “ 5, “ *are struck*, “ *we are struck*.

## P R E F A C E.

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It is customary for an Author, ere he makes his *début* in character, to offer sundry apologetic or conciliatory remarks, — both for the sake of veiling his imperfections, and (more especially) for the purpose of enlisting in his behalf the feelings of that *dread arbiter* who can bid him live, whatever his transgression, or, *verso pollice*, can put an instant end to his sufferings, by terminating at once his literary existence.

Although I shall attempt no formal apology for the infliction of these pages upon the public, yet I cannot forbear saying, in justice to myself, that, when the incidents

that are sketched in this volume were actually occurring, no idea of even so much as committing them to paper crossed my mind.

After an absence of more than two years, I returned to my native land. The many and interesting scenes I had passed through, of which, heretofore, in the ferment of constant and ever-varying action, the mind had taken, as it were, but hasty and unconscious cognizance, — now, surveyed through the clear glass of memory, — arranged themselves distinctly and in order before me.

At first I commenced a series of papers to furnish occupation for the else listless hour, and divert *ennui*, with perhaps an ulterior view toward furnishing a pleasant theme of reference for that after period, when the fresh hues of the events, therein recorded, should have faded from the tablet of the memory.

By these occasional contributions, my

manuscript increased, in time, to a considerable size ; and I became at length infected with that prevalent disease, the *cacothetes publicandi* (if the critic will pardon me the expression), which might assail even the wisest. “ A book ’s a book,” said the noble poet, “ e’en though there ’s nothing in it ;” and, in accordance with the sentiment, I resolved to publish. *Voici* “ the head and front of my offending.”

The pages constituting this volume are submitted to the public eye, rather as the brief and “ desultory reminiscences ” of a European tour, than as a circumstantial note-book history of travels. The sketches of Paris, which occupy a considerable portion of the volume, are the fruits of a long residence in that delightful Capital, and are as authentic, as abundant leisure to observe, and a disposition not unwilling to investigate, would allow me to obtain.

Having thus much premised, the Author makes his first bow, in a new character, and wishes thee, gentle reader, all health and prosperity.

BOSTON, JUNE 7TH, 1838.

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Voyage. — Havre de Grace. — Rouen. — Arrival at Paris. — Palais Royal. — Theatres. — Italian Opera. — Julia Grisi. — The Parisian's Attachment to his City. — Promenades. — Courtesy to Strangers. — Description of the City. — Its Antiquities. — Art. — Parisian Manners and Character. — Schedule of a Day. — Gambling Houses. — Small Fortunes. . . . . 1

## CHAPTER II.

London. — St. Paul's Church. — Theatres. — King's Theatre. — Its aristocratic Character. — Passage down the Thames. — Voyage to Rotterdam. — Sensations of Foreigners. — Appearance of the Country. — Ride to Amsterdam. — Reflections on Travelling. — House occupied by Peter the Great. — Description of the City. — Amusements. — Character of the Inhabitants. — Dutch Paintings and Painters. — Excursion to Saardam and Broeck. . . . . 17

## CHAPTER III.

Utrecht. — Osnabruck. — Arrest for Cigar-smoking. — Bremen. — Extensive Wine Cellar. — Brunswick. — Antiquity of its Architecture. — Its Environs. — Vault of the Brunswick Family. — The new Ducal Palace. — Hanover. — Objects of Interest. — Government. — Magdeburg. — Berlin. — The Palace. — The Royal Museum and Arsenal. — Linden Street. — Public Amusements. — Theatres. — The Royal Family. — The late Queen Louisa. — Potsdam. — The Palaces. — Study of Frederic the Great. — The New Palace. — Military Exercises. — Sans Souci. — Frederic the Great. . . . . 28

## CHAPTER IV.

Reflections on Travel. — Environs of Leipsic. — The Battle-Ground. — Monument to Poniatowski. — Absence of Public Amusements. — Dresden. — The Gallery of Paintings. — The Madonna of Raffaele. — Paintings of Correggio. — Jewel Office, or Treasury. — Dresden Porcelain. — General Morceau. — The Environs of Dresden. — Style of Architecture. — The King and Royal Family. — Moral Condition of Society. . . 44

## CHAPTER V.

Journey to Prague. — The Black Horse. — Objects of Interest in Prague. — Battle of Prague. — The Bridge. — Islands and Rifle Shooting. — German Life. — Ger-



man and American Theatres. — German Troops. — Austria Proper and its Army. . . . .	58
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Vienna. — The Archduke Charles Hotel. — Imperial Library. — Public Rooms. — Church of St. Stephen's. — The Hearts of the Imperial Family. — Palaces. — Maria Theresa. — Schoenbrunn. — Arsenal at Vienna. — Promenades. — National Traits of Char- acter. — Music. — Strauss. — Baden. — The Archduke Charles. — Presburg. — The Virtue of Primitive Sim- plicity. — Pesth. — The Hungarians. — Scene at the Jager-Horn. — Wagon Ride to Vienna. . . . .	66
---	----

## CHAPTER VII.

Identification of Austria and Vienna. — The Opera. — Cheapness of Public Amusements. — Morality of Vi- enna. — Lintz. — Salzburg. — The Citadel. — Salt Works of Hallein. — Descent into them. — Crétins. — Remarks on Salzburg. — Gardens and Statues. — Mu- nich. — The Queen Mother of Naples. — Amusements for her. — The Duchess de Berri. — Remarks on Mu- nich. — Statues and Paintings of Prince Eugene Beau- harnois. — Canova. — Churches. — Palaces. — The Theatre. — Der Freischutz. — The English Garden. .	83
---	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Frankfort. — Observations on the City. — Visit to the Opera. — The Bridge. — Gardens. —	
---	--

Wiesbaden. — Johannisberg. — Chateau of Prince Metternich. — The Grape and Wines. — Bingen. — Journey to Coblenz. — Baronial Castle. — Ehrenbreitstein. — Jealousy of the Prussian Government illustrated. — Military Guides and Arrangement. — Passage down the Rhine. — Account of the Boatman. — Nonnenworth. — A Castle and its Legend. — Drachenfels. — Bonn. — The University. — Cabinet of Natural Curiosities. — Cologne. — The Cathedral. — Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne. — The Crucifixion of St. Peter by Rubens. . . . .	97
--	----

## CHAPTER IX.

Journey to Mayence. — The Cathedral. — Mannheim. — Heidelberg. — Castle built by Charlemagne. — View of the City. — Viewing natural Scenery at Sunset. — Companion from Holland. — Carlsruhe. — Baden. — The Castle. — Prospect from it. — An English Lady. — Beauty. — Strasburg. — The Cathedral. — View from it. — German Character of the City. — Remarks on Travelling. — Colmar. . . . .	116
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

Basle. — The Drei Könige von Cöln. — Disappointed Travellers. — Remarks on Basle. — Fellow Travellers to Berne. — Stop of the Diligence at Midnight. — Remark of Diderot. — Scenery near Berne. — Promenade. — Lausanne. — Rousseau. — His Conception of Julie. — Lake of Geneva. — Gibbon. — Description and Account of Lausanne. . . . .	131
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

Steamboat Passage to Geneva. — Jerome Bonaparte. —  
 Arrival at Geneva. — Scenery. — Excursion towards  
 Mont Blanc. — Scenery on the Way. — Vale of Chamouni. — Ascent of Montanvert. — Mer de Glace. —  
 De Saussure. — Further Remarks on Chamouni. —  
 Return to Geneva. — Remarkable Grotto. . . . 147

## CHAPTER XII.

Voltaire's Seat at Ferney. — His Death. — The old Gardener at Ferney. — Voltaire's Character and Skepticism. — His Intimacy with Frederic the Great. — Coppel. — Madame de Staël. — Present Condition and Resources of Geneva. — Its Picturesqueness. — Lake Lemman. — The Genevois. — Present Condition of the Swiss and Switzerland. . . . . 161

## CHAPTER XIII.

Journey to Lyons. — Annoying Police Examination. — Enlightening Effect of Gold on Politics. — Lyons and its Inhabitants. — Steamboat Passage down the Rhone. — Avignon. — Excursion to Vaucluse. — The celebrated Fountain. — Petrarch and his Laura. — A Déjeûner à la Fourchette. — Wines. — Temperance. — Nismes. — The Amphitheatre. — The Maison Carrée. — Aqueduct of the Pont du Gard. . . . . 172

## CHAPTER XIV.

Marseilles. — The Quai. — Water Excursions. — Hôtel de Ville. — Cause of the Neglect of the Fine Arts. — The Old Town. — The New Town. — Theatre. — Amusements. — Female Pedlers in Cafés. — Manners of the Inhabitants. — Charlatanerie. — Tir au Pistolet. — Montagnes Russes. — Toulon. — The Harbour. — The Montebello Ship of the Line. — Royal Arsenal. — Character of the Marseillais. — Their Language and Personal Appearance. — The Women of Southern France. — A Remark on their peculiar Traits, Moral and Physical. . . . . 186

## CHAPTER XV.

Montpellier. — Promenades. — Ancient Pile. — Medical School. — Young and Narcissa. — Narcissa's Tomb. — The Canal de Languedoc. — Travelling on it. — Toulouse. — Objects of Interest. — Antiquities. — Places of Amusement. — Journey to Bordeaux. — Description of the City. — Theatre. — Corn Mill. — Montaigne. — Bordeaux and Marseilles compared. — Travelling by Malle Poste. — Route to Paris. — Poitiers. — Tours. — Extensive Quai. — The Loire. — Blois. — Orléans. — La Pucelle. — Arrival at Paris. . 203

## CHAPTER XVI.

Paris. — Notre Dame. — Churches. — The Pantheon. — Vault and Tombs. — Tomb of Lannes. — Echo. —

View from the Pantheon. — Its Dome and Painting in Fresco. — Palaces. — The Tuileries. — Garden of the Tuileries. — Splendid View. — Palais Bourbon. — The Louvre. — Gallery of Paintings. — Modern French Artists. — Remarks on Painting. . . . .	220
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

Description of the Palais Royal. — Its magnificent Area and Promenades. — Passage d'Orléans. — Its splendid Appearance at Evening. — Glance at the principal Features of the Palais Royal. — Variety and Brilliancy of the Magasins and Cafés. — The Café des Aveugles. — Atmosphere of Gayety about the Palais Royal. — Its Effect upon the Feelings. — Principal Theatres of Paris. — French Opera House. — Principal Performers in Opera and Ballet. — Interior Arrangement of the Salle. — Prices of Admission. — The Royal Box. — Saloon of the Opera. . . . .	232
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Académie Royale de Musique. — Leading Operas there represented. — Robert le Diable. — Excellence of Nourrit in that Character. — Magnificent Scenic Effect. — Ballet-Opera of La Tentation. — Scene representing L'Enfer. — La Juive. — Les Huguenots. — Nourrit. — Lafont. — Levasseur. — Madame Cinti Damoreau. — Madame Dorus Gras. — Mademoiselle Falcon. . . . .	241
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Dance. — La Révolte au Sérail. — Taglioni. — Duvernay. — Fanny Essler. — Augusta. — Male Artistes. — Mazillier. — Montjoie. — Perrôt. — Italian Opera. — Rubini. — La Somnambula. — Its Performance here and in Paris. — Lablache. — La Prova d' un Opera Seria. — Tamburini. — Bellini. — Malibran. — Ivanhoff. — Giulia Grisi. — Her Success in La Norma. — Other Ladies of the Opera. — Operas most in Vogue. — Concluding Remarks on the Opera. . . . .	251
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

The Théâtre Français. — Ligier. — Mademoiselle Mars. — Madame Volnys. — Casimir De la Vigne. — Don Juan d'Autriche. — Outline of it. — Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. — Mademoiselle Georges. — The Gymnase. — Théâtre des Variétés. — The Vaudeville. — Other Theatres in Paris. — The Wandering Jew. — The Opéra Comique. — Le Pré aux Clercs. — The Odéon. — French Fondness for Theatrical Exhibitions and Music. . . . .	268
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

Parisian Cafés. — Hotels. — Manner of Living. — La Vie en Garçon. — Breakfasting Houses. — The Café Véron. — The Café d'Orléans. — Remarks on Cafés. — Café Tortoni. — Its Ices and Liqueurs. — The Café Anglais. — The Count. — Portrait of an Eccentric Gen-	
--	--

tleman. — Breakfasts. — The Café Estaminet. — Billiards. — Eugene. — Glance at the Restaurants. — The Rocher de Cancale. — Véry's Restaurant. — The Viandes. — Details of a Parisian Dinner. — The French Volaille. — Wines. . . . .	281
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXII.

Paris favorable to Literary Men. — The Royal Library. — Autographs. — Reflections. — Literary Facilities for Strangers. — French Mémoires. — The Novel. — Victor Hugo. — Portrait of M. Balzac. — Paul de Kock. — His Novels. — The Difficulty of Translating them. — The Drama. — Casimir De la Vigne. — M. Scribe. — The Vaudeville. — Concerts of Instrumental Music in the Open Air. — Remarks on them. — Fondness of the French for Pleasure. — Concerts at the Champs Elysées d'Hiver. — Musard's Concerts. . . . .	298
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Carnival. — The Masked Ball. — Crowds on the Boulevards. — Foreign Prejudices respecting the French. — Their personal Appearance. — Dress. — The Parisian Elégant. — The Bourgeois. — National Guard. — Troops of the Line. — The Parisian Character. — Love of Glory and Pleasure. — Sense of Honor. — Selfishness. — The Female Sex. — Their Due. — Their Personal Appearance. — American and European Beauty. — American Beauty in Paris. — Moral Atmosphere of Paris. — Remark from Bulwer. — Girlhood in the Higher Classes of Society. — Mar-
---

riages. — Married Life. — Morality of the Lower Orders. — Wretchedness and Crime in European Cities. — Ignorance. — Divorces. — Genius of the French Language respecting Love. — Bad Tendency of the Catholic Religion. — Reflections on Protestant America. . . . .	310
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Various Objects of Interest. — St. Cloud. — Les deux Trianons. — Swiss Cottages. — Montmorency. — Departure from Paris. — Havre. — Passage in the Apollo. — Arrival at Portsmouth. — Police Examination. — Visit to the Packet Office. — The VICTORY and Lord Nelson. — Journey to London. — The Ascot Races. — Visits to the Zoölogical Gardens and other Places of Interest. — The Duke of Wellington. — Theatres and Actors. — Acting of Madame Malibran in the Maid of Artois. — Concert for her Husband's Benefit. — Her Success at the Concert. — Anecdote in Connexion with this Celebrated Singer. — Her Personal Appearance. — English Hospitality. — The Well-bred Englishman described. — His National Fierté. — Remarks on his Reserve. — English Travellers. — Departure from England. — Reflections on England and America. . . . .	326
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

Reflections on the Effects and Advantages of foreign Travel. . . . .	341
--	-----

---

INDEX. . . . .	349
----------------	-----



# DESULTORY REMINISCENCES.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Voyage. — Havre de Grace. — Rouen. — Arrival at Paris. — Palais Royal. — Theatres. — Italian Opera. — Julia Grisi. — The Parisian's Attachment to his City. — Promenades. — Courtesy to Strangers. — Description of the City. — Its Antiquities. — Art. — Parisian Manners and Character. — Schedule of a Day. — Gambling Houses. — Small Fortunes.

IN the month of May, 183—, we set sail from New York, in the good ship *Normandie*, for a European port, and arrived at our place of destination after a passage of twenty-eight days. Respecting life on board ship, so much has already been said and written, that it would be needless here to enlarge upon it, were not even the monotony of ship-board existence sufficient of itself to preclude the necessity of any other words than such as may serve to specify the day of embarkation and of landing. For the rest, our passengers and passage were agreeable.

It seems to me, I never can forget the delight with which I once more contemplated land, and the wild fever of excitement, which sent the dancing blood throughout my veins, as our wide-spread sails wooed the favoring breeze ; while, full in

sight before us, lay the welcome haven. Havre de Grace is certainly not in itself a place of great beauty or interest. Its *locale* is sufficiently good, with some fine, commanding situations; but the town seems interesting to me, and doubtless to most of my travelling countrymen; for it is usually the spot which the American, visiting the continent of Europe, first sets foot upon after quitting his natal soil, and the last to which he bids adieu.

After passing a day or two in this city, I took passage in one of the steamboats for Rouen. The excursion is delightful, and the scene truly panoramic; the Seine meanders through a beautiful and highly cultivated sweep of country, and the succession of hamlets and villages on its banks, with the picturesque views which ever and anon meet the eye of the traveller, tend to tinge his first impressions of *la belle France* with the true *couleur de rose*.

Upon arriving at Rouen, we were beset by a most determined troop of *commissionaires*, who commenced such a brisk attack upon us in favor of their several establishments, that it was really no easy matter to get rid of them. There are good hotels in this city; that which we selected, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, is considered as possessing one of the best *tables d'hôte* in the kingdom. Rouen has the most ancient appearance of any town I have visited in France. Among its edifices, the Cathedral is a prominent object of curiosity and interest; and the *bassi rilievi*, that now ornament its walls, and which were not long since, at

the suggestion of an English antiquary, cleared of the cobwebs that for centuries concealed them, are interesting, both from their great antiquity and excellent workmanship. The towers of the Cathedral are lofty, and from their heights is enjoyed a splendid view of the city and adjacent country. From this elevated point, the eye may follow the meandering Seine, until, dwindling to a silvery thread, his waters are lost in the blue horizon. The streets of Rouen are narrow and inelegant, and the general appearance of the town gloomy and sombre. The place has, however, the reputation of being opulent, and, what may be considered a good criterion of this in France, it is provided with an excellent theatre, where I heard the favorite music of *Le Philtre* particularly well executed.

The distance from Rouen to the capital is ninety miles, which are generally passed over by the *diligence* in something less than twelve hours, an unusual speed in continental travelling. I felt a flutter of the heart, as, by numerous indications, I became aware that the great city was near, and my eyes caught a glimpse of the stupendous triumphal arch, that enduring memorial of the glory of Napoleon, and the valor of his "grande armée." No people can be more ready than the French to consummate the sacrifice, whether it be of blood or treasure, when, by the flowing of the one, the deed can be achieved, or, by the expenditure of the other, its remembrance be transmitted to posterity.

At length I find myself comfortably situated in this far-famed capital, the theatre of so many grand events, the heart whose wild pulsations have so oft been felt in every part of continental Europe.

I took lodgings at the Hôtel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu, a well-known and excellent establishment. After allotting a brief period to rest and refreshment, I left the hotel, in company with one of my travelling friends, to catch a *coup d'œil* of the city. The afternoon was just fading into eve; the hundreds of gas lamps, which illuminate the streets and passages, were casting their glare around, as we bent our steps towards the *Palais Royal*.

The scene which there broke upon me seemed, at first glance, one of enchantment; the beautifully garnished windows, blazing with jewelry and gold; the numerous mirrors, which reflect your person at each step; the gay groups of promenaders on every side; with the murmuring fountains, and the statuary, which embellish the area, — all these, conjoined with the peculiar character of the people who nightly throng its stately colonnades and passages, render the Palais Royal a thing unique in the European world.

Paris seems hardly to awake before the day be well advanced. At three or four o'clock of a fine afternoon, the noble promenade along the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix, to the gardens of the Tuileries, is crowded with the fashionable of all nations; and this continues in ceaseless flow

until the hour of dinner, after which important ceremony the theatres supervene, and thus the evening wears away. Of these last, there are nearly thirty, which nightly throw open their doors to the Parisian populace; and they all appear to be well patronized. Those most frequented by the *beau monde* are the two operas, the Italian, and French, known as *L'Académie Royale de Musique*. This last is the pride of the Parisians, and may be pronounced unrivalled. It is not the most spacious theatre in Europe, being inferior in size to the King's Theatre in London, and the San Carlo in Naples; but, from the munificence of the government, and the great patronage bestowed upon it by the public, it has been able, whether in Opera or Ballet, to command the most eminent talent, and to bring forward its pieces in a style of elegance not to be equalled on any other stage.

The Italian company comprises, with but few exceptions, the most celebrated singers that nation can boast of; Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and the *prima donna* Julia Grisi, whom the lamented death of the Queen of Song, the peerless Malibran, may leave at the head of her profession. The personal advantages of this lady are of a high order. She possesses the liquid, dark eyes and raven tresses of her own sunny clime; add to this, a countenance endowed with a rare capability of expressing all the emotions of the soul, and a happy adaptation of physical power, which carries her with a sustained energy through the most difficult and trying scenes. This is most conspicuous in her performance of

*Anna Bolena*, a piece of acting, which, perhaps, no one who has witnessed can ever forget.

The peculiar attraction of the French capital springs undoubtedly from the fact, that whatever there is of celebrity, in the sciences and the fine arts, seems, as it were by a natural process, to tend towards it, and flourish under its protection and patronage. The music of Italy is nowhere better given than in the capital of France. Naples, Rome, Florence can boast no such opera. Although it be true, that the same artists alternate between Paris and London, yet, in the latter city, the chilling and apathetic air, which the aristocracy pride themselves upon assuming, fails not to assert its influence even upon these children of song.

The contrast between the Italian and English singers, and indeed those of many other European nations, is very striking. An English singer or actor seems never to lose sight of his own identity; but the Italian, yielding to the warmth and enthusiasm of his temperament, not unfrequently causes his auditor to fancy that reality, which is so depicted to the life.

In listening to Grisi, as she gives the beautiful and plaintive music of *La Norma*, it is easy to conceive her the prophetess she personates. There seems an inspiration in that full, dark eye, and countenance lit up with daring enthusiasm. An utter abandonment of herself, her powers and energies, to the work in which she is engaged, serves to fill out that illusion, with us so rarely complete.

It is indeed not to be wondered at, then, that the Parisian is extravagantly attached to his operas, and proud of the perfection to which they are brought. At the Académie Royale, in addition to the opera, you are regaled with a ballet far surpassing aught else, of a similar nature, in Europe. There, night after night, Taglioni and Fanny Essler divide the encomiums and plaudits of the *dilettanti*, and certainly, to the volatile Frenchman, are sovereign specifics for the ills and anxieties of the day.

The Parisian finds every thing provincial out of Paris. Out of sight of the Boulevards and the Tuileries, he feels restless and unhappy ; thus verifying, in his own person, the old French adage, "At Paris one lives, but vegetates elsewhere." He will allow you a fine country or a *belle vue*, but, as for a city, Paris is his *beau idéal* ; when you have seen that, there is nothing further to admire. Of a beautiful day, indeed, scarce any thing can be finer than the public promenades, overflowing as they are with a gay, well-dressed population. The garden of the Tuileries, with its antique Château, calling back to the mind the times of Catherine de Medicis, its numerous statues and fountains, and spreading trees, the true *rus in urbe*, certainly struck me, the first time it met my eye, as an almost fairy scene. The beautiful, lengthened avenues, too, of the Jardin des Plantes, with its unrivalled Museum, ever open to gratify the public curiosity, go far to convince the stranger, that he is in a land where sound discrimination, as it regards

the places of public amusement and instruction, is joined to a liberal and enlightened policy. I would mention *en passant*, that in Paris, and throughout France, the name of *stranger* is a general passport for admittance to places or spectacles from whence the inhabitants themselves are excluded. I recollect, upon one occasion, when the funeral obsequies of the famous composer, Boieldieu, were celebrating at the Hôtel des Invalides, no one was to be admitted, who held not a paper of invitation; but, as the ceremonies were curious and unusual, there was a large crowd collected about the gate of this imposing edifice. I was fortunate enough at length to attract the notice of one in authority, who demanded of me, *si j'étais étranger?* and, upon my answering in the affirmative, gave instant orders for my admittance. I mention this, merely as a single instance of the urbanity of a nation, which is indeed proverbial for its politeness throughout the world.

Paris, taken as a whole, cannot be strictly termed a handsome city. The narrowness of the streets, the want of sidewalks, the dark and sombre hue of the towering edifices, together with an absence of cleanliness, must ever prevent its laying claim to beauty. Still there are *points de vue*, which are really splendid. You enjoy the finest of these as you emerge from the Tuileries, and find yourself standing upon the spot where suffered the royal victim of revolutionary France. Here the view embraces the royal palace and gardens, the classic church of La Madeleine, that most perfect



edifice of modern times. On another side is seen the *Palais de Bourbon*,\* and the Seine, with the magnificent bridge, which at that point crosses it. And there, too, you have the lengthened vista of the *Champs Elysées*, at the termination of which, far in the distance, is seen, beyond comparison, the most magnificent arch of ancient or modern ages, the *Arc Triomphale* of Napoleon. No one who has passed any length of time in Paris, and is familiar with its public monuments, can wonder at the enthusiasm of its inhabitants for their great Emperor,—the man who conceived, and, but for the discord of warring elements would have executed, the grand design of rendering his adopted city the metropolis of Europe,—the man who has left behind him a record of his victories, written with steel upon imperishable bronze,—the man who, while stands the stately column or majestic arch, must ever live in the hearts of the nation he led on to glory.

Paris, as I before said, is not what we of the present day would call strictly a handsome city; but how rich is it in monuments of antiquity,—the precious relics of dim and distant ages. If we except the Eternal City, with its colossal, time-hallowed remains, none other can vie with it in this respect. Those ancient temples, reposing, as they have done for centuries, in the solemn and immovable grandeur, which marks the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages, looking down, with

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\* Now Chamber of Deputies.

a frowning majesty, upon the puny masonry of modern times, how absorbing are they in their interest to the classical traveller, from, perchance, a far distant clime, who, his pilgrimage done, gazes at length, with feelings akin to reverence, on those consecrated piles.

Paris is, to a greater extent, a city of the past and the present, uniting the graces of ancient and modern architecture, than any other in the world. Here, while in the contemplation of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, you are separated but by a few minutes' walk from all the eighteenth and nineteenth have to boast of in elegance and symmetry. Here, according to your humor, may you gratify each taste. You may live secluded, and philosophize over the vanity of all things human, surrounded by images of past grandeur in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, or you may turn dandy and "strut your little hour," caned and gloved, amid the walking gentlemen of the Rue de la Paix and the Tuileries. Are you an artist? the galleries of the metropolis are ever open to you. Are you a scholar? the numerous libraries and reading-rooms afford the fittest opportunity for scientific and literary research. In fine, whatever your taste, it must needs be a whimsical one, if Paris contain not much to gratify it. Having said thus much of the city, I shall proceed to advert briefly to the manners and character of the people. The Parisian passes, almost proverbially, for all that is volatile; he has the character of reflecting seriously upon nothing unconnected with his *business* of amusement and pleasure.

These conclusions are, no doubt, in many cases hastily drawn, and often, by a traveller's license, not a little exaggerated. A person passing a week or fortnight in Paris, having only time to cast a superficial glance upon the busy little world about him, and conversant consequently but with the floating population of idlers, who swarm in the streets, and fill the *cafés, restaurants*, and theatres, would very naturally be led to attribute that character to the entire population. Yet, while I believe these sketches of character are often highly and falsely colored by the pens of superficial observers, I pretend not to deny, that there is in the *ensemble* of the Parisian a degree of the careless and volatile, an *insouciance*, which distinguishes him from his insular neighbours across the Channel, and in general from the other inhabitants of Europe.

This distinction, I think, may be attributed to other reasons than those often alleged, such as climate, &c. Take, for example, an inhabitant of London and Paris, of equally good standing. The Englishman, in most cases, acts and feels as though every political movement had a direct bearing upon himself; he incorporates himself with the nation, and is as keenly sensitive in any thing which touches that, as though it were directed solely and entirely against himself; his habits being tinged with imaginings of this nature, he becomes either unduly impressed with an idea of his own importance, or too entirely engrossed with affairs of the nation; whence result, as the case

may chance, feelings of care and anxiety, or sentiments of *hauteur*; both of which, though under a different process of action, produce the similar effect of rendering him distant and reserved in his demeanour; thus forming a character, that foreigners have generally united in representing as phlegmatic and inhospitable. The Frenchman, on the contrary, troubles himself but little on the score of politics, and even submits with good grace to evils he cannot avoid; although, when fitting opportunity presents, he has ever shown himself willing and able to throw off the yoke. Actually less free than the Englishman, he is nevertheless happier, in his very immunity from those cares and anxieties, which fall to their lot who rule themselves. He is, in fact, a being who lives in and for the present alone. Is the appearance of things now of a satisfactory or promising aspect? he is content, and seeks not to meet trouble half way by peering into the gloom of futurity. He is, in truth, the wiser philosopher of the two, though a laughing one; and his creed must be the better one, inasmuch as it is the happier. Without possessing more kindliness of heart or as much sincerity as the Englishman, he contrives, by the greater courteousness of his manner, and his more winning volubility of tongue, to make himself the pleasanter companion, and imposes his tinsel upon you with an affectation of feeling and a seeming friendly earnestness of protestation, which throw into the shade the bullion of his more taciturn neighbour.

Respecting the manners and customs of the Parisians so much has been said and written, that it were superfluous here to detail them. As I before remarked, a stranger would suppose their lives were entirely dedicated to pleasure. A constant round of amusements seems to occupy or rather kill the time. Gastronomy is held to be a science of no mean importance, and its most eminent professors are looked upon as men of genius. The morning in Paris is scarce worth the considering; there are first the preliminaries of dress to be duly attended to; after that comes the *déjeuner simple* or *à la fourchette*. Of a fine day, you have the walk along the *Italiens*\* or in the gardens, or, what is better, the *promenade à cheval* in the *Bois de Boulogne*. These over, if there is still an hour or two on your hands, repair as a last resort to Coulon's, and practise your *carte* and *tierce*, and your *un, deux, trois*, with that scientific *maître d'armes*. Thus the time, with the aid of Galignani or Paul de Kock, flows on until six o'clock; then comes the time for action. The giant city is in motion. With the epicurean few, you resort to the saloons of the *Café de Paris*, or to Véry's. An hour or two passes in discussing the delicate *entrées* of either renowned restaurant. After that there is the opera, there is the play, to speed Time on his course. Now is it, that Paris develops her thousand resources, veiled ever from the gairish light of day. The winged hours fly rapidly on until it

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\* The Boulevards of that name, the most fashionable in Paris.

sounds *two*. At that moment (except during the gay season of the Carnival) terminates the day at Paris. Such is the brief schedule of a single day ; another dawns and passes away, the reflected image of its predecessor. Mrs. Jamieson, in her "Sketches," has said of this gay capital, that it is the place of all others "*où l'on peut le mieux se passer du bonheur*," and the remark is a just one ; for, amid its whirl of fashionable follies, and its gay multitudes that environ you, personal identity is almost lost sight of, and, as it were unconsciously, you participate in the feelings which animate the mass.

But let it not be imagined, that all here is gaiety, though amusement would appear to be the chief aim. The keen eye and clear judgment will perceive, beneath the serene and sunny surface, those terrible and eddying currents, which so often engulf and prove fatal to the unwary. The passion for gambling is indulged to an alarming extent ; it is not here a thing of nooks and corners, but assembles its votaries in gay saloons, in the most fashionable portions of the city. Liveried waiters are ever in attendance, to usher in the visiter ; refreshment is furnished gratuitously. To the establishment is annexed a reading-room, where the more philosophic can retire, while the other apartments are filled with well-dressed people, many intent on the immediate business of the place, others promenading through the rooms, surveying themselves in the splendid mirrors, or lounging on the crimson sofas, absorbed, perhaps, in their own reveries, or, what is more agreeable, in the soft

whispers of the *tête-à-tête*. The ladies (for naught that can allure is here overlooked) are clad in fashionable attire, and certainly in gambling bear away the palm from our sex; for, not only do they stake their own money to the last sous, but, when all is gone, they not unfrequently intimate to you, that the loan of a napoleon or two would be very acceptable, but, being blessed with somewhat treacherous memories, invariably forget to return it. Vast indeed must be the sums wrung from the infatuated *habitués* of this iniquitous resort, to enable its proprietor to support the expensive and almost princely style, that reigns throughout the establishment. Notwithstanding the glittering piles of gold, and the *billets de banque*, that nightly pass from the victims into the receptacles of the *croupier*, the looker-on will discover but few marks of the outward and more palpable semblance of woe. Occasionally, to be sure, you do observe the clenched hand smiting convulsively on the brow, or you mark an expression not to be misinterpreted, dark as the thunder-cloud, that fosters in its bosom the seed of the ravaging tempest, an expression, which paints more vividly than language, the bosom's agony and despair. But the passions are tolerably schooled in this hot-bed of gaming; it is more decorous to suffer, than to show that suffering; and that young man, who has but just staked and lost his all, and is now leaving the room with an affected *nonchalance*, which his pallid features give the lie to, you may see to-morrow, perchance, a tenant of the *Morgue*.

Avarice seems not to be a national vice ; but, in order to live in Paris a man must have money, and gambling suggests itself as an apparently easy method of obtaining it. Many of its infatuated votaries have their systems of playing, which they deem infallible, but infallible are they only in never leading to success.

In general among the French, fortunes are but small. As a people, they are easily contented, and certainly understand, better than any other, the art of living well and genteelly upon small incomes ; there is not the rage for amassing, that prevails in some countries. Satisfied with his seven or eight thousand francs per annum, the young Frenchman enjoys those pleasures which come within his reach, without feeling a feverish desire for more. I shall not at present enlarge upon this subject, leaving the other observations I have to make upon the leading traits of French character to be mentioned hereafter, as the nature of the subject may direct. I now prepare to leave the gilded city, where so many days have glided smoothly, if not happily, by me, leaving impressed upon the mind's tablet scarce a trace of their airy progress. But I have lingered long enough ; inaction is become a labor ; and the restless mind, clogged with sweets, seeks refuge in any change.



## CHAPTER II.

London. — St. Paul's Church. — Theatres. — King's Theatre. — Its aristocratic Character. — Passage down the Thames. — Voyage to Rotterdam. — Sensations of Foreigners. — Appearance of the Country. — Ride to Amsterdam. — Reflections on Travelling. — House occupied by Peter the Great. — Description of the City. — Amusements. — Character of the Inhabitants. — Dutch Paintings and Painters. — Excursion to Saardam and Broeck.

ONCE more I am on the road to seek, from varying climes and changing scenes, and in the glowing excitement of travel, that peace of mind, which rest and quietude have failed to procure. Adieu to Paris. The Barriers are past, and I find myself rolling rapidly along in the *Malle-Poste* for Calais, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. I arrived in the evening and passed the night there. The next morning I crossed the Channel to Dover, the sea as serene as a summer's lake. Six o'clock found me again in a coach for the Great Metropolis, and at early dawn I alighted at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, London. So much has been said of this Queen of Cities, that it were now needless for any traveller to particularize; but the first view of this miniature world, this wilderness of walls, must leave an indelible impression upon every mind, which is capable of receiving impressions at all. I went the usual round, at one time visiting the venerable Abbey of Westminster, with its time-hallowed relics, or at another contemplat-

ing, as it stands in massive strength, the Tower, fit memorial of the dark and troublous times, in which it played so conspicuous a part. And now let us turn to St. Paul's Church. This magnificent edifice stands alone ; it occupies a square by itself, and therein has much the advantage over St. Peter's at Rome ; but this is its only superiority. A comparison between the interior of the two churches is unnecessary. There is one custom here, which is found in no other part of Europe, that of demanding a certain sum (small, indeed) to be paid on entering, and again another for viewing the vaults, the whispering gallery, and other parts of the building. Thus you ascend, paying your way from the door to the Ball, if, peradventure, you are enterprising enough to attain that eminence.

The theatres are worthy of notice ; that in Drury Lane is a very handsome one, and the largest theatre (not including opera houses) in Europe. Covent Garden Theatre is also a handsome house, and but little inferior in size to its rival. The acting at both these theatres was rather *médiocre*. The King's Theatre, or Italian Opera, is the rendezvous of all the aristocracy and fashion of the capital. Much formality is here observed. No one is permitted to enter the precincts even of the pit, without the passport of a dress coat. But what a pit ! Let not the reader imagine here is to be found the motley assemblage, coated or uncoated, as the weather or their circumstances may determine, intent upon receiving their fifty cents' worth of amusement. No ; the brilliant

*parterre* of the King's Theatre is radiant with the lustrous eyes of lovely ladies, and sparkles with their glittering gems. Ranged above, in their well-furnished boxes, listen the aristocracy of the land, but not applaud; that were too vulgar. A commoner may express loudly his admiration, but an earl or a duke is presumed to have survived the ordinary expression either of surprise or pleasure. Too familiar with all things to be astonished at any thing, he testifies by the approving nod, or the greater encomium of a smile, his concurrence with the popular opinion.

Such is the aristocratic assemblage in whose presence *the Grisi* warbles forth her sweet strains, not greeted, it is true, with the enthusiastic plaudits, which Italy and France have showered upon her, but listened to by an audience, the like of which can be congregated in no other city of Europe, and, what is of greater moment to the favored children of song than either applause or consequence, willing to pay roundly for their pleasures in the hard sovereigns of the realm. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the beauties or curiosities of London. Who that has read, is not familiar with Regent Street, Hyde Park, the Colosseum, &c. I leave these for other tourists, and speed me away.

After a month's residence, I bade adieu to the Great Metropolis, and took passage on board the Dutch steam-boat *Batavier* for Rotterdam. We got under weigh at ten, A. M., and dropped slowly down the stream. The broad bosom of the Thames

below London Bridge is so covered with shipping, that the steam-boats are obliged to thread their way through the obstructed channel with much caution. It is, in sooth, a pleasant sight, as you pass slowly along, to mark the various flags of almost every nation, streaming from those floating castles of commerce, that are hither borne by wind and wave to pour their products into the lap of Old England, and receive of her generous bounty in return. Upon proceeding a few miles, the Thames assumes a character widely diverse from that marking the turbid stream that bears away the filth of London. Its waters are now comparatively clear; and, expanding to a noble width, it may be considered rather as an arm of the sea than a river. As we approached the ocean, the wind freshened, the laboring vessel rose and fell heavily upon the struggling bosom of the wave. I looked around and perceived my own sensations reflected upon the pallid countenances of my fellow sufferers; the peculiar nature of those feelings was not to be mistaken, and I became, on the instant, tremblingly alive to a consciousness of the ills about to follow.

My sufferings in traversing the wide Atlantic appeared as nothing, when compared with those here compressed within a few short hours. The demon, *Sea-sickness*, rioted throughout all my being. Mind and body alike succumbed to his dread influence, and sinking, in the very perfection of misery, amid the scattered trunks and bandboxes, (how enviable then their unconsciousness,) I drained to the dregs the traveller's cup of anguish. Sleep

came at last to my aid, and thus I passed the remaining hours of that not to be forgotten night. At length the morning broke, and how changed the scene it presented! The unruffled surface of the water mirrored the clear blue of a cloudless sky. While before us, in sight, stretched the wide Continent, and I caught my *premier coup d'œil* of the Netherlands. In an hour, we were in the bustling city of Rotterdam.

It seems indeed extraordinary to the American traveller in Europe, that in a few hours he finds changed, not only the manners and customs of men, but also the climate and general appearance of the country. It would appear, that, with the distinction of language, all other things were distinct, save the grand, universal properties, mental and physical, which peculiarly appertain to the human race. In our own country, if this marked dissimilarity indeed exist, we notice it but little. The same medium of communication, prevailing, travel where we will, throughout our wide extent of territory, preserves in a great measure our old associations unbroken. A river is always a *river*, a mountain ever a *mountain*, no matter how magnificent the one, or towering the other. They are our *own*. We are pleased more, perhaps, and admire, but wonder less. In a foreign clime, however, the difference, scarce marked at home, will make itself immediately felt. There is something in speaking and thinking in a language not one's own, which makes him at the time a different man. His previous impressions for the moment vanish, and are

succeeded by others more in consonance with the genius of the language, and consequently corresponding with those of the people who speak it. Hence it is, that nought so changes the character as long-continued foreign travel.

But to return from our digression. I stand in Holland. Not twenty-four hours have passed since my foot rested on English soil. But adieu to the hills and vales of Old England. The eye now wanders o'er the unvarying, unbroken level, so characteristic of her ancient rival as the Mistress of the Seas. To a Switzer, fresh from his own mountainous clime, Holland would appear as a district wrenched from the reluctant waves but to be again their speedy and inevitable prey. Being much in haste to go on and reach Amsterdam that evening, I could give but two or three hours to the sister city. A portion of this time was passed in discussing a tolerable dinner at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, and the residue in roaming about the *quais* and canals, and in arranging the preliminaries for setting off. This desired object was at length compassed, though not in a manner either elegant or commodious. In a miserable little Dutch vehicle, but ill protected from the weather, which promised to be inclement, were seated four of us unfortunate *voyageurs*, (that being the requisite number.) Our establishment was drawn by two jaded apologies for horses, who looked as though their long services might have insured them an honorable retreat in the stable, rather than a continuation of active service in the harness. To add

to our discomfiture, the rain long threatening poured down at last in torrents, and we entered Amsterdam at two, P. M., "in thunder, lightning, and in rain." Right glad were we, when alighting at the door of our now welcome hotel, the Grand Doehlen, — the remembrance of each petty vexation chased away by the soothing anticipation of a good bed and peaceful slumbers.

Your traveller is indeed your truest philosopher ; living as he does in vicissitude, he learns to appreciate the passing moment, and glean from it whatever there is of enjoyment. He feels not the necessity, experienced by the inactive and sedentary, of recurring to the past, or drawing on the future, to make the present pass tolerably. Those cares and vexations, which so perplex and annoy the mass of civilized mankind, find with him but an inhospitable reception, or, if he feel their insidious approach, he has but to summon again the ready steeds. *Ay*, there is the remedy ! A livelier circulation combines with change of air and scene, to chase away the green and sickly train of melancholy fancies, and "Richard is himself again." We remained about eight days in Amsterdam, passing the time chiefly in the galleries of paintings, and riding about in the vicinity of the city, where are to be found villages, hamlets, and views well worthy the investigation of the curious traveller. Not far from the city is to be seen the house where Peter the Great passed a portion of his voluntary exile, intent upon learning those lessons, which he afterwards rendered so practically useful to his

subjects. The place is much visited by travellers, who leave their names and residences recorded in a book, upon whose ample pages are found records of visitors from each and every quarter of the civilized world; thus paying their tribute to greatness, and gratifying a feeling of vanity in showing to the world that they have done so.

Amsterdam bears a stronger resemblance to our own cities than any other of the large towns of Europe. Its houses are handsomely built of brick, and kept in that state of cleanliness so consonant with the Dutch character. The principal streets are wide, with canals passing along in the centre, leaving a considerable space on either side. Numerous bridges are thrown over the canals just high enough to offer no obstruction to the boats, which are constantly passing and repassing in this, if I may use the term, amphibious city. When surveyed from the opposite shore of the river, upon whose bank it is built, Amsterdam will forcibly recall to the American traveller the appearance of New York from Hoboken. The Stadt Haus stands conspicuous among the buildings of the metropolis. It is a noble edifice, containing many handsome apartments, adorned with paintings of celebrated masters, and a hall, one of the most magnificent in Europe.

To the traveller fresh from London or Paris, the amusements in this city will appear neither numerous nor attractive. There are indeed three or four theatres, and one in which French plays are performed exclusively, during several months of the



year. We visited the two best; but the acting seemed indifferent and spiritless, and they were by no means well patronized. The Dutch find more amusement at home, over their *pipes* and *schiedam*, than at the theatre or the concert. In fact, with this good-natured people, the creature comforts take most undisputed precedence over intellectual aliment. Look upon the vacant and rubicund countenance of the worthy burgomaster, and scan his well-fed frame. That *sometime* keen-edged weapon, the *soul*, gives here but little scath to its material *sheath*. But, though the mind seem sluggish and inactive, the physical qualities and capabilities of the man are by no means deficient in development. The inhabitants of Holland are a compactly built and healthy-looking race. The women, from their sedentary life and general habits, are much inclined to *embonpoint* (if so polite a term be adequate to express their rotundity of contour); they likewise usually possess a fine, fresh color, and, in a mere physical point of view, are by no means destitute of attraction. There is but little in the capital of Holland to induce a protracted stay. The amateur of painting will find, it is true, in the Picture Gallery, and in the private collection of a well-known banker, an occasional *chef-d'œuvre* of the best Dutch masters. Among these appear conspicuous the masterly, though sombre delineations of Rembrandt, and the efforts of him,\*

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\* Paulus Potter, a painter who has never been, in his peculiar *genre*, surpassed, or perhaps equalled.

the painter of nature, who has well nigh rivalled his original ; but, it must be confessed, the greater portion of the pictorial canvass is dedicated to subjects, whose homely and uninteresting design fitly corresponds with their indifference of execution. The Dutch painters have ever been but too prone to copy from the lower walks of nature ; it seems, indeed, that their terrestrial imaginations are entirely inadequate to grasp that ethereal and exquisite grace, that sheds its eloquent lustre over the canvass of a Raffaele or a Domenichino. Even the works of the best artists are liable to this objection. Observe the pictures of the prince of modern painters, as he has been called, Peter Paul Rubens. Mark the coarse features of his women ; regular, indeed, and well formed ; but stamped with an expression redolent all of sense. And then, too, their large, voluptuous figures, in all the exposed truth of nature, indicative of the robust health and physical ability of his countrywomen in general, and of her in particular, his favorite wife, who appears to have been the painter's *beau idéal* of female loveliness. Turn from those to the nobler conceptions of the poetic Italian. It is not here the faithful copy alone, that demands of us a tribute stronger than admiration. It is, in truth, the soul of the rapt artist, circumfused over his glowing canvass ; the offspring of that innate and creative power, that men wonder at and call *genius*.

Thus much for the arts, and now for Dame Nature. I have only to observe, that the features

she developes in the vicinity of the capital, although interesting to the tourist at first sight, from their very novelty, soon pall upon the view. There is a tame, ceaseless monotony in Dutch scenery, that makes one long to escape from it, and fly to more diversified climes. A drive to the villages of Saardam and Broeck afforded the only agreeable excursion we made from the capital. In the dock-yard of the former stands the cottage, which I before mentioned was inhabited by Peter the Great, while he labored in the humble capacity of ship-carpenter. The latter village is peculiarly remarkable for the extreme cleanliness and neatness, that reign throughout it. No quadruped, not even the useful horse, is allowed the freedom of its scoured streets. It is the positive acme of Dutch *propreté*, and carried, it is true, to rather a ridiculous excess. Entering the village *à pied*, we could not but admire the neatness and apparent comfort of the dwellings, that were well responded to by the happy and healthy appearance of those who inhabited them. After all, apart from the prudery of the thing, if such extreme be error, it is at least erring on the safe side.

A stay of more than a week had now made us familiar with all the objects of interest in Amsterdam, and we prepared to leave it, to pursue the route to Osnabruck, and from thence to the north of Germany.

### CHAPTER III.

Utrecht. — Osnabruck. — Arrest for Cigar-smoking. — Bremen. — Extensive Wine Cellar. — Brunswick. — Antiquity of its Architecture. — Its Environs. — Vault of the Brunswick Family. — The new Ducal Palace. — Hanover. — Objects of Interest. — Government. — Magdeburg. — Berlin. — The Palace. — The Royal Museum and Arsenal. — Linden Street. — Public Amusements. — Theatres. — The Royal Family. — The late Queen Louisa. — Potsdam. — The Palaces. — Study of Frederic the Great. — The New Palace. — Military Exercises. — Sans Souci. — Frederic the Great.

AFTER leaving the capital, the first city of note upon the route is Utrecht. The approach to this city from Amsterdam is beautiful, and the general scenery between the two places is looked upon as the finest in Holland. We had time to make but brief stay in this city, and resuming our journey arrived, after a tedious ride of twenty-four hours through the dreary wastes and moors of Westphalia, at the small town of Lingen. From thence we continued our course to Osnabruck, in the kingdom of Hanover. Although the interval separating these two towns is but trifling, yet such was the rough and difficult nature of the roads, that we were nearly twelve hours in traversing it. Osnabruck, the second town, as regards wealth and population, in the kingdom of Hanover, is a place of considerable importance. The walls and fortifications yet retain the marks of the severe bombardment the city sustained from the French, when

the armies of Napoleon poured over the vast tracts of Germany.

In these times of peace, those war-scathed ramparts afford an agreeable and spacious promenade. From their elevated site, they command an extensive view of the surrounding country, and open to the visiter, as he extends his walk around them, many diversified and picturesque *points de vue*. The authorities in this place are strict and rigid in enforcing the observance of small matters; a sufficient illustration of which can be furnished in the relation of a little incident which there befell us. We had just left our hotel, and were walking toward the ramparts, before reaching which there was occasion to pass by a large edifice, that once might have been a handsome palace, but now was defaced and dilapidated. My fellow traveller, at my side, was smoking a cigar, and myself preparing to imitate his example, when a little man came up and accosted us in German. Not understanding him we walked on, upon which the little man waxed exceedingly furious, and, seizing the cigar from my companion, trampled it under foot.

Surprised at the proceeding, which could be attributed only to intoxication or madness, we paid but small attention to the aggressor, and continued to walk on as before. Our mysterious persecutor followed, at a trifling distance behind, keeping his eye fixed steadily upon us. It was evident enough he intended to play us some *tour*, and the event did not belie our suspicions; for, no sooner did the fellow spy a small detachment of soldiery

stationed there on guard, than he had us arrested and marched down to the police office, where our passports were demanded. The only alternative, in this dilemma, was to despatch a messenger for our landlord, who spoke French with tolerable fluency. Through his medium, we were enabled to express to the judges, that, by reason of an unfortunate lack of knowledge of their language and customs, we had been led into the grievous error, (that of smoking on forbidden ground,) to expiate which they now beheld us standing in their august presence. After some deliberation among the members of the council, it was decided in favor of acquittal, and that without even a fine, much to the annoyance of our little accuser, who had wrought himself into a towering passion, and taken no little trouble to apprehend us, and all to no effect.

After leaving Osnabruck, our next stop of consequence was at Bremen. Two days were passed agreeably enough in viewing this city and its curiosities, one of the most ancient and singular of which is the church, supposed to be among the oldest in Germany.

There is also here an extensive Wine Cellar, containing huge pipes of the old, rare wines of the country. This should be viewed by the tourist, who, if he wish to engrave the spot more strongly upon his memory, should (as we did) crack a bottle of old *Rudesheimer*, or such other of the sparkling Rhenish fraternity, as best may suit his fancy; for it must be allowed, there is no mode of invigorating

one's reminiscences like your true practical one, which, by an intuitive sympathy, leads the intelligent traveller to conform his actions to the spirit of the place, and do as he would were the *Genius Loci*, in *propriâ personâ*, before him.

Like all the cities of Germany, Bremen has its pretty, shaded walks and promenades; indeed, these seem to be indispensable with the Germans. The hotels are good; the city, in its general aspect, neat and cleanly for a continental town. It possesses a theatre, though not always performers, an extensive reading-room, &c.

Our route now led us to Brunswick. We arrived there late in the night, and, rumbling along its gloomy, ill-paved streets, stopped at length at the gates of a spacious hotel. After arousing the porter from his slumbers, an affair of some difficulty, the massive doors were thrown open, and, without more ado, ourselves and luggage speedily consigned to repose. The next day dawned beautifully, and we early sallied forth on our business of curiosity. My recollections of Brunswick are pleasant; the town is extremely ancient in its general appearance, and its architecture is totally diverse from that light, airy style, that characterizes the more modern capitals of the German States; but it is from its very antiquity, that Brunswick derives, in the view of the traveller, its greatest interest. The eye wanders over those sombre, time-worn edifices, that meet it on every side, conveying back to the reflecting mind, mingled with what stands clearly and palpably before you, images of the

shadowy past, with its long train of changes, altering the face of Germany, of Europe, and of the world ; and yet these massive piles *have stood* the while, and yet *will* stand.

About the environs of Brunswick are beautiful walks ; and I recollect a delightful wood, threaded with romantic, secluded paths, along which, on a summer's day, while the rays of the sun, broken by the waving boughs, fall faint and tremulous upon your way, and the joyous singing of the birds softens and tranquillizes, it were indeed a pleasure to wander, to lose one's self for a space of time, the more exquisite from being but, alas, too brief.

Unquestionably, that which must afford to the American as well as English tourist a more particular, even though a melancholy interest, is the vault in which are entombed the remains of the princely family of Brunswick. Here lies Caroline, the unfortunate consort of George the Fourth, her body enclosed in a triple coffin. By her side slumbers the noble Duke of Brunswick Oels, who fell at Waterloo. Around them are seen other numerous tenants of that gloomy chamber, whose deeds have rendered them less known to Fame. The scene was impressive, as we stood in the partial obscurity, but faintly chased away by the rays of a solitary taper, and gazed upon what *was* greatness.

The object that now appears most to attract attention, whether from native or stranger, is the new Ducal Palace, which, at the time of our visit,



was not entirely completed. This noble pile promises to rank high amongst the finest palaces in Europe. Indeed, one cannot but wonder, that the treasury of the Duke should be in a condition to meet the demand, which must spring from the indulgence of this costly whim.

Having passed a day or two agreeably in wandering about the streets and gardens of this ancient town, and in viewing all it possesses of curious or interesting, the restless spirit of travel admonished us to be again on the way.

Hanover was the next place of importance to be visited ; and there, after passing a restless night in our lumbering vehicle, we arrived just as the rising sun was ushering into existence one of the loveliest days of June. The principal hotel, where we lodged, is a well-conducted establishment, its landlord displaying a true British taste in his attention to those important items, eating, drinking, and sleeping.

The Palace and gardens in Hanover are pretty, without laying claim to magnificence ; and there is a long and most beautiful walk, extending as far in the distance as the eye can reach, with trees at regular intervals on either side. There is also an imposing column, erected in memory of the battle of Waterloo, whose towering height and elegant proportions cannot fail to attract the gaze of the traveller. Other than these, there seem to be no particularly striking features to distinguish the general appearance of Hanover from that of other German towns. Here is a pretty little theatre,

which we visited on the evening of our arrival. The performance was creditable, and the principal actress, the "star" of the occasion, unusually pretty and attractive. The audience was well checkered with soldiery, which, though it may savour, in our republican opinions, of a military despotism, imparts, with its glittering insignia of epaulette and sword, an air of brilliancy and life to the *coup d'œil*, which can never be where the *black coat* reigns predominant.

The Hanoverian subjects of his Britannic Majesty are too far removed from the Sovereign Isles to know or care much about their monarch, and but few of them are able to clothe their ideas in other vesture than the true, honest German. They are governed by a viceroy, entitled King of Hanover; at present the Duke of Cambridge sustains that dignity. Their manners and customs are their own, and but slightly modified by admixture of the British leaven.\*

After leaving Hanover, we were not long in reaching the confines of Prussia. Magdeburg is the first town of importance, that claims the traveller's attention. It is a place of great strength, and, with its yawning *fosses*, its massive and towering battlements, would seem to set invasion at defiance; within the walls also, it wears a decidedly military appearance, as is generally the case with Prussian towns. Troops are everywhere seen

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\* Since this was written, the demise of the English King has elevated Hanover to an independent monarchy.

traversing the streets, and all bespeaks the warlike disposition of the people, upon whose territory we are but just entering. Our stay here was of short continuance. The *Schnelle Poste* for Berlin gave us only time to catch a bird's-eye view of the city and despatch a hasty dinner, when all was ready, and off we set for the capital. The ride occupied some sixteen or seventeen hours, at the expiration of which time we halted a moment at the gates of Berlin. The large city lay extended before us; its spires and turrets gleaming in the rays of a morning sun. We entered, and, having arranged the necessary preliminaries which ever await the traveller in Germany, not unwillingly exchanged the fatigues of coach and travel for the comforts of a good hotel, with spirits enlivened by the anticipation of a week or two's immunity from care and toil in no less a place than the city of the great Frederic.

Berlin is a handsome capital, and may be considered, with the exception of Munich, the best built town in Germany; its streets are broad and straight, while the natural compactness of a crowded city is relieved by the admission of frequent and spacious squares. Habituated to the confined and inelegant style, so generally characteristic of continental towns, the traveller here dwells with pleasure upon the fair open prospect and extended vistas that greet the eye.

The finest buildings in Berlin are the Royal Palace and Museum, and the Arsenal, together with one or two of the theatres. The Palace is

a large, ancient-looking edifice, built of a species of stone, which time and exposure have rendered of a dark and sombre hue. Its doors are thrown courteously open to strangers, who do not fail to be much interested by the select specimens of the fine arts embraced within its walls, together with the rare and costly designs, that decorate its spacious apartments.

The other buildings most worthy of visiting are the Royal Museum and the Arsenal. These edifices stand not far apart, upon the most beautiful square in Berlin, or perhaps in any other European city. In the midst of this spacious area, an ever-flowing fountain throws upward its lofty jet. Upon one side the square is bounded by the lengthened range of the Royal Palace, while the magnificent edifices above mentioned limit its extent upon the others. From its centre issues the finest street in the metropolis, terminating with the splendid Brandenburg gate, and skirted nearly its whole length, on either side, with an unbroken line of lindens, from which it has derived the appellation of the Street of Lindens (Linden Strasse). This noble thoroughfare is the established promenade, and, indeed, a more delightful one could scarcely be desired. The rich foliage, with its protecting shade, the gay groups that environ you, and the roomy width of the fine avenues, unite to form an *ensemble*, but rarely exceeded in beauty. As you pass down this street, and emerge, at length, from the city, by the Brandenburg gate, you come upon a miniature forest, thickly enough studded with

trees, but whose redundant luxuriance is evidently restrained by the hand of man. From the absence of underwood, this pretty grove, with its leafy canopy, forms a most agreeable *locale* for the promenade, during the sultry hours of a summer's day ; and the numerous paths, which strike into its depths, attest that it is much frequented.

I shall now advert, in a few words, to the state of the public amusements, among which stand conspicuous the theatres ; and, indeed, at the time of my visit, during the warm season, these were the only ones wherewith to beguile the careless evening hour.

There are several theatres in Berlin, one or two handsomely built. There is one appropriated for the use of the French company, and plays in that language are performed during a great part of the year. This theatre is a popular resort for the better class of citizens, officers of rank, &c., who pique themselves upon their accurate and classical knowledge of the French language, an acquaintance with which is deemed indispensable in even a tolerable education ; although, from the intense hatred the Prussians have borne towards the French, it has never become with them, as in some German states, the language of the court.

The principal theatre possesses, in addition to other attractions, a fair *corps de ballet*. The house is quite spacious, more so than any other I recollect having seen in Germany. It appeared to me to be very well patronized, particularly by the military, here the very *élite* of society. These gentry, clad

in their uniforms, very nearly monopolized the first circle, so that the poor civilians were fain to take refuge in the orchestra or parterre, without disputing for precedence with their mustachioed rivals.

In the centre of the first circle appears the King's box, distinguished by its superior size and the insignia of royalty that adorn it. There I saw the Crown Prince of Prussia, a tall, dignified man, and several ladies and gentlemen of the royal family. The King was not with them, preferring a seat with his consort in a *loge* over the stage, which commanded a better view of the scene. The monarch and his family are seemingly much beloved by the people. When the performances were over, the sides of the passage conducting to the private door by which his Majesty usually quitted the theatre were crowded by his loving subjects, anxious to witness the royal exit. As the *König* and retinue passed slowly along the centre, every head was uncovered, and the spectators regarded the august assemblage with much seeming veneration. *The King* is a greater personage in Prussia than in France; and that military despotism established by Frederic the First, and carried to perfection by the great Frederic, has not faded away in the hands of their successors.

The immediate environs of Berlin are not very interesting; but there are situations, at a short distance from it, which the traveller should by no means neglect to visit. At Charlottenburg, distant two or three miles from the metropolis, there is a summer palace, once a favorite residence of the

King. Here is to be seen a beautiful statue of the late Queen of Prussia, Louisa. This splendid production is, I believe, from the chisel of Rauch; the room in which it lies is arranged in a neat and classic style, so as to display it to the greatest advantage. Upon an elevated sarcophagus in the centre is extended the figure, in the motionless repose of death; the marble folds fall gracefully over the faultless symmetry they in part conceal, while the countenance wears that heavenly beauty of expression, which the imagination may conceive, but the pen in vain would attempt to portray.

The King was most fondly attached to his Queen, and, it is said, has never recovered from the shock her death occasioned him. She was too high-spirited to survive the suffering of her country, and the disgrace put upon her husband, her people, and herself. The star of Napoleon was in the ascendant, and yielding, heart-broken, to the despotic arrogance of the conqueror, she died. But the memory of the good Queen Louisa still lives in the breast of each true Prussian, while the more indifferent stranger may view, as far as may be in aught inanimate, traced on the sweet lineaments of that marbled countenance, those amiable virtues, which had so distinguished the original. About four German or sixteen English miles from the capital, is the formerly celebrated town of Potsdam. The ride hither from Berlin is beautiful; a smooth, hard road, over which you whirl, with an English stagecoach rapidity, conducts you through a smiling and highly cultivated country.

In the sweet season of summer, everywhere around are to be seen fair prospects and situations, that fill the eye with delight. Arrived at the town, you are impressed with the solemn stillness that reigns, and with the air of state and grandeur which seems still to cling about this cradle of Prussia's warlike kings.

The chief objects of interest to the stranger at Potsdam are the Palaces, of which there are no less than three. The old palace we first visited; and, having threaded our way through its numerous apartments, were shown the private room or study of the great Frederic, said to be left precisely as in his time. Here he used to discourse with one resembling him much in principle, and gifted, perhaps, with superior talents, Voltaire. In this little apartment were resolved upon and matured those plans, whose successful accomplishment elevated Prussia from her mere station of *province* to a rank among the proudest powers of Europe.

The new palace of Potsdam is a noble edifice; its interior is gorgeous in the extreme. Among the many magnificent apartments was one, that struck me particularly, from its very singularity. This spacious room had been so arranged as to convey to the mind the idea of a fairy grotto. All around the walls, were planted, in the firm cement, sparkling minerals and ores, with an occasional admixture of rare shells. Surveyed by the glare of torch or chandelier, with heightened illusion, the effect must have been most brilliant; as it



was, though by no means devoid of a picturesque beauty, it seemed rather to belong to the barbaric splendor of ancient Germany, than to the more refined taste of our later day.

While looking from a window of this palace, I had an opportunity of seeing a small body of troops go through their exercise. Nothing could be more exact and simultaneous than was their every movement. The ring of their muskets, as they touched the ground, gave forth but one sound; each piece was brought to the shoulder at the same moment of time; the wheeling, marching, all was most soldier-like, and denoted high discipline; and yet these soldiers, the best disciplined, as it was thought, in Europe, were no match for the troops led by Napoleon. Defeated and broken in almost every engagement, they were at length obliged to submit to the fate of the vanquished. I shall not here attempt to decide upon what may be the best mode of discipline for insuring victory, nor to what point that discipline may be carried without transforming the soldier into a mere machine.

Leaving discussions on this subject to better judges, I will resume my survey of the ancient capital of Prussia. There was yet one more royal seat to be visited, which bears the attractive appellation of *Sans Souci*. Here passed the closing days of Frederic's eventful life. At the time we visited the *Château*, it was partly tenanted, and strangers were permitted only to gratify their curiosity by viewing the exterior and the grounds, which were laid out in a tasteful manner. The

prospect from the elevated terrace is beautiful and extensive. The tall and stately trees, that rise in every quarter of the city were there, in all their gorgeousness of leaf and hue, and the earth's undulating bosom, as far as the eye could reach, was clad in its luxuriant and waving dress of green. Towering and venerable rose the occasional pile, as if to attest the former grandeur of the place. Long I lingered over the wide-extended view, which, though lovely and tranquillizing in itself, derives much of its power to please from the resistless magic of association. Upon this now happy spot, where nature reigns quiet and undisturbed, the annals of a past age will suggest but the stirring incidents of military power. This verdant and rejoicing earth I gaze upon, then resounded to the measured tramp of armed legions, and here, where I now stand, beat that firm and dauntless heart, which sent its warm life-blood through the whole complicated Economy, infusing into all around its own unconquerable spirit of *victory*.

As regards the Palace itself, although a handsome edifice, it is too deficient in height to merit the epithet of imposing. Its light, airy appearance, however, pleases the eye, and contrasts favorably with the large piles, not far distant, whose sombre magnificence would seem to preclude the admission of those little, social pastimes and pursuits, which, by unbending the mind, fit it to return, with renewed elasticity, to the weighty affairs of state. Probably Frederic thought thus; for this little palace appears to have been his fa-

vorite residence. You are shown where the monarch was accustomed to take his daily morning's promenade ; you are also directed to the spot, hard by the Chateau, where lie interred several of his favorite dogs.

No circumstance connected with the life of their great king seems unimportant to the Prussians. The faults and vices of his character have nearly disappeared from their vision, beneath the expunging hand of time, while appear the more prominent his shining qualities, as the valiant and successful guardian of an infant state, as the framer of the salutary laws upon which its dearly bought liberties must be ever based. I had almost forgotten to mention our visit to the church within whose consecrated walls repose the ashes of the celebrated monarch. The church itself, under other circumstances, might be an object of interest to the traveller ; but now you scarce pause to take a hasty survey ; your steps are directed towards the tomb. The person in attendance throws open the intervening door, and before you lies all that remains upon earth of the distinguished warrior, statesman, king. I saw not the inscription, which is said to have been placed there, of this import ; “ Here repose my ashes, my renown fills the world ” (*Hic cineres, ubique fama*). The epitaph would be, indeed, most appropriate.

## CHAPTER IV.

Reflections on Travel. — Environs of Leipsic. — The Battle-Ground. — Monument to Poniatowski. — Absence of Public Amusements. — Dresden. — The Gallery of Paintings. — The Madonna of Raffaele. — Paintings of Correggio. — Jewel Office or Treasury. — Dresden Porcelain. — General Moreau. — The Environs of Dresden. — Style of Architecture. — The King and Royal Family. — Moral Condition of Society.

HAVING now satisfied our curiosity in visiting the objects most worthy of interest in this city, we summoned our carriage, and whirled off, at a rapid pace, on the road to Berlin, indulging, as we rode along, in such reveries and speculations, as a day thus spent would naturally tend to give birth to. There is, in sooth, an intense excitement, little dreamed of by the stationary, that the ardent traveller experiences when finding himself for the first time upon a spot where were performed the most illustrious acts that gild a celebrated name. Those exploits, the bare perusal of which fired his youthful imagination at the school or university, heightened now by the association of scene, assail the mind with tenfold effect. The heated fancy lends its magical illusion; and, ceasing to be a mere spectator, he becomes, for the moment, identified with the hero of his admiration. A warmer excitement thrills through each particular vein and fibre; it passes, it is true, and, like all other excitements, has its reaction; but even the very

melancholy that succeeds, weighs it not heavier in the balance, than the vain follies the world terms pleasure? It has been said, that a man speaking seven or eight different languages is equivalent to an equal number of men who are acquainted with but one. May it not with similar propriety be urged, that a man who has resided in the same number of countries, each possessing its distinct associations and customs, which so change our thoughts and feelings, nay, oft our very selves, — may it not be said, that an existence thus passed bears a proportionate ratio to the lives of as many persons who have never quitted the land of their nativity? If the sum total of our being were to be reckoned by an addition of events and sensations, not years, such must be the result.

There are indeed minds, which would seem incapable of receiving vivid impressions, whether from the magnificent in nature, or the celebrated in story. Upon such, the time consumed in travel were indeed lost. The mind of man must be stored and enriched with the fruits of reading, study, and reflection, ere it be adequate to the full appreciation of the beautiful or sublime. Like the field of the husbandman, it must be carefully and diligently tilled, and the seed committed to it will not disappoint of the harvest.

We had now whiled away near two weeks in the Prussian capital, and had glanced at every thing that was deemed worthy of notice. The hours flew pleasantly by; spring had ripened into summer; it was time to bid adieu. Many leagues

were to be traversed, many cities to be scanned, ere the traveller might hail the castled banks of the broad and sweeping Rhine, or dwell with enthusiasm on thine unrivalled scenery, romantic Switzerland. The ride from Berlin to Leipsic, the next town of importance on our route, is by no means interesting. It occupied about eighteen hours. Much fatigued by the exercise and excessive heat conjoined, and annoyed by clouds of dust, we were fain at length to take shelter within the hospitable walls of that venerable town. The weather, which was as warm and oppressive as I recollect ever having experienced, rendered it inexpedient to yield immediately to the promptings of curiosity. At eve, however, we sallied forth, under the guidance of a *domestique de place*, to enjoy a turn in the public promenades, which are arranged with much taste. There is an agreeable diversity in these walks, a pleasing contrast of eminence and slope, with here and there a monumental stone and inscriptions, to attract the eye. Led on by the increasing softness of a twilight scene, we lingered until the evening was far advanced. The moon shone brightly above; and, bathed in its cold, mystic rays, stood, solemn and still, the gray battlements and lofty towers of the ancient city.

The ensuing morning we left our hotel betimes, to commence the business of the day. To the modern traveller, the battle of Leipsic is one of the most interesting associations connected with that city; accordingly our researches were speedily extended to the site of this memorable combat. The

best view is obtained by ascending a lofty observatory, which overlooks the field. From this eminence were pointed out to us the several situations of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian divisions, with that also of Napoleon and his legions; but with what accuracy I cannot pretend to say. Upon descending from the observatory, we traversed on foot a section of the extended field. Upon one side it is bounded by a little river or rivulet, called the Elster. In this stream perished, after a gallant defence, Prince Poniatowski, "the last of the Poles." To look at it, you would suppose an active steed might clear the narrow channel at a bound, though, to an exhausted and retreating army, its waters proved well nigh an impassable barrier. Near the spot where the Polish prince spurred his charger into the fatal stream, is seen a low monument, bearing a Latin inscription, wherein you find recorded the many virtues and the touching fate of this noble and unfortunate soldier. There are pleasant gardens in this vicinity open to the public; as you stroll through them and survey the fair face of nature, clothed in the sunny smiles, that man's disfiguring passions can chase away but for a time, you cannot refrain from wondering that War should have pitched upon so tranquil a spot for the celebration of his sanguinary orgies.

There were no public amusements of consequence in the city, at the time of our visit. The theatre was closed, there were no concerts, no instrumental music to be heard, a rare thing in German cities; so that, after walking about the

streets and promenades, and gazing at the curious objects for a day or two, it began to grow dull. The population of Leipsic is nearly equal to that of Dresden; but the attractions it possesses are by no means to be compared with those of the latter city, which can boast more objects of taste and *virtù* than are to be found in any other European capital of similar magnitude.

From Leipsic you take the *Eilwagen* to Dresden, accomplishing the distance in about nine hours. The country through which you pass, abounds with interesting scenery. Not far distant from the road roll the placid waters of the Elbe, joyfully hailed by the traveller, as he journeys along to the fairest city that reposes upon its verdant banks. At length behold us arrived and comfortably lodged at one of the well-kept hotels that are clustered together in the great square, ready to commence, with the coming day, a new campaign of sight-seeing, — an amusement, which, if it had not now for us the winning charm of novelty, is at least of a nature ever enough exciting to dispel *ennui* and its host of attendant ills.

Lord Byron has somewhere remarked, that there is no excitement like travel, save that which springs from *ambition*; another might have said *love*, but the noble poet, if he had sipped its pleasures, had drunk too deep of its bitterness to avow such a sentiment. Be that as it may, it is an undeniable fact, that the excitement resulting from travel is, in certain temperaments, of an almost overpowering nature. To mark the spot where Cæsar lived



and ceased to live, to tread where trod the foot of Hannibal; to stand in the Forum, that ages since rung, perchance, with the eloquence of a Cicero or an Hortensius. Oh! the flood of associations, that pours in upon the startled, shrinking soul, as, recoiling from the sad reality of the present, it reverts to the mighty majesty of the past! — Will it be thus with all empires? will the inquisitive traveller, in after ages, wander, pilgrim-like, amid the erst powerful cities of our own beloved country, then fallen from their greatness, and muse, as we do now, over the ruins of once Imperial Rome?

But to return from our digression. The first visit of the stranger in Dresden is due to its magnificent gallery of paintings, — a gallery possessing nobler compositions than can be found in any other collection, out of Italy. Among these, your attention is riveted to a picture incomparably superior to the rest. It is the celebrated Madonna of Raffaele. Much has been said and written of this inspired and unrivalled composition. At first glance it seems more especially remarkable for the exquisite harmony and softness, that reign throughout; but, as you continue to gaze upon it, those unearthly beauties, that must have touched the soul of the artist, (as he viewed them, perchance, in the lone vision,) with celestial fire, pass from the motionless canvass, and sink deep into the heart of the beholder. The genius of the painter, soaring to grasp the lofty nature of his subject, breathes warm and fervid in each line. Nothing

can be more eloquent. Upon the features of the blessed Virgin, you read the written thoughts of the innermost soul, traced with deeper eloquence than that of words. All appertaining to the world has passed from that celestial countenance, and, in its stead, there dwells an expression, calm, holy, and instinct with angelic purity ; yet breathing a clear and almost fearful consciousness of that glorious, inscrutable destiny, that has rendered her "blessed among women." The seraphic countenance, with its ineffable beauty, seems indeed the very incarnation of all that the warmest conceptions of her high and mysterious calling could attain or embody. In her maternal embrace, she sustains the future Saviour of the world. The features of the heaven-born infant wear that peculiar expression, rarely found save in the pictures of Raffaele ; an expression of heavenly mildness and resignation. But yet sorrow enters there, and dwells on those sweet, unearthly lineaments ; it is a prophetic sorrow, in unison with the spirit of his holy mission. More than three hundred years have rolled away since the painter traced his immortal conception. The fashions, the tastes of ages have altered again and again ; but, through all these changes, this great work has existed, the admired of all admirers, a lasting memorial of the genius that devised it. Time has not robbed the canvass of that soft and twilight coloring ; the same inspiration dwells upon the countenance virtue and innocence have made their own. It would seem to me, that the spiritual poetry of this com-

position admits not of being transferred. I have never heard of its being successfully copied. Rash indeed would be the attempt.

In the same apartment with the Madonna are to be seen the other most valuable paintings of the collection, many of them possessing the rarest merit. There is the celebrated sacred piece by Correggio, commonly called his *Notte*, brilliant as though it were painted but yesterday. This celebrated picture is a wonderful specimen of that superb coloring, so characteristic of the master; but, in classic disposition of figures, it will sustain no comparison with the finished production of Raffaele. There is another Correggio in this room, considered by many the most perfect picture ever painted. It is called the Magdalen. She is represented in a posture nearly recumbent, her head supported on the right elbow, absorbed in the reading of a volume (the Bible) lying on the ground before her. The dimensions of the picture are small, and it embraces but a single figure, yet is its value considered inestimable.

We are at a loss to conceive, by what art the ancients were enabled so to fasten their colors as to defy the effacing touch of time. The works of Correggio are wonderful instances of this tenacity of hue. To judge by their brightness and warmth, you might suppose them posterior to those of Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence, rather than productions of the middle ages. They are, at the present day, considered of inestimable value, owing, in a great degree, no doubt, to their being but few

in number. A picture by Correggio will command as high a price as any other whatever (always excepting the five or six acknowledged best, which descend from king to king as heir-looms, and are no more to be parted with than the very throne on which he sits); yet it is generally allowed, that his drawing is not the most correct, but such is his magic of coloring, that it is impossible to withstand its fascination.

It is not my purpose here to enlarge upon each particular jewel of the Dresden gallery. Their lustre, to be appreciated, must be seen; words are, after all, but imperfect translators of the feelings. The warmer eloquence of the eye conveys more to the awakened mind, at a glance, than do pages in the description.

The next place that claims our attention, is the jewel office or Treasury, as it is called, most rich in precious stones, rare vases, and medallions. The display of diamonds is dazzling; a green one, said to be unique, struck me as being particularly magnificent. It was nearly an inch in length, and of the purest water.

Independent of the precious stones, there are many other objects of great value and interest to be seen in the various apartments, such as sculptures in ivory, curiously wrought and richly inlaid; many of them displaying the quaintest devices, and a nicety of workmanship almost surpassing belief. Any information you may desire respecting the many interesting objects that claim your attention is most cheerfully given by the polite per-

sonage who accompanies you through the rooms. In return you are not to forget him upon leaving. The perquisites of offices like these, in Europe, are generally the principal emolument which is derived from them. Another curious exhibition is that of the famous Dresden porcelain. It is contained in a long range of apartments, cold and damp, constituting the cellars of a large palace. You may here observe the rise and progress of this art, from its rudest state, to the present pinnacle of perfection. As you stroll through the rooms, the Protean ware appears before you in almost every guise, now bird, now beast; anon in some grotesque figure it excites a smile; again in another, those elegant proportions demand the tribute of admiration. It is really curious to observe the rich profusion of this costly ware lying almost carelessly at your feet, each specimen of which would be highly valuable with us. Indeed, one cannot fail to observe, in Dresden, the noble scale upon which every thing public, as regards museums, collections of paintings, jewels, &c., is conducted. No expense seems to have been spared in procuring objects worthy at once the station of the monarch and the refined taste of a rich and luxurious capital.

During the Saxon campaign, Dresden was the head-quarters of Napoleon. Not far from the city is the spot where fell the most illustrious victim of that campaign, General Moreau. The place is designated by a pile of stones loosely heaped together. The circumstance which is related, in

connexion with his fall, and was the cause of it, is well known to every one familiar with the history of Napoleon. The character of Moreau presents much to admire ; he was an intrepid soldier, a most skilful general. The armies of France have seldom marched to conquest under an abler commander ; but it is unfortunate for his fame, that, blinded by individual hatred, he should have taken up arms against his country, whose glory he had once so gallantly maintained. The environs of Dresden are pretty and picturesque ; many of the rides about the city are very pleasant. I recollect one, in particular, conducting to a spot, where were combined the ingredients of as pretty a landscape and prospect as might be desired. A little placid lake, with a lofty hill towering at its side, richly covered with trees and verdure, were the prominent features of this fair scene. Along the hill were zigzag paths, threading their devious way to its summit ; midway we arrived at what was once a fortress of strength, now dilapidated and in ruins ; its situation is bold, overlooking the fearful precipice beneath. At present, the ruined pile serves as an excellent *point de vue*, and, as such, repays the eager traveller for the fatigue experienced in scrambling up the precipitous ascent. I noticed there (and it seems characteristic of the good feelings and charity of the German people) a little receptacle for the contributions of visitors ; the receipts to be appropriated for the benefit of the sick and indigent, as we learned from a rude inscription, carved upon a fragment of rock. This

circumstance, trifling as it may appear, tended to impart additional interest to the spot; for the beauties of nature are never more enchanting than when we regard them as developing and maturing, with soft influence, the kindlier sensibilities of mankind.

For miles about Dresden, the country abounds in interesting scenery. The Saxon Switzerland, with its mountains and valleys, not far distant from the city, offers, to the lover of natural scenery, a banquet rich in attraction. The inhabitants of Dresden duly appreciate the romantic character of the country in which the capital lies embosomed. *Avez-vous parcouru la Suisse Saxe?* is one of the first questions addressed to the stranger on the subject of curiosities. If you have not yet had that pleasure, you are told, that it is quite impossible, really Gothic, to quit Dresden without making the tour of that portion of its environs. But to return from this agreeable excursion amid the mountains, and resume our researches in the city.

The style of architecture in the Saxon capital is generally neat and durable. Of this the principal church furnishes an elegant specimen. Its spire appeared to me as particularly beautiful; a happy union of elegance and strength. The choir of this church is much celebrated. I was present at one of their performances, and should certainly pronounce the music extremely fine. Yet, notwithstanding its excellence, one cannot but reflect with pain upon the means that have been made use of in bringing it to the present state of perfection.

It was in this church I beheld the King and royal family of Saxony. The monarch was much advanced in years, and very infirm. He appeared beloved by the people, who looked on in respectful silence, as the *cortège* moved slowly along. The King, supported by an aid, walked with faltering steps. His relatives, ranged on either side, accompanied, and the rear was brought up by officers, guards, &c., among whom I remarked several personages of rank, whose prepossessing figures were shown to much advantage by their elegant and well-assorted uniforms.

The Elbe, at Dresden, is a majestic stream. Terraces, raised along its banks, answer admirably as promenades, and overlook its wide expanse. These constitute the favorite walk, and multitudes of both sexes may be seen there congregated, of a pleasant afternoon and evening. In addition to the charms of exercise and prospect, there are not wanting the substantial comforts of the *café* and *restaurant*, nor the soft breathings of music. With such concomitants, care-worn must indeed be the man, who cannot stroll away an hour, forgetful of all else save the scene around him. Each moment, thus snatched from the turmoil and tumult of warring passions or harassing cares, should be looked upon as precious, and reverted to in after time as a bright spot in the varied scene of existence.

Among the noble structures of this city stands conspicuous its bridge, remarkable alike for the beauty and the solidity of its masonry.

Respecting the public amusements, I had not



the means of judging from actual observation ; it being in the heat of summer at the time of our visit, the theatres and concert rooms were closed. I have understood, that Dresden can boast of an excellent opera ; there certainly must be taste and wealth enough in the metropolis, to well sustain an amusement, that every educated German is so partial to.

Still less should I venture to pronounce a decided opinion, with regard to the moral character of the people. From a residence of but few days, or even weeks, in a large and populous city, one is apt to collect but erroneous and superficial ideas respecting the real character of its inhabitants ; but it would seem to me, in proportion as you leave behind the more northern districts of Germany, and travel southward, a greater degree of laxity is to be observed in the cords that bind society together. A lower standard of morals seems the criterion, and the general aspect of manners and customs, it must be confessed, appears not altogether a *tableau*, upon which a sage might gaze with unmingled approbation.

## CHAPTER V.

Journey to Prague. — The Black Horse. — Objects of Interest in Prague. — Battle of Prague. — The Bridge. — Islands and Rifle Shooting. — German Life. — German and American Theatres. — German Troops. — Austria Proper and its Army.

AFTER passing several days pleasantly in Dresden, we concluded at length to leave this fair city. Frail are the links that bind the traveller, and broken with scarce an effort. An hour or two and we are on the road for the ancient city of Prague. The diligent, though not over speedy *Eilwagen* rolled on, at its accustomed pace, while its inmates, immersed in retrospections, realities, and anticipations, were fain to while away the wearisome hours. Nothing occurred, during our journey, worthy the recording. At length the ninety miles are passed; the last intervening hill is surmounted, and, far away in the distance below you, stretching along a vast plain, may be discerned Bohemia's capital, once celebrated Prague. Upon arriving in the city, we found it difficult to obtain comfortable lodgings. An important festival was about taking place, and the influx of strangers had been uncommonly great. After several unsuccessful attempts, we were compelled to put up with but scanty accommodations at an indifferent *hostelrie*. Here we lodged for a day or two, then changed our quarters, taking apartments at the Black Horse (Schwarze Ross),

accounted the best hotel in the place. The company at this establishment seemed to me to be of a superior order to that we had generally encountered in German cities. Whether it be, that they were but temporarily summoned together to celebrate the occasion (the festival before alluded to), or whether such may be the usual appearance of the better class of citizens, I cannot tell. Their manner and appearance impressed me favorably. Any thing bustling or even business-like would have appeared to my eye as discordant with the still, half-deserted grandeur of the ancient city. There may be but little in Prague to interest the insatiate lion-hunter. You will search in vain for the manifold picture galleries, or the sculptured marble, that other cities boast of; but to the traveller, well nigh surfeited, for the moment, with the rich profusion the arts have heretofore spread before him, there are objects replete with an interest of no common nature. The very tranquillity of its wide extent, its romantic walks, delightful drives, and the agreeable retreats that invite your steps; and more than all, the lordly castles, the time and war scathed cathedrals, of almost traditional antiquity, independent of those stirring associations, connected with the very name of Prague;—all these must awaken the senses to no ordinary degree of pleasure. I stood upon the ground where was fought the memorable battle, more impressed upon my mind by the voice of music than that of history. It is the first piece the memory of my early days now presents, and certainly it then fired my fancy

beyond the power of forgetting. I marked the spots where were still visible, upon the walls of the ancient cathedral, the effects of that terrible cannonade. From the elevation I had attained, the eye embraced a wide extent of territory, and the city below. An emotion of thankfulness was my first feeling, in that Providence had at last conducted me to the spot, that youthful imagination and after reading had surrounded with so strong an interest. The river Moldau flows through the city, separating the old from the new town. The stream is wide, though but shallow. It is spanned by one of the longest, if not finest bridges in Europe. This structure dates from remote antiquity. It is built in a most substantial manner, and perforated with numerous arches. Its principal curiosity, to the eye of a foreigner, consists in the numerous images, larger than life, of saints and holy personages, that surmount its sides. In the centre of the bridge is the figure of our Saviour descending from the cross. While passing this, the true Catholic never fails to remove his hat. The bridge is certainly a curious and interesting specimen of architecture, and recalls, with its images, the less tolerant times of past centuries, when to have omitted the required obeisance to senseless stone was viewed as a heinous offence, deserving condign punishment. Not far from the bridge are two small islands, but a little distance apart, which are much frequented by the people, for purposes of recreation and amusement. Upon one of them are galleries for rifle-shooting. Some of

the marksmen seemed quite expert for amateurs; though no doubt they would have been looked upon but as indifferent shots in the head-quarters of the rifle, the backwoods of the West. When the mark was struck, an explosion took place, and a figure sprang forth, as if to attest the triumph; the remaining portion of the island, remote from the whistling range of deadly shot, is dedicated to more peaceful pleasures. The promenade with its graceful accompaniment of waving trees is there, and there also are *cafés*; while, during the fine season, tables and seats are everywhere provided, and cherry-cheeked maids are in waiting, prompt to obey your call for the refreshing lemonade or ice. Here you may sit down, with none to disturb you, and sip the sweets of solitude, if such be your humor, even in the midst of the gay scene. A band of music, playing the favorite airs of the German school, enliven you with their soft strains. Upon the whole, it was an excellent picture of German felicity, embracing the three standard ingredients in profusion, viz. beer, pipes, and music.

For one, I was enchanted with the rural air (the “*rus in urbe*” of the luxurious Roman), which so prevailed. Of a fine morning our carriage was in requisition, and a drive about the picturesque environs served most agreeably to beguile the hours, while, from the sultriness of noon and its attendant *ennui*, we experienced a pleasant exemption amid the shaded walks of the pleasure grounds I have attempted to describe, and the gay concourse that thither resorted on the same errand with ourselves.

*Certes*, the Germans are not unphilosophical in their amusements, whatever the costly Englishman, or his volatile neighbour across the Channel, may think to the contrary. Any one, who has remarked them in their leisure hours indulging in the luxuries of the delicate *meerschaum* and best *Turkish*, with an ample mug of the true *Bavarian* on the table beside, their feelings in unison with the dulcet strains of music that pervade the air, must confess that *here* is the very quintessence of negative happiness.

In connexion with the subject of amusements in Germany, I must observe, that upon one head the inhabitants have just reason to be proud. I allude to their public promenades and gardens, in which no other European nation surpasses, or perhaps equals them. From the picturesque boulevards of the smaller cities to the *Volks-Garten* and *Prater* of Imperial Vienna, there is everywhere taste and elegance. The extreme utility that attractive resorts of this nature must be of to a people, whose sedentary and studious character might otherwise have induced them to neglect the necessary exercise for health, seems early to have engrossed the attention of the Germans; and their proverbial industry has been as happily exemplified in this channel as in that of their literary labors, and indefatigable pursuits for the supposed hidden gems of science.

I attended the theatre, and was fortunate in witnessing the representation of a favorite opera, "*Masaniello*." The music of the piece was given with

excellent effect ; the audience were delighted, and testified their satisfaction by the noisiest acclamations. Every favorite *morceau* was repeated again and again, and still they seemed scarcely satisfied. At the conclusion, the performers must have been most heartily wearied of the *bruyant* applause with which a grateful public crowned their efforts. However, to us the piece, with all its repetitions, was quite a treat, being the first opera we had attended since leaving Berlin. The orchestral music in Germany is very rarely other than good. Each performer is content with the part allotted to him, and the aim of every individual is to do all in his power to make the *ensemble* as perfect as possible. It is not the ambition there, as with us, to shine in a *solo*, often to the prejudice of the general effect. We carry our national republican feelings into our very theatres ; no performer appears satisfied with his own portion, unless, forsooth, it be the highest, but is ever ambitious to rise beyond his individual sphere, whether adequate or not. For this reason, in no small degree, our theatrical representations, whether of a musical or other nature, are generally much inferior to those we see in Europe, where, even should there not be present any “star” of superior magnitude, each *rôle* is so happily sustained, with a view to the success of the piece, not the celebrity of the player, that, what were otherwise but a faint, spiritless illusion, now steals over the excited fancy with all the force of vivid, absorbing reality ; leaving the spectator in the situation of one just awakened from a dream, doubting awhile which the truth, which the illusion.

During my residence in the Imperial dominions, I nowhere witnessed a finer display of soldiery than at Prague. The occasion to which I particularly refer, resulted from the following circumstance. Upon the day subsequent to our arrival in the Bohemian capital, a general officer of high rank was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He was buried with military honors, a little without the city; and all the troops in the garrison were marshalled to escort the dead soldier to his last home. I could not but admire the appearance of the several corps. In their excellent training, and tall, athletic figures, you beheld the surest physical promise of success; while their bronzed and rugged countenances seemed but ill fitted to mirror the image of Fear. There was one peculiarity I observed in the appearance of these troops, connected with the military appendage to the upper lip, that Continental soldiers delight in. Instead of wearing the *moustache* fiercely twisted upward toward the eye, as in Prussia, or allowing it to descend in rich profusion over the mouth, as is common among the French soldiery, these gentry wore it not only perfectly black but rigid, seemingly as though of iron. By means of a certain composition, that gives it both color and cohesion, they train the moustache in such a manner as to make it form a right angle with the line of the nose, and protrude several inches, in a straight line, from either cheek; so that a person walking directly behind can plainly discern the fierce and pointed extremities. This custom, besides the



convenience of the thing, certainly communicates to the wearer a very ferocious appearance, which might tell favorably upon the field of battle.

Austria undoubtedly possesses a well-organized and efficient, as well as numerous army. Let the reader glance for a moment at her position in the great Continental family, and the necessity of such warlike precaution will be on the instant apparent.

Austria Proper is but a small territory, containing a population not exceeding that of Holland. Within its limits it embraces but one large city, the capital, Vienna. The original Arch-Duchy, through matrimonial alliance, wily diplomacy, and open invasion, has now covered with its eagles the vast tracts of Bohemia and Hungary, and the extended plains of Northern Italy. To keep these overgrown possessions in due subjection requires all the military force the nation can maintain, and that, too, directed by the most keen-sighted policy; and such, upon investigation, we discover it. The Austrians are all soldiers; with them the army is the high road to advancement.

The Cabinet of Vienna is the craftiest and most *Argus-eyed* in Europe. Its head and hand, he who is nominally Prime Minister, but in reality the Emperor of Austria, is, Prince Talleyrand alone excepted, by far the most skilful and adroit diplomatist Europe has witnessed since the days of William Pitt. But adieu to the Machiavelli of Austrian politics and his machinations, and once more to our humble self.

## CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Vienna. — The Archduke Charles Hotel. — Imperial Library. — Public Rooms. — Church of St. Stephen's. — The Hearts of the Imperial Family. — Palaces. — Maria Theresa. — Schoenbrunn. — Arsenal at Vienna. — Promenades. — National Traits of Character. — Music. — Strauss. — Baden. — The Archduke Charles. — Presburg. — The Virtue of Primitive Simplicity. — Pesth. — The Hungarians. — Scene at the Jager-horn. — Wagon Ride to Vienna.

AFTER a week's stay in Prague, we determined to put ourselves again *en route* for Vienna; but first there was one knotty point to be debated. What were the best *manière de voyager* to adopt? The distance between the two cities is two hundred and forty English miles, rather long, particularly if you are to accomplish it by the usual conveyance. We hesitated some time between the style and independence of one's own carriage and post-horses, and the sundry advantages incidental to our old, tried friend, the *Eilwagen*. At last the more homely virtues of the latter prevailed. Our ignorance of the language and customs, and the consequent anticipated trouble with postilions at each post, were obstacles too great to be passed over. The journey to Vienna was accomplished in thirty-six hours. How vividly I can even now recall my impressions, as I caught the first glimpse of its distant spires. One of our German fellow-travellers extended his arm toward the great city,

as its view first opened to the eye, and exclaimed with exultation, *Das ist Wien*. Indeed, it appears to me, that the Austrian subjects have a feeling with regard to Vienna, similar to that which erst felt the proud Roman, as he gazed, with swelling heart, upon his own lordly capital. Vienna is now what once Rome was, the city of the Cæsars ; but the title alone can she arrogate to herself, not the power. The Imperial eagles have too often stooped before the *tricolor* of France ; and Napoleon has destroyed all their boastful claims to invincibility. At length, having passed the extensive suburb, we entered the city proper, where, the necessary business of passports being duly attended to, we drove to the *Archduke Charles*, an establishment which offers to the visiter the best of accommodations. Indeed, I can recall no hotel in Germany where the traveller is so well served, and politely attended to as in this. The *salle à manger*, with its intricate *carte*, from which you are so puzzled to select, brings the Parisian restaurants to mind. The apartments are ample and well furnished, and last, not least, the *garçons* are sufficiently accomplished to comprehend your wishes, even when expressed in French ; a most decided convenience, as every *voyageur* will readily admit, provided he be so fortunate as to understand it himself.

To enter into a detailed account of all the curiosities here to be seen, would be to indite a mass of prolixities. With regard to these, in books written professedly for the purpose, are to be found the most complete inventories. Under the guidance

of a *domestique de place*, with the useful work of Madame Stark in hand, we traversed and retraversed the city, visiting every thing in turn. The Imperial Library is a splendid edifice, and its interior arrangements are admirable. The noble height of the spacious hall, and its many thousand tomes, which the eye embraces as it were at a glance, produce an effect, which I do not recollect to have observed in any similar establishment. Ordinarily, in these extensive receptacles of science, the general effect is greatly impaired by a constant recurrence of petty alcoves, or there is a deficiency as it regards height, which is the case with many rooms in the Vatican. This last, with the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris, and the one we are attempting to describe, are no doubt the best endowed libraries in Christendom; but, for classic appearance, and a happy union of taste and elegance in the general arrangement, I think the one at Vienna surpasses them both.

The rooms, where are exhibited the regalia, precious stones, robes of state, &c., are exceedingly rich, absolutely refulgent with their costly contents. Here may you see diamonds of uncommon magnitude and the purest water; rubies of inestimable value sparkle around you. In the glass cases, you observe the insignia of the order of the *Golden Fleece*, composed of diamonds, arranged with beautiful workmanship. Passing on to another room, you behold the velvet robes of state, of divers colors, glittering with gold and silver. Here, too, is the sceptre, with its accompanying badges

of command. You may view all, to your heart's content, but nothing touch. The conductor remains ever near, to see that no such mistake occurs, and busies himself in telling a long story respecting the objects before you, which, being in German, added nought to our previously acquired stock of wisdom. I should have mentioned, that there are also sundry other apartments, containing sculptures in ivory, ingeniously wrought, rare goblets, vases, and specimens of *virtù*. The eye is well nigh dazzled by the brilliancy of the exhibition. You cannot quit these apartments, without a kindly feeling towards a government, which thus throws open its magnificent collections to the stranger, free from all expense or trouble.

The churches in Vienna, generally speaking, can boast of nothing striking, whether in architecture or decoration. That of St. Stephen's, however, may be instanced as a noble exception. It is a magnificent relic of the old massive, Gothic architecture, seemingly durable as old Time himself, whose attacks it has so long defied. The whole appearance of the edifice is highly imposing; the lofty tower rears itself to a giddy height, unsurpassed by any in Europe, save, perhaps, that of the far-famed Cathedral at Strasburg. There is something singular in the appearance of this spire, as you survey it in the distance. A very decided variation from the perpendicular is noticed, increasing with the altitude. You experience, on this account, as when surveying the celebrated *Campanile* at Pisa, a feeling of wonder, that it has been able

to resist for centuries the rude shocks of infuriate tempests.

Besides this venerable pile, there are other churches, interesting from the relics therein preserved. In one, or rather the vault beneath it, are contained in vases, preserved by certain preparations, the hearts of all the imperial family of Austria. The vases, differing much in size and workmanship, are ranged around in a semicircular form. You are not permitted to enter the room where they are ; but, by applying your eye to an aperture made in the wall for such purpose, a distinct view of the whole is commanded. An array of hearts ! The scene was extraordinary and impressive. The largest urn contains her heart, who ruled as Austria's most stately Empress, Maria Theresa ; and the smallest one, that which once beat in the bosom of the unfortunate Duc de Reichstadt. From such a spectacle may indeed be culled a salutary moral respecting the intrinsic worth of human greatness.

The palaces in Vienna are open to the stranger ; they contain much to gratify the curiosity and improve the taste, in the sister arts of painting and sculpture, not to mention the richness of decoration and those costly designs, that attest the magnificence of the royal possessors. There were in the imperial palace two apartments, which more particularly than the rest attracted my attention, not from the splendor of their furnishing, but rather from those innumerable thoughts and associations, that flood the mind, as we gaze upon aught intimately connected with the familiar story of past greatness.

These apartments were the favorite ones of Maria Theresa; here they were still, as she had left them. Even this was the bed, with its gorgeous drapery, upon which she had oft reclined in sleep. All was as left by her; for, such is the veneration of the Austrians for their great Empress, similar to the feeling the Prussians entertain for Frederic the Second, that they are unwilling to disturb any thing, which may be looked upon as bearing the distinct impress of her august presence. And, indeed, it is no subject of wonder, that her memory is held in such regard among the people, when we reflect upon the high rank Austria attained among the nations of Europe, during the lengthened period of her wise administration.

The palace of Schoenbrunn, situated at a short distance from the capital, is also deserving of notice. Its architecture is of that light, airy nature, which pleases the eye; and the grounds about the Chateau are laid out in a manner at once tasteful and ingenious. Upon an elevated site, not far from the palace, stands an ornamental building, after the nature of a summer-house, but upon a princely scale. From the top of this edifice, a splendid view of the surrounding country may be enjoyed. After roaming about these pleasant grounds for an hour or two, we returned to Vienna. The Chateau of Schoenbrunn, at that time, was denied to visitors, so that we were compelled to forego the satisfaction of beholding apartments, which were often honored by the presence of Napoleon, during his memorable campaigns, and also

served for many years as the residence of his unfortunate son.

Among the edifices of Vienna few more engross the visiter's attention than its Arsenal, one of the most complete in Europe. In the court or area, is to be seen a ponderous chain, of great length, made use of by the Turks, during their siege of the city, for obstructing the navigation of the Danube. In the long train of apartments within, you behold arms of every description, from the rude weapons of remote antiquity, down to the costly implements and scientific engines, with which modern warfare transacts her sanguinary trade. These are fantastically arranged along the sides and ceiling, producing a singular and not inelegant effect. Among the more remarkable features of the Austrian capital must be particularly distinguished its public promenades and gardens. Of these the Prater is the most spacious and frequented. This extensive pleasure-ground has been much celebrated by travellers, and its very name seems identified with that of the city. I must allow, that I was somewhat disappointed at first sight; my expectations were not a little raised; and, when I did at length behold it, it was under unfavorable circumstances. At that time, in the heat of summer, this noble promenade was shorn of all those attractions, to be derived only from that migratory class, the *beau monde*. No brilliant equipages, no well-dressed pedestrians were present, to give life to the scene; in a word, it was not then a fashionable resort. Doubtless of a pleasant eve *pen-*



*dant la belle saison*, when thronged by the gay, its noble avenues and spreading trees illuminated by the glare of fire works, while the charms of music add to the festivity, the Prater must be a spot of no common beauty and attraction. This fairy domain is embraced on every side by the extended arms of the majestic Danube, seemingly in fond dalliance, as he rolls onward his turbid waters to their far distant destination.

There is yet another pleasure-ground, which, at the time of my visit, presented a far more gay and joyous appearance; it is called the *Volks-Garten*, in plain English, the People's Garden. I remember, one fine evening I repaired to this garden in company with my friends; its numerous walks and grassy plats were absolutely thronged by the happy concourse, attracted mostly by the promise of fire works, which were to conclude the evening's amusement. We threaded the devious paths, marking, with all the curiosity of foreigners, the peculiarities of costume, physiognomy, and manners, that so combine to affix its distinct individuality to every national assemblage. There is, perhaps, no occasion more favorable for observing the temperament of a people, than such an one as this I refer to. Care, for a while, receives his *cong  *. Chilling reserve and formal punctilio are also banished. A certain degree of *laissez aller* throws a charm over the scene. In France the national volatility and wild exuberance of spirits on such occasions are not to be restrained; they burst forth into a thousand fantastic freaks and gambols (I allude, of course,

to what are termed the middling classes of society). Here in Germany, you perceive enough to convince you, that the true character of the people is serious and sentimental. Though they may fly to pleasure, as a fancied medicine for the ills of life, they seldom give way to that spontaneous *gaieté du cœur*, which requires no support from adventitious excitement. In a word, in the midst of their pleasures, you discern, set in strongest contrast, the characters and tastes of either nation, of the bold, mercurial, reckless sons of France, and the hardy, philosophic, enduring offspring of Germany.

The Viennese, in common with all Germans, are passionately fond of music, instrumental music more particularly. It finds its way everywhere. There can be no joyous assemblage without it. It is customary, during the fine season, for those who can afford the luxury, to repair at early eve to the gardens and restaurants, where, in the open air and spacious saloons, are set numerous tables. At one extremity of the large hall, always found in restaurants of this description, is a band of music, disposed as in an orchestra, who regale the feasters with the more ethereal aliment of sweet sounds. I have heard Strauss, a great favorite with the Vienna public, play his lively waltzes again and again, on occasions like these. The question was often asked, "Is Strauss to play at such a garden to-night?" and, if so, the *maître de restaurant* was sure to reap a rich harvest.

The stranger should not omit visiting Baden, a watering-place, distant about twenty miles from

the Austrian capital. This is a place of great resort during the heat of summer ; the waters, which are held in high estimation, are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that I found it an affair of no small difficulty to swallow a single glass. The imperial family usually pass a few weeks in Baden every season. The Archduke Charles has here a handsome *maison de campagne*. The road leading to his palace, and extending beyond it, is of a romantic nature, conducting to a valley replete with charms for a lover of the picturesque. We did not see the Archduke here, where he passes the greater portion of his time, nor at Vienna ; a circumstance I regretted, for, if we except Metternich, no personage in the Austrian dominions enjoys an equal celebrity ; and, even while we award its just meed of applause to the adroit scheming of the wily diplomatist, our feelings of admiration and good-will are enlisted on the side of the gallant soldier and the honest man.

There is also at Baden a park, in which the *habitués* promenade, to see and be seen. Apart from these, there is but little to interest or amuse. A few hours are sufficient to initiate you into all the mysteries of the place, and leave you well satisfied to whirl back along the dusty road to Vienna.

We were unwilling to quit the Austrian dominions, without making an expedition into Hungary, and catching at least a bird's-eye view of that primitive country. Accordingly, one fine day in July, having arranged for a *voiture* to convey us to Pres-

burg, we set out upon our tour. The distance from Vienna to Presburg is rather less than forty English miles. The road is sufficiently good, and, at the usual rapid rate of travelling, not much time is consumed in the *trajet*. The Danube rolls majestically on, at intervals but a few paces from your route. It is certainly a beautiful sight, as you ride along the lofty and precipitous bank, to mark the noble stream below, as it expands into broad bays, or circles, with rapid current, around the numerous islets that stud its wide and sheeny surface. Gilded as were now its rippling eddies, by the rays of a setting sun, that bathed no fairer landscape in the warm flood of its descending splendor, it formed a scene, such as the glad eye could not weary in gazing upon. As the dusk of eve was throwing its obscuring mantle over this fair scene, we had reached the ancient capital of once unfettered Hungary. Our stay at Presburg was but brief, affording, however, sufficient time to visit its principal curiosities. A portion of the town is commandingly situated on a lofty eminence, the brow of which is surmounted by the ruins of a once strong castle. The fatigue of scaling the hill to this point is well compensated to the traveller, by the enjoyment of a beautiful prospect, which there greets his eye; the mighty Danube rolls below, now swelled to a noble width and volume by the confluence of its several branches. Descending to the town, and passing through its various streets, you find but little to reward investigation; in fact, I think there can be no one, who

has formed an idea of Hungary from what he has read, but will be disappointed when that previously formed notion is submitted to the touchstone of an actual tour through the country. There is something captivating in the conceptions we had formed of the fiery valor of that *noblesse*, who once rescued Europe from the Turk, and of the well nigh primitive simplicity, and freedom from the artificial restraints and deceptions of what is termed refined society, that has been said to characterize the Hungarians. Upon a nearer view, you perceive, that simplicity of manners is often but another name for debasing ignorance, and that virtue itself derives its very *Ægis* from the conventional restraints that society imposes. It is a most mistaken opinion, that a people of simple habits and manners must perforce be virtuous. The Swiss might be instanced as another proof of the validity of my assertion; and I have not a doubt, that, where civilization is at its acme, in Great Britain for example, there is infinitely more virtue than in all Europe beside.

After passing a day in Presburg, we took passage on board the steam-boat for Pesth, distant about one hundred miles. Our boat quitted her moorings at six, A. M., and completed her trip in ten hours. The river expands to a magnificent width as you approach the capital, but its banks below Presburg rather disappoint you. I looked in vain for the lofty hills and picturesque *campagne*, which I had fancied formed so striking a feature in Hungarian scenery; for miles the eye wanders over

naught but an uninterrupted and unvarying level. Arrived at length at Pesth, you are gratified by an agreeable change of the scene, both as respects nature and art. A bridge connects the cities of Pesth and Buda or Ofen. On the left bank there is a long reach of country, flat and undiversified ; but upon the Buda side commences, almost from the water's edge, a bold eminence, on the summit of which stands the royal palace of Hungary's once sovereign kings. At present, it is inhabited a part of the year by the Austrian Viceroy. It is a curious edifice, and well worth the visiting. The apartments generally are very handsome, with tasteful decorations of wall and ceiling, though one sees with regret, that they are divested of the costly furniture, that must formerly have belonged to them. The situation of this ancient chateau is most splendid, crowning, as it does, an eminence that commands the adjacent country for many miles. The Euphrates of Germany, at your feet, is hurrying its rapid way to the Euxine ; opposite stands the fair city of Pesth, with its handsome modern edifices and busy *quais*. The spectacle is of a nature that one loves to linger over. When the brilliant beams of the setting sun throw their last gorgeous tints upon the stately walls, or the mellow glow of twilight adds its pensive and softening influence, there is something of enchantment in the scene. Who, that has a soul, can stand without emotion upon a ground like this, which once, it may be supposed, resounded to the firm tread of Hungary's armed legions, as, marshalled

under the eye of their royal leader, they prepared, like the heroes of Thermopylæ, to resist even unto the death, — to turn back the furious onset of the insulting Turk, or perish in the attempt.

It is when associations like these steal over the mind, that this once powerful country throws off her debasing disguise. She is no longer the crouching dependant of imperial Austria. No ; she stands forth again the impregnable bulwark of the religious faith, the liberties, of Christendom.

Alas, it is melancholy to reflect upon the rapid deterioration a nation undergoes, when stripped of those inestimable blessings, civil and religious liberty. The Hungarians, once so proud, are now, as a mass, spiritless, uneducated, and politically degraded. It is true a spark of the fire, that animated his ancestors, may glow in the bosom of the noble, while he muses over their deeds of valor and patriotism, as embalmed in the historic page ; but, if so it be, policy forbids its developement. The jealous eye of Metternich, ever watchful to detect, and his far-reaching arm, equally sure to punish, forbid the hazardous experiment. The iron sceptre of Austria has bitterly humbled the nation ; but may we not hope she will yet emerge from her darkness, and, in the face of ungrateful Europe, again assert and maintain her rightful prerogative ?

We are at length in the fair city of Pesth. Its buildings, as I have before observed, are of a handsome, modern style of architecture. Those you first behold, which front upon the river, make

really an elegant appearance. They are composed of a very light-colored stone, erected with much regularity ; and, at a distance, the whole resembles the *façade* of an extensive palace. We took rooms at the *Jager-Horn*, reputed the best hotel in the city, and one of the most excellent I have found, throughout the whole extent of Germany. Here every thing was life and motion. It had been an exceedingly warm day, and, at the time of our arrival, when the extreme heat was giving place to the cool airs of evening, every one seemed intent upon enjoying the refreshing change. The wide piazza and balconies of the *Jager-Horn* were crowded with guests, some sipping their coffee or ices, others indulging in the more palpable comforts of a substantial supper. Inclining rather to this last, after the fatigue and privation incident to travelling, we took our seats amid the joyous throng, and were speedily imitating their good example. Of a truth, it was a curious scene, that there met the eye ; there were men whose various garbs and physiognomy would indicate representatives of different and widely separated nations, and yet they mostly were liege subjects of the Austrian. The wild Hungarian, from those remote regions which the Danube laves ere his waters are finally lost in the broad bosom of the Black Sea, the more civilized denizen of Pesth and Presburg, with here and there an individual, whose superior refinement of dress and manner might denote the *élégant* of Vienna, were here assembled, with a dash of the military to season the whole, in the



*mustachioed* lip and tasteful uniform of the Hungarian hussar.

I visited the theatre during the evening ; it is large and sufficiently commodious. The *tout ensemble*, however, impressed me as being of too sombre and *triste* a character, for a temple where rosy Pleasure should preside. At the conclusion of the performance, which was but indifferent, I sallied forth to take a stroll along the *quai* and bank of the river. It was a lovely night ; the moon's silvery beams danced gayly on the broad bosom of the rushing waters, whose murmurs alone stole in upon the else unbroken silence. Opposite, steeped in the mellow moonlight, rose proudly the heights of Ofen, thick studded with cottage and clustering vine. The scene was indeed most beautiful, and it was with a regret enhanced by the probability of never more beholding it, that I retraced my homeward path.

We found it no easy matter to pitch upon a commodious conveyance from Pesth to the Austrian capital. Propelled against a rapid current, the steam-boat makes but slow and tedious progress. The public eilwagen was not to leave for some days. In this dilemma, we were compelled to have recourse to a mode of travelling rather repulsive at first sight, it must be owned ; however, it was something new, and the mind yearns after novelty, *maugre* the prospect of a trivial temporary inconvenience. The mode of travelling we decided upon, then, was a sort of posting, but of a most rustic and uncouth nature. Our horses went well

enough, for the Hungarians are rapid drivers and unsparing of the whip ; but the vehicles, in some instances, were of a nature to baffle description. A wheelbarrow had been to the full as agreeable. Picture a rude wagon, without springs or seat save the hay that was plentifully strewed along its bottom, without a cover to protect the *voyageurs* from the sun's ardent rays, and our *voiture* is before you. I must add, that it was drawn by two steeds, whose appearance was but little in their favor. But first impressions are often erroneous, and so it was in this instance ; for our horses, though of marvellously plain and uncombed exterior, acquitted themselves most creditably. I remember a distance of thirty miles we traversed with the same animals in three hours, a rate of going that might challenge the boasted celerity of an English stage-coach.

We were two days in accomplishing this journey, having rested one night upon the way ; and right glad we were, as one may well suppose, after riding one hundred and sixty miles in the manner I have attempted to describe, to alight at the door of the hospitable *Hostelrie, Erz-Herzog Carl*.

The evening was far advanced, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" speedily came to my aid. Sweet is that dreamless repose, the child of stern fatigue, and sweet the consciousness, as yielding to thy soft embrace, O gentle Sleep, we feel the inestimable boon has not been lightly won.

## CHAPTER VII.

Identification of Austria and Vienna. — The Opera. — Cheapness of Public Amusements. — Morality of Vienna. — Lintz. — Salzburg. — The Citadel. — Salt Works of Hallein. — Descent into them. — Crétins. — Remarks on Salzburg. — Gardens and Statues. — Munich. — The Queen Mother of Naples. — Amusements for her. — The Duchess de Berri. — Remarks on Munich. — Statues and Paintings of Prince Eugene Beauharnois. — Canova. — Churches. — Palaces. — The Theatre. — Der Freischutz. — The English Garden.

AFTER our return from Hungary, we passed several days in Vienna, pleasantly enough. It is, indeed, an agreeable residence, possessing numerous attractions, which would have justified a longer stay than we had time to make. Although the Austrian capital cannot compete with Paris in life, gayety, and diversified amusement, nor with Naples in picturesque situation and romantic environs, it possesses other advantages, which well nigh place it upon an equality with the one, and give it a superiority over the other. As the capital, and in fact almost the only large city, of Austria, it is the grand central point, where every thing of note in the arts and sciences is to be found concentrated. The whole splendor of the realm is brought to bear upon this one point. It has been said, and perhaps with justice, that Paris is France. See the capital, and you have seen all. Still more does Austria seem identified with her metropolis. It is the heart, in which her very life blood circulates.

Touch it, and the vital energies of the whole body are paralyzed. In adverting to the amusements of Vienna, I have not as yet mentioned its theatres. At the time of my visit, neither the opera nor ballet were at their highest point of excellence. Winter, the season that calls together the brigher stars of the musical and dramatic world, had not yet arrived. Despite, however, the heat of the weather and absence of the *beau monde*, I found at the Opera much to admire; the performance of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, *Don Giovanni*, and of *Robert le Diable*, the enduring monument of Mayerbeer's genius, highly interested me. Both these operas having been written by Germans, seem to be given forth with heightened effect in their own deep-toned language. I have seen them represented repeatedly at the *Académie Royale* of Paris, with all the magnificent accompaniments of orchestral and scenic effect; but the airy nature of the language consorts ill with the deep and sepulchral tones of the music to which it is wedded, or the stern and supernatural images, in which the wild genius of the composers delighted.

The *prix d'entrée* at the places of public amusement is but trifling. One florin only was demanded, for the most eligible seat in the house, at the Opera, — a strong contrast with the expense of similar amusements in Paris and London, in which last-named city I have paid one pound sterling (ten times the sum) for a place no better.

With respect to morality and general regard for decorum, travellers differ much in their statements,

concerning the inhabitants of Vienna. Many have united in depicting the city as gay and dissolute in the extreme; as a spot, where virtue is but lightly prized and little worth, where deviations, however glaring, are easily excused when there are rank and wealth to cloak them. The middling and the lower classes, they assert to be, to a great degree, profligate and mercenary. In fine, they would have us believe, that there is nothing in the elements of society, in the Austrian capital, sufficiently strong to oppose a firm resistance to the corrupting power of gold. That, as a general thing, depravity follows hard in the steps of political degradation, cannot be denied. A nation, where dwells not the bright Genius of Liberty, can offer but faint homage to the attractions of virtue. It is only in the bosoms of freemen, that she can rear her altars; still I must believe, that the features of the picture above presented have been drawn beyond the truth. Travellers and historians are but too prone to gratify the sickly and prurient taste of a portion of their readers, by exaggerating and overcoloring the sketches that should be true to the life.

Were I asked for the impressions, which a few weeks' residence in Vienna have left upon my mind, I should give as my opinion, unquestionably, that the Viennese are much addicted to pleasure, and consequently fond of money as a means by which it can be most easily obtained; that, through a generally defective system of education, the poorer classes are immersed in ignorance, and, as

a natural result, appear to have but a vague sense of right and wrong, in any thing which the laws of the realm do not recognise and punish as positive crime, or reward as virtue. But from the sweeping conclusions of some travellers, who bring forward statements not a little startling, and roundly assert, that there are few or no exceptions, I must widely differ.

Having decided to travel post from Vienna to the Rhine, we had selected, in that city, a commodious carriage, and provided ourselves with an experienced *courier*. Every thing was ready for a fresh start, and soon it was not without a feeling of regret, that I cast the last, lingering look upon those lofty ramparts and extended *fauxbourgs*, which mark the Imperial city. But we rolled rapidly along. New objects presented themselves, and the old faded from the view.

At length we arrived at Lintz, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from the capital. We passed a day in this city, which ranks, in extent and population, as the second in Austria Proper. It is well built, with large and handsome edifices, and favorably situated upon the Danube, which here, far more imposing than at Vienna, rolls onward in one broad, resistless stream.

The fortifications at Lintz are curious and remarkably strong. We passed some time in examining them. Recent events have taught the Austrian, that the eternal boundaries of nature are but a feeble obstacle to the ambitious ardor of hostile invasion, and the bitter lesson has not been lost upon him.

We left Lintz at an early hour of the morning, and arrived at Salzburg as the night closed in. Fierce was the contention of the elements, that, long ominous of evil, burst at last into fury as we neared the town. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, while the lightning's vivid darts illumined at intervals the angry face of nature. Speedily our vehicle dashed through the arched gateway that admits to the city, and drew up at the door of an hotel; when, with all convenient haste, we proceeded to exchange the dripping discomforts of our present situation for the sweets that spring from a consciousness of snug quarters and a comfortable couch.

Early in the ensuing day, we sallied forth to explore the curiosities of this singularly romantic town. Its situation is indeed exceedingly striking and picturesque. Perched upon a lofty eminence stands a stately castle, the citadel of the town. The strength of its outworks and its commanding position would render it, when well garrisoned, all but impregnable to attack. We visited it, and contemplated at leisure the busy world within. Here was every thing calculated to serve the purposes of War or of Religion. The chapel, decked with the holy emblems of the Catholic faith, was in close contiguity with halls, where shone the burnished implements of strife. The stern soldier and mitred priest were here in amity. We wandered through the numerous apartments of this gigantic fortress, and traced, with the assistance of a guide, its else labyrinthine windings. From some of the

windows, we enjoyed views the most superb. The whole edifice appeared to me as a relic well worthy of those rude yet chivalrous ages, when men piled stone upon stone, not with a view to symmetry and elegance of architecture alone, but to the completion of structures, whose solid masonry should roll back for centuries the inroads of time and invasion, and descend to remote posterity to attest the power that bade them first exist.

Not far from Saltzburg, about nine miles, are to be seen the celebrated salt works of Hallein. An examination of these will most amply repay the visiter for the little trouble he must necessarily encounter. To reach the entrance of the mine, you must ascend a lofty hill, along whose side is cut a path or road, of a sufficient width to admit, though but barely, a diminutive nondescript of a vehicle, the like of which I had never seen before, nor have I since, that excursion. To this are harnessed two animals of a size corresponding with the calibre of the vehicle; and thus the luxurious traveller, while sitting at his ease, engrossed in contemplating the wild aspect that nature here assumes, is leisurely drawn to the summit of the mountain. Upon arriving at the mouth of the excavation, you are furnished with a costume appropriate for the nature of your intended subterranean expedition, and, preceded by a guide, torch in hand, you descend into the bowels of the earth. The manner of descent is diverse, according as the path becomes more or less steep. The most perpendicular portions are thus traversed. You recline



upon your back upon two smooth, rounded spars ; two ropes run parallel on either side ; embracing with each arm one of these, you slide swiftly down the steep. This is repeated three or four times. By the time you arrive at the last descent of this nature, your fears have all vanished, and you find this novel mode of burrowing not without its charm. When arrived where the previous abruptness of descent gives way to a moderately inclined plane, you resume the use of your feet, and carefully traverse the narrow path, of width sufficient to admit but one at a time. Ever and anon the guide pauses and directs your attention to the more striking exhibitions of the mineral, that sparkles with various hues upon the sombre walls. So profound is the darkness, that it seems well nigh impervious to the rays of your torch, whose faint glimmer, chasing it away but a few feet in advance, serves to render even more dismal the Egyptian obscurity.

Moving on, we at length arrive to what I conceive the grand feature of the scene. Upon emerging from the contracted path, a widened space opens before you ; the glare of lamps, placed there for the occasion, flickered over a pool of very Stygian blackness. A raft was floating on its bosom, and upon it stood a man, whom the excited imagination might picture as the Infernal Boatman of mythology. At our approach, he propelled his raft toward us, upon which embarking, we were speedily landed upon the opposite side. There was something positively startling in the whole

scene ; a something, that impresses itself upon the memory with ineffable power.

The remainder of the distance, some eight hundred yards, was passed over with considerable rapidity. We seated ourselves astride a wooden horse provided with wheels, and in this condition were drawn with much swiftness to the extremity of the mine. The fair light of Heaven at length broke upon us, in lovely contrast with the dark and lurid scene we had but just witnessed. We emerged into the external world at the base of the mountain before mentioned. After settling with our guides and selecting sundry specimens of rock-salt exhibited for sale, we drove back to Salzburg well pleased with the excursion.

The scenery everywhere in this vicinity displays an Alpine grandeur ; but Nature, otherwise so profuse in her gifts, has here bestowed them with a sparing hand upon man. His stature is diminutive, and he is subject to the painful deformity of *goître*. Large numbers of *Crétins*, a name given to those who are idiots from their birth, are to be found in these regions. The *Crétin* seldom exceeds four feet and a few inches in height, and no ray of light illumines his benighted soul ; occasionally whole families are found in this lamentable condition. It seems, indeed, most remarkable, that, with an elevated country and the pure air of the mountains to inspire, a people should be visited by such fearful maladies ; but, to our finite perceptions, Nature seems often to delight in the strangest anomalies.

There are many objects of interest, besides those I have mentioned, to detain the tourist at Salzburg. From my own experience I should say, that, in making the tour of Europe, the traveller will nowhere discover a town, whose situation is more beautifully romantic and picturesque. Here are palaces and churches; here are gardens also; one I remember in particular, most ingeniously laid out. In one part of it was a fairy grot. Entering, you find abundance to surprise and mystify. There is the shrill carol of birds, proceeding from you know not where, and, of a sudden, innumerable *jets d'eau* spring from their latent conduits, and, unless warned by your guide of the danger, your curiosity is rewarded by a good drenching. One little circumstance amused me. There was a statue, bearing upon its head a metallic vase, after the semblance of a crown; all at once, as it were through mysterious agency, the vase was raised and held suspended in air, by a jet of water, which, passing upward through the statue, was applied so exactly to the centre of the crown, as to bear it motionless upon its sparkling top. At last, the force of the stream gradually subsiding, it slowly descended to its former position.

The hotel, that great item in the traveller's diary, is very good at Salzburg, and you are plentifully regaled with the delicious trout, that abound in the mountain streams in its vicinity.

It was a beautiful day, when we left this gem of the mountains on our way to Munich, and cheerily our horses shortened the dividing space.

At evening, being yet far distant from the city, we decided to stop for the night at an inn, whose exterior gave good promise, and resume our journey at early dawn. Next day at noon found us in the Bavarian capital. The best hotel in this city bears the name of the Golden Stag. Its proprietor having once been chief artist in the culinary department to Eugene Beauharnois, you may reasonably expect to meet with good cheer, and such in truth do you find. Her Majesty, the Queen Mother of Naples, was a guest at the time. To amuse the royal dame, various diversions were contrived. Among others, I was present at one, certainly not over feminine in its character. A man was stationed in the area of the hotel, with a matty covering upon his back; some few yards behind him, a savage dog was with difficulty restrained by his keepers; upon a given signal, the animal was freed from confinement, and, springing furiously forward, he instantly tore the man to the ground. The intervention of the keepers alone prevented further injury. This scene was repeated several times for the edification of her Majesty, who appeared tolerably well satisfied with the exhibition. In person, the Queen is short and of prodigious rotundity, with a countenance whose rubicund tint denoted no particular dislike to the inspiriting cordials of her own sunny realm. She was conversing familiarly in French with a gentleman at her side, of handsome exterior, probably a *compagnon de voyage*. The object of her excursion to Germany was said to be, Madame la

Duchesse de Berri, at that time residing at Ischel, a watering-place not far from Munich. They are nearly connected, and, while paying a visit to her kinswoman, the Queen took occasion to testify her respect to the German courts by honoring them severally a few days with her royal presence. With regard to *la Duchesse*, I of course felt no small curiosity to see a lady, who has played so conspicuous a rôle in French politics; but I had not that pleasure. She was living secluded in the small post-town of Ischel for the benefit of its waters. There must, I should think, be a strong bond of sympathy between this lady and another, Maria Louisa, once consort of Napoleon. Fortune had placed these two women in the most commanding situations, and rudely has she destroyed the fabric that upheld them; both might reasonably have expected to see the reins of government in the hands of their respective children, and heart-rending must have been the bitter disappointment. Oh, mutable Fortune! what puppets are we in thy hands, and with what wayward caprice dost thou direct the course of our destinies.

But to return. Of Munich, I think it may be said, here is the best built town in Germany; its broad streets, its handsome edifices, and airy squares, all confirm this beyond a doubt. It is the honest pride of the King to embellish and adorn his capital, as far as his royal revenue and his own private fortune will allow. The *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern sculpture ornament the churches and halls of statuary at Munich. Nor are there wanting the fault-

less relics of that olden time, which gave birth to the Apollo and the Venus. Without the confines of classic Italy, there can nowhere be found more chaste and beautiful productions of the wondrous power that moulds the marble into life, than at Munich. The genius of Canova is fitly represented among a collection of statuary and paintings, formerly the property of Prince Eugene Beauharnois. I had the pleasure of seeing his famous group of the Graces. It is difficult to conceive any thing more harmonious and exquisite, than these lovely emanations of the artist's fancy. The perfect symmetry and soft, rounded outline of the figures, with the poetic grouping of the whole, combine to form a piece unsurpassed in the annals of modern art. There seems ever to float around the chisel of Canova an Italian fervor, tempered with a delicacy the most refined. When he imaged forth the fair form of woman, there was nothing of the gross and palpable, such as Rubens has delighted to delineate; under his refining touch, the baser metal seems transmuted into gold. Like the immortal Raffaello, he has clothed the terrestrial form with a warm, yet seraphic loveliness, enchaining the soul rather than the senses. It is as though the fleeting vision of the rapt poet were seized in its intensity and wrought into marble, as, with heated fancy, he pictures forth, in all its ineffable attraction, the mysterious object of an *ideal love*.

The churches at Munich are generally handsome. There are two or three really splendid, rich with glowing frescoes and costly decorations. In one

of them is to be seen the tomb of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, adorned with some fine pieces of sculpture by Thorwaldsen, emblematic of the virtues of the illustrious dead. There are numerous palaces in the Bavarian capital. By far the most superb is one, which was on the eve of being completed at the time of our visit, and indeed a most fit habitation for majesty to dwell in. This palace is not of those huge, yet useless dimensions, that former ages have delighted in; it is an edifice whose external appearance indeed pleases the eye, but within, it may be denominated a perfect *bijou*, light, airy, exquisitely finished. On the walls are paintings, illustrative of incidents in mythology. You perceive not here that heavy, cumbersome splendor, which characterizes the palaces of Versailles or Berlin. There is not such a profusion of gilding, as is usually found in royal residences; but the paintings more than compensate for its absence. After taking an entire survey of the interior, which is courteously permitted the stranger, you cannot fail to pronounce it chaste and beautiful, and an additional evidence of that correct and pure taste, for which, happily for his subjects and the world, that is, the travelling part of it, the monarch has ever been distinguished.

The theatre, a large and handsome edifice, is in close proximity to the palace. I visited it one evening, and had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time in Germany, the wild strains of *Der Freischutz*, given in the native language of its composer; the music of the piece was executed with

much effect. I can still recall one air, which memory even now makes to vibrate on my ear with a silvery sweetness. The young girl, that sang it, could not boast, perhaps, the compass or power we look for in a *prima donna*, but from her lips there fell accents as soft and thrilling as the mysterious voice, that trembles on the chords, which Zephyr gently woos.

His Bavarian Majesty prides himself upon the excellence of his Opera, for in music, as well as the other fine arts, it has been his aim to place his capital upon an equal footing with the wealthier and more populous cities of the Continent. A little without the thickly inhabited part of the city are beautiful grounds, through which meanders a rapid stream, intersecting them in the most picturesque manner. These grounds have received the name of the English Garden. It is a delightful spot for a drive; numerous shaded roads, just wide enough to admit your carriage, traverse the garden in every direction. Sheltered from the sun's ardent rays, you may here while away an hour or two, in the enjoyment of what Dr. Johnson has classed among the greatest of luxuries, reclining back in your carriage, with the agreeable consciousness of getting rapidly over the ground at others' expense.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Frankfort.—Observations on the City.—Visit to the Opera.—The Bridge.—Gardens.—Wiesbaden.—Johannisberg.—Chateau of Prince Metternich.—The Grape and Wines.—Bingen.—Journey to Coblenz.—Baronial Castle.—Ehrenbreitstein. Jealousy of the Prussian Government illustrated.—Military Guides and Arrangement.—Passage down the Rhine.—Account of the Boatman.—Nonnenworth.—A Castle and its Legend.—Drachenfels.—Bonn.—The University.—Cabinet of Natural Curiosities.—Cologne.—The Cathedral.—Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne.—The Crucifixion of St. Peter by Rubens.

AFTER a week had passed away in the agreeable occupation of surveying the curiosities, of promenading the spacious streets, and roaming among the picturesque environs of Munich, we decided to resume our line of march for Frankfort and the Rhine.

The distance from the capital of Bavaria to the city of Frankfort is about two hundred and forty English miles. This we accomplished in three days, taking advantage of the freshness of early dawn, to commence our journey, and concluding with the closing day. In this way, the mere travelling may be rendered a pleasure, whereas, by public conveyance, ceaseless night and day, like the wheels of Time, it becomes a severe and depressing labor. By the evening of the third day, our journey was achieved, and, rolling along the darkening streets of Frankfort, our vehicle drew

up at length at the extensive *Hotel d'Angleterre*. I felt a peculiar glow of satisfaction, upon arriving at this point of my tour. A feeling, like that we experience after long absence on the near approach to the *home* of our youth, came over me. I had roamed, far and wide, into the heart of a mighty continent; much had I seen of novel and interesting; and now, with the impressions yet warm on my mind, I had thus far returned,—thus far been shielded by an ever watchful Providence. Separated from me but by a short interval, were flowing the rapid waters of that noble stream, whose presence I would hail as the termination of the traveller's toil and fatigue. There is to me a greater pleasure in the retrospection of past happiness, such as one feels to be the well-earned prize of sustained and persevering exertion, than even in the bright and glowing possession. And now there touched my mind, with sweetest influence, the recollection of those sunnier intervals, that had illumined the checkered past. The eve of my arrival at the city of the Maine was beautiful. I had seated myself at the open window, and, giving the reins to fancy, was soon lost in reverie, when the train of thought was interrupted by a band of music, slowly marching along the street. It was numerous and composed entirely of horns, whose mellow notes fell with sweet concord upon the else pervading silence. They marched onward, and the cheering sounds faded at length in the distance. Time was, when the streets of Frankfort resounded with the inspiring peal of martial music, and the stern clang of

armour, — when *Knight* and *Retainer* left desolate *Home* and *Hall*, to hurl the insulting infidel from Jerusalem's walls, and rescue from the Paynim's grasp the Holy Sepulchre, where once lay the Saviour of the world. Centuries have rolled away, and the city, once so imposing in its military array, is now exclusively a commercial mart. It is the residence of extensive bankers, and exerts no inconsiderable effect upon the exchanges of Europe. It possesses a few fine streets, and is altogether better provided with hotels than any city of similar size upon the Continent. The general appearance of the place, as surveyed from an eminence, is strikingly *antique*. There are streets in Frankfort, that a stranger might well nigh shudder to pass through, in the obscurity of night. They are principally situate in the Jews' quarter, and surely the imagination could scarce devise a locality better suited for the commission of dark deeds, or a people, whose entire appearance would indicate a greater willingness to perpetrate them.

Among the sources of amusement here, I must of course mention the Opera, which is considered good. I attended it, and listened to a long, tedious German piece, which entirely exhausted my small stock of patience. It was exceedingly warm that evening, and the house was crowded almost to suffocation; — indeed, so great was the *jam*, that once fairly in, it was odds against the making good your retreat; so I remained perforce, and contemplated the patient endurance stamped upon the quiet countenances of the audience, which of itself

would have been a sufficient treat, had my own personal circumstances been less inconvenient. There they sat and listened, seemingly as delighted as though their ears were drinking in the exquisite strains of Rossini or Auber, instead of a succession of cold, meaningless, uninteresting sounds, expressive, I presume, of that all but inexpressible thing, *German sentimentalism*.

After a man has made the tour of Germany, and observed the people under various aspects, he can very easily conceive, what before must have appeared rather odd, namely, that a scholar can waste forty or fifty years of his life upon criticizing a single work, or providing it with notes; so extremely phlegmatic does the national temperament appear to be. I am not in the least astonished at the animosity, which has subsisted between the German and Frenchman, for surely no two people can be more dissimilar; nor do I think the success that has attended the latter upon the field a matter of any surprise; for it would seem to me, that, while the German was preparing to wheel, or issuing orders for a charge, an active enemy might find time to sabre a moiety of his lines.

The bridge, that spans the Maine at Frankfort, is a long and massive structure. On either side may be seen patrolling the soldiers of Austria and Prussia; these powers having kindly consented to make arrangements for securing the peace of the worthy citizens of Frankfort, who, from recent circumstances, had demonstrated their inability to maintain it themselves. The city has thus virtually

lost its freedom ; it yet possesses the shadow, but the substance is not. It is a free town only in the name.

You may here enjoy an agreeable saunter in the pretty gardens, which occupy the site of the ancient ramparts. In truth, it is a pleasing transmutation. Flora now holds sway on the spot, where floated the red standard of war over its strong-hold. These gardens or promenades are extensive, encircling, like a *boulevard*, a large portion of the city. We remained two or three days at Frankfort, and then took carriage for Wiesbaden, of warm-bath celebrity, as its name imports. It is a pretty place, and much resorted to by the moving world of fashion. The Kursaal, a large, fine building, is the centre of attraction. Here the *beau monde* (the luxury of bathing over) flock, in great numbers, to avail themselves of the many modes it offers for killing that arch enemy, *Time*. Under its spacious roof, this edifice embraces, bathing and promenading necessarily excepted, all that Wiesbaden offers of gayety and life. It contains an immense and magnificent saloon, that answers the double purpose of a ball-room and a *salle à manger*. When lighted for an assembly, the effect is very brilliant. To the American, imbued with the simpler manners of his own republic, the *premier coup d'œil* of a scene like this is not a little striking. The large and splendidly illuminated *salons*, filled with a gay concourse, that owns each tongue and nation of civilized Europe, music, dance, play, and the feast, all are here. The passion for gambling, a

vice that would seem inseparably connected with fashionable watering-places, is here indulged to a ruinous extent. You want no other proof of this, than that which is written upon the flushed and excited countenance, or revealed by the speaking eye. In close proximity to this temple of dissipation, extends a long line of *boutiques*, where are displayed, in pompous variety, the usual list of trinkets, pictures, and *souvenirs de place*, which watering-places ever exhibit, to attract the notice and lighten the purse of the thoughtless visitant. Leaving Wiesbaden and its attractions, we directed our course toward Geisenheim, where we intended to cross the Rhine for Bingen. We halted, for some brief space, at the famed villa of Johannisberg, which lay but little out of the immediate route. Entering the Chateau of Prince Metternich, we were enabled, through the kindness of an old domestic, to take a survey of its numerous apartments. They are furnished rather tastefully; but not in a style, which would seem to correspond with the grandeur of the princely possessor. The situation of the villa is truly charming, crowning the brow of an eminence, that overlooks the fairest valley in the world, "the Rheingau," studded, as far as eye can reach, with hamlets, villages, and vineyards, and spread with the smiling verdure that attests the stately Rhine. Johannisberg is yet more renowned for the rare fruit which clusters on its vine-clad hill, than even for its commanding beauty of situation. The cultivation of this choice grape is an affair of no trifling importance; the

clusters are left to ripen on the vine, until, by their own weight, they fall to the ground; they are then thrown together, into vessels adapted for the purpose; thus the richest juice alone escapes. This is carefully preserved, a fitting gift to grace the royal board; the grapes, in this manner deprived of the most valuable of their burden, are then pressed, and there results an agreeable wine, but of a quality much inferior to the first.

As in duty bound, we demanded of the ancient butler a bottle of his best, which, being introduced, with the satisfactory passport of the Prince's seal, was duly cracked upon the spot, and, although its force on this occasion was expended among three, still did the potent juice maintain its proud superiority and prove, entirely to our satisfaction, that its high-sounding title, as *commander-in-chief* of the sparkling Rhenish confederacy, was well deserved. Thus, having made meet oblation to the presiding Genius of the place, we tore ourselves away from this modern Parnassus, and, filled with poetic fancies, rode cheerily on to where the village of Geisenheim extends its scattered buildings to the brink of the sweeping Rhine. Here we crossed the river in a large, flat-bottomed boat, and were safely landed at Bingen. Having heard much of the fine *points de vue* to be met with in this place, and its immediate vicinity, we provided ourselves with a guide, and vigorously commenced the work of scaling those heights, the views from which he deemed would best reward our exertions. In the afternoon, we again crossed the Rhine, and clambered up

the heights of Rudesheim. All along, ridge upon ridge, well nigh to the summit, you behold the luxuriant and carefully nurtured vines, whose luscious grape yields the famed wine that bears its name. Surmounting these continued ridges, and overstepping the tangling vines, we attained at length a spot, where stood the ruins of what was once a castle, overhanging the dizzy precipice and foaming river below; for here, its bounds compressed, the Rhine rushes with furious violence against a protruding section of the rocky shore, and, rebounding from the shock, whirls, with rapid and foaming eddies, far in the distance. From these ruins, a splendid view is obtained of Bingen, the adjoining country, and of the noble stream that flows afar, with calm, unruffled current, until, goaded by its narrowed limits, and lashed into fury by unseen rocks, it dashes, with frightful violence, against the adamant barrier at your feet. But, although thus much was presented to the admiring eye, still the landscape was circumscribed; for the mountain's dark form, but yet half surmounted, necessarily screened much from the view. Again we commenced the toilsome work of ascent, and at length, almost breathless with exhaustion, I planted foot upon the summit. Oh, the glorious spectacle which there burst upon my vision! The last rays of the setting sun were bathing in mellow light the radiant face of nature. The water far beneath was discerned winding its way, stripped of half its volume and all its angry murmur. Distance had dissolved away all that was harsh in the character



of the scene, and the harmonious loveliness, that should seem to surround and hallow the "Happy Valley," alone was there.

From Bingen we leisurely pursued our way along the diversified bank, intending thus to follow the river's sinuous course as far as Coblentz. We halted at the more remarkable localities, and investigated them as far as opportunity offered.

I remember me of one baronial castle, perched, as it were in mid air, upon a shelving plain, that jutted from the bosom of a lofty mountain. In order to reach it, you must overcome a rugged and forbidding acclivity. This done, we stood at length before the massive gate; free ingress was politely allowed us, and we roamed through the various apartments, excepting those tenanted at the time by the noble possessors. There they were, — the spears, the coats of mail, and all the grim trappings of war, now rusting and inactive, but once busy participators in the fray and turmoil of the Feudal Age, when their rude intervention gave its color to justice, and their strength to the laws. In the small court-yard of the fortress, we saw the prince, attended by two or three of his friends, himself modestly attired in the green garb of a belted forester. He is very nearly related to the reigning family of Prussia. In one part of the castle, there are mounted a few pieces of cannon, one of which is discharged each time the steam-boat passes. I recollect, that subsequently, upon passing the castle on my way to Mayence, in addition to the discharge of ordnance, a white kerchief

was waved from the lofty embrasure by a lady's fair hand, much to the astonishment and admiration of some English gentlemen on board, who, while confessing themselves delighted at the condescension of the German nobility, wondered how long it would be before their own unbending aristocracy would stoop to so levelling an act. After a few hours' ride, we arrived safely at Coblenz, and were speedily accommodated with comfortable lodgings at an excellent hotel, which looks out upon the broad waters of the Rhine.

The evening of my arrival at Coblenz was serenely beautiful. The delicious air seemed charged with the balmy perfumes, which the summer's genial breath exhales in this favored clime. I left my hotel, and walked abroad; the rushing river, as it swept beneath the bridge upon which I stood, seemed even more majestic and lovely than it was wont. Opposite, the stately rock of Ehrenbreitstein reared its proud battlements, once the fated mark against which were directed the dread missiles of Famine and War. Now it stood wrapped in the profound and peaceful silence of the night. On the ensuing day, I visited this gigantic fortress, the strongest, perhaps, in Europe, if we except the portal of the Mediterranean, impregnable Gibraltar. A guide attends you around the most interesting sections of the works, which strangers are allowed to visit; for, of so jealous a nature is the Prussian government, that much is ever concealed from what is deemed the dangerous curiosity of visitors. The traveller usually takes away some

trifling memorial of his visit to Ehrenbreitstein, such as hair rings with the name of the place wrought upon them, &c., which are there presented him for a few *kreutzer*. The view from the fortress is surpassingly fine, commanding the country for many miles about. I have said, that the Prussian government is extremely jealous. In corroboration of this assertion, I will mention an incident, which occurred to me during my brief stay at Coblenz.

I had contracted with a boatman for a passage down the stream as far as Bonn, with the privilege of stopping at such places as my inclination should dictate. My boat was to be ready early in the morning ; but, unwilling to leave the city without enjoying a view I had heard much extolled, I arose at early dawn, and sallied forth, armed with a *domestique de place*, in quest of my prospect. We had walked a long way, and nearly arrived at the desired spot, when all of a sudden further progress was prevented, by the interference of a company of soldiers, attached, probably, to a fortress not far distant. Their *commandant* invited us, in a manner not to be declined, to the guard room, where he commenced a very animated conversation with my valet, respecting what, I knew not. At length, upon moving off, I found there was an unexpected addition of one to our company. The new comer was a suspicious-looking fellow with a bayonet, who evinced a dogged determination to remain in very close contiguity to my person. Not relishing at all this proximity, I slackened my pace to take a glance at the picturesque scene around

me, and allow my *militaire* to proceed. This movement seemed to excite the suspicion of those behind; for another individual, in the same objectionable guise with the former, was instantly despatched to his aid, and, ranging themselves one upon each side, we were marched, double quick time, to the *caserne* of the commanding officer of the station; and there, upon a representation of the case, the mistake was instantly perceived, and I released. It appears, that the grounds we were traversing, at the time of our unseasonable *rencontre* with the guards, had been forbidden to strangers only a day or two previously, from the supposition or suspicion, that they had been visited lately by French spies. My *domestique* knew nothing of the circumstance, and not all his earnest expostulations, nor reiterated representations, that I was but an innocent and enthusiastic traveller, who had risen early and forgone his *déjeuner*, to catch a hasty glimpse of the majestic stream, with its adjacent hills and vales, as illumined by the rays of the rising sun;—not all these assertions had the slightest effect. Their orders were peremptory, and could not be disobeyed. As may be supposed, this *mal-à-propos rencontre* considerably damped my enthusiasm, and, turning my back upon the scene of this last exploit, I hied me, without further delay, to where my boat lay moored, and, casting off, commenced, in no very enviable spirits, a descent down the rapid current of the Rhine.

My boatman spoke French barely intelligibly, and his pronunciation was not a little disfigured

by a copious leaven of his own nasal German. Nevertheless, with some difficulty, I succeeded in keeping up a verbal communication with him. He had been a soldier; had served under Napoleon, in Italy and elsewhere; but the broad stream, upon whose tranquil bosom we were swiftly gliding, had long been the theatre of the more peaceful acts, that made up the sum of his existence. Much did he deprecate the unwholesome innovation of steam-boats, which, beside their being so replete with danger, drove so many honest fellows out of employ. With not a little of the curious and interesting tradition, in which the banks of the Rhine are so fruitful, he was well imbued. He pointed out to me the mountain fastnesses, from whose dark concealment, the "Robbers of the Rhine" were accustomed to precipitate themselves upon the unwary traveller, to plunder and destroy. In his younger days, at Mayence, he had seen fall the head of the robber chief, Schinderhannes, when a score of his band shared the fate of their leader.

But to return from the boatman to myself; the first place where we laid by the oars was the small town of Niewied, which, however, gives its name to a prince. There is here a cabinet of natural curiosities, &c., to take up an hour of the tourist's time. Again we glided along, without interruption, until the picturesque beauty of the island of Nonnenworth, with its white, antiquated convent, peering from the leafy wall that incloses it, tempted me to silence again the dripping oar. It is, in sooth, a most romantic spot, — that fairy islet,

—and one admirably adapted, as it would seem to me, from its combination of sweet influences, to sooth the disturbed feelings of those, who, from prevalence of wordly ill, disappointment, or frail mishap, chose to sequester themselves from the world, and feed their sorrows in the gloomy silence of the cloister. Indeed, Tradition affirms, that the nuns ever enjoyed a remarkable share of health, attributable no doubt to the extreme salubrity of the air, and the unrivalled beauty of prospect, which on every side greets the eye.

Near the island, on an eminence that overlooks the convent, are still to be seen the ruins of a castle, reared, says the legend, by a valiant knight, who, urged by pious zeal, bade adieu to his betrothed, and repaired to the wars of Palestine. Tidings of his death at length reached her, and, despair overmastering all other emotions, she took the irrevocable vow, that consigned her to a living grave. He returned to claim his promised bride; the wreath of glory encircled his brow, but it was her approving smile alone could give it value. Too soon he learned the fatal intelligence, and, heart-broken, reared with faithful hand that gloomy pile, from whence, while life endured, he gazed with that calm despair, *which strikes deep its iron into the very soul*, upon the walls that contained his adored; and, when death came to terminate his sorrows, the last sigh that escaped his bosom was breathed for her he had so fondly loved. Thus runs the legend, which is touchingly alluded to by Bulwer in his “Pilgrims of the Rhine.”

After musing a half hour amid the peaceful groves of this now deserted isle, I once more stepped into the boat, and shaped my course for where the "castled crag of Drachenfels" rears high its towering head. Finding satisfactory accommodations at a village not far from the mountain's base, and the weather being inclement, I resolved to proceed no farther that evening, but await the ensuing dawn, to enjoy a prospect, which, of its kind, travellers are agreed in telling us, is nowhere to be surpassed. The morning came, but veiled in mists. Nevertheless, as there was no time to be lost, I decided to commence the ascent; so, providing myself with a *lascia passare*,\* a guide, and a donkey, I set out. The sun broke out at intervals, as we wended our way along the mountain's steep sides; but, ere I had achieved the ascent, and set foot upon the summit, an envious mist, mantling all in obscurity, *derobed* from my view the lovely panorama that was spread out below. I remained some time in hopes it would disperse, but in vain. My guide indicated the direction of *this* place, and *that*. There, the spires of such a town were visible, — but my imagination was the only faculty that could be put in exercise, to corroborate his assertions; so I was fain at length to bestride once more my diminutive beast, and thread the sinuous way adown the steep. Again my ready skiff was glid-

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\* In order to ascend the Drachenfels, the traveller is compelled to purchase a permit; for, in this interesting country, even the beauties of nature are made to serve the rapacity of man.

ing along the stream, and merrily pulled the oarsmen, until we reached the classic town of Bonn, my place of destination. Here I settled with the boatman, and discovered too late, that his stories and flattering compliments were well charged in the account; one cannot be called *un beau jeune homme*, (which he was pleased to designate me,) without paying for it, particularly on the Rhine. An hour or two was to elapse before the arrival of the steam-boat for Cologne; and I passed the interval in roaming about the town, and visiting the principal places of interest. Among these stands conspicuous the University, which enjoys a European reputation. Students are assembled here from all parts of the Continent and the Imperial Isles. In the vicinity of the University are agreeable walks, protected from the sun's rays by the thick foliage of trees. There is something in the sequestered walk or retreat, which is, in my mind, singularly in consonance with the very idea of a University; whether it be, that this fancy is to be traced back for its birth to that remote age, when, in academic grove, Plato and Socrates were wont to teach their noble disciples, or whether it be from the idea, that the chainless mind soars, amid the populous solitude of Nature, to a loftier contemplation, I pretend not here to decide.

There is, at Bonn, a cabinet of natural curiosities, well worthy the stranger's attention. Indeed, I question whether there be, in any portion of the Prussian dominions, a more rare, complete, and better assorted collection than this. I was *cice-*



roned through the various apartments by an elderly female, who seemed not a little pleased at the warm commendations I bestowed upon objects, to which her time and care were so much devoted.

From Bonn I took the steamer for Cologne, — once proud Cologne. Here may yet be seen vestiges of that stupendous power, which once held the wide-spread regions of Europe in its firm embrace; whose mighty and well nigh imperishable landmarks have resisted the fire and the sword, and successfully battled for centuries with that arch-enemy of *the material*, destroying Time. Here, too, rises the massive monument that marks the Middle Ages, — the colossal Cathedral, unfinished, indeed, but magnificent in its very imperfection. Had this edifice been completed, upon the plan originally intended, it would have stood to future ages, a wonder of the world; but the design was too vast. Enter the church, and cast your eye upon its sombre and solitary grandeur. Directing your steps along the spacious nave, you advance to the further extremity, and reach at length the *penetralia* of the temple, which to unlock requires a silver key. Here Tradition holds the sway; and the tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne, the Magi who humbled themselves before the infant Saviour of mankind, meets your eye. The heads of the wise men are yet to be seen, protected from all meddlesome curiosity by an interposition of glass; they are of rather a dark hue, but possess, no doubt from the rubbing of the faithful, a splendid polish. The richness of the tomb is

very remarkable ; it is composed, in a great measure, of solid gold, and sparkles with a plenteous admixture of precious stones ; besides this, there are shown you other relics, gifts of a pious age, and of inestimable value ; clusters of jewels, of untold worth, gleam from the various emblems of the Catholic faith, that surround you. All this treasure is looked upon as most sacred. Any other use, than that of suffering it to remain idle, would be deemed sacrilegious, even were the proceeds arising from its sale to be directed towards perfecting the noble pile. Thus it is in all Catholic countries. While the people are struggling in very indigence for their bread, the churches are brilliant with all that wealth, genius, or taste can devise and communicate ; and, despite their sufferings, the deluded populace seem to forget all for the privilege of being admitted to these costly shrines, and of bowing down before the gilded images, which they are taught to venerate.

From the top of the Cathedral, you have a fine view of the city. I remained there a considerable time, enjoying the beauty of the prospect spread out before me, and absorbed not a little in such musings as the venerable edifice would naturally suggest. There I stood, upon its loftiest point, gazing upon the colossal proportions, which the march of centuries had developed. Here and there, the curt and stunted tree protruded from crevices, which Time had sunk in those stately walls. Of what changes had this mighty edifice been the massive landmark, from the time when the bold design was conceived

and acted upon of rearing it! fit temple for the (then) universality of the religion it maintained, — to the present era, when, like itself, that religion is mouldering away.

There are other objects well worthy the attention of the stranger at Cologne; among them stands conspicuous a picture, by the prince of modern painters, Peter Paul Rubens. This magnificent painting represents the crucifixion of St. Peter. It is looked upon by many as the masterpiece of the great artist, and is of itself of sufficient excellence to repay one, even were there no further attraction, for a visit to Cologne. The agonizing nature of the subject is treated with a fidelity, that causes an involuntary shudder to creep over the spectator. In the Saint's expiring countenance, the weakness and mortal agony incident to the man, appear lost in the holy joy and triumph of the Martyr, and already the pure effulgence of Heaven seems to have broken in upon the expectant soul. On the reverse of the painting, there is a copy of this masterly composition. As to drawing and coloring it is well enough, but how deficient in that indefinable spirit of life, that undying essence, which, springing warm and spontaneous from the inspired touch of genius, we regard with reverence, as an immediate emanation from that Almighty Power, whose dread fiat bade the universal space awake from its primitive Chaos and teem with countless existences.

## CHAPTER IX.

Journey to Mayence. — The Cathedral. — Manheim. — Heidelberg. — Castle built by Charlemagne. — View of the City. — Viewing natural Scenery at Sunset. — Companion from Holland. — Carlsruhe. — Baden. — The Castle. — Prospect from it. — An English Lady. — Beauty. — Strasburg. — The Cathedral. — View from it. — German Character of the City. — Remarks on Travelling. — Colmar.

AFTER a brief stay at Cologne, during which I was incessantly occupied in scouring the town with my *valet de place*, in search of the curious, I once more committed myself to the broad bosom of the stately river, and, with the united aid of steam and current, swept rapidly adown the legendary Rhine. The varied banks, now towering to a lofty ridge of hills, now spreading into the wide and cultivated *champaigne*, hurried swiftly by. There the lofty, castled ruin of what once was Power swelled proudly, for a moment, on the vision, and as speedily vanished away. Further on the scattered village, with its solitary spire, arrests for a moment the attention; and here, the traveller gazes upon the blackened edifices and crumbling towers of what, now dwindled to a shade, was once the luxurious abode where Empire held her seat.\*

At length we come in view of Ehrenbreitstein's massive rock, and the white walls of Coblentz.

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\* The once Imperial town of Boppart, now dwindled to a petty place of trade.

Here terminates the journey for the day. The next morning we resumed our course, and the sun's declining rays were gilding the roofs of Mayence, as we landed at the welcome pier. I remained in the ancient city two or three days, amusing myself, as well as might be, with sauntering along the banks of the Rhine, and about the pretty and picturesque environs of the place. In the town itself, there is not much to admire. The streets are too narrow, and laid out with but little regularity and elegance; and there are but few public buildings, which, either in size or architecture, have much to recommend them. The Cathedral, however, is a noble exception; it has stood as it now stands for hundreds of years, imposing in its solemn grandeur and majestic proportions.

Within the church are many tombs, around several of which History and Tradition have blended the tale of interest and romance. Mayence, thou art not now what once thou wert, when the electric song of the fearless troubadour awoke the hearts of thy youths and maidens to glory and to love. The chivalry of past ages is extinct now upon the favored spot, from whence it whilome streamed so gallantly forth. But yet, in the mind of the scholar and the poet, is thy name, Mayence, embalmed in the memory of its past glories. Leaving the degenerate present, such an one recurs back to the period, when first dawned from within thy walls the light of that stupendous invention, that dissipated the moral darkness of a world, and taught mankind *to think*.

From Mayence, I pursued my way to Mannheim. This is accounted one of the most regularly built towns in Germany; the streets are straight, sufficiently broad, and garnished with handsome edifices; there are also some fine churches. One I remember in particular, which impressed me as being a model of that exquisite, yet unpretending elegance, so in unison with our ideas of what a temple dedicated to such holy purpose, should be. The Electoral Palace is very spacious; it contains many handsome rooms, and a fine chapel. The royal possessors were not present at the time of my visit, so I enjoyed the privilege of roaming at will through the varied and extensive range of apartments. Mannheim can also boast a pretty theatre, not large, but well appointed, as in the generality of German cities.

I quitted this city in the dusk of evening, and, after a few hours' ride, arrived at Heidelberg. The ensuing morning, I left my hotel betimes, and sauntered forth to take a survey of this singular town. Heidelberg is romantically situated at the base of a lofty mountain, upon the banks of the limpid Neckar. Its population may consist of ten or twelve thousand souls; but the town, much compressed by the nature of its locality, spreads over but a comparatively small extent. The attention of the stranger at Heidelberg is speedily arrested by the ruins of that mighty castle, which even yet attests the greatness of its Imperial builder, — the gorgeous Charlemagne. The path by which you ascend to the ruin is steep and difficult; but, once

there, how amply is the tourist rewarded for his trifling exertion. I passed the rude and mouldering outworks, and gained at length the lofty terrace, that commands the whole; and here burst upon me, in all its majesty, the vastness of the scene. From this point, the filled eye measures the dizzy height of the massive battlement with its rich and curiously wrought *façade*, frowning above the fearful precipice it overhangs. Anon it pierces the depths of the gaping *fosse*, and the spectator involuntarily shudders lest the frail support upon which he leans should fail, and precipitate him into the dreadful abyss. Rivet thy gaze, oh Man, upon these walls, now crumbling to decay, whose wonderful solidity and strength, would have laughed the siege to scorn, and hurled back, unscathed, the dread missiles of modern warfare; and reflect how impotent, in their very strength, are the finite works of thy race, when contrasted with the omnipotence of God; a flash of the red lightning of Heaven, and the proud monuments, which would have defied the corroding assaults of Time, melt into nothingness away, and the very places where they were are forgotten. So is it, and so will it be, until Time himself shall be merged in the abyss of eternity. I remained for hours absorbed in the contemplation of these mighty ruins, until the waning day admonished me it was time to quit the spot.

Emerging from the massive portal, and winding along the side of the mountain, I struck at last upon a path that conducted me through the wood

to a lofty terrace, where were distributed seats for the accommodation of tired pedestrians. From this terrace I enjoyed a lovely and extensive view ; the town of Heidelberg was spread out like a map at my feet, and the rapid Neckar was rolling onward to the Rhine its transparent wave. Far off in the distance, like a silvery thread, might be discerned the paternal river, winding ever onward his swift and devious course.

It is at a time like this, when the mellow twilight is shedding its soft yet saddening influence over all the scene, and such a scene, that the soul becomes more tremulously alive to the beautiful in nature. It may be, perchance, that those vague images of the *ideal*, which seem ever to hover around a spot like this, are exercising over our reasoning faculties their mystic and unseen, yet most powerful influence, disposing the mind to those dreamy, delicious reveries, which have but little in common with the dull and daily world of reality. It may be, that, peopling the wide solitude with creatures of its own, that wondrous power, the imagination, strikes upward with more untiring wing. It is certain, at least, whatever reason be assigned, that, to the lover of Nature, never does his fair mistress appear more beautiful, than when, yet glowing in the warm tints of a setting sun, she prepares to put aside day's gorgeous robe, for the russet garb of eve. There are men, no doubt, who can look upon the fair or sublime in the natural world, and feel but little emotion ; not more, perchance, than might be excited by the view of a fine street or



house ; but there are others, and it may be less happy, in whose bosoms the presence of external loveliness awakes the responsive chord, and causes it to vibrate with sweetest harmony.

Upon descending to the hotel, my landlord informed me, that there was a young man, arrived that day, purposing to journey the same way with myself, who would like, if agreeable to me, to be for a time my travelling companion. I signified my assent, and was accordingly introduced to him. He was a young physician from Holland, directing his steps towards the head-quarters of his art, Paris, for the purpose of giving the last finish to his education. As is usual with his professional countrymen, he conversed with considerable fluency in several languages, and, in short, was quite an agreeable person for a *compagnon de voyage*.

I quitted Heidelberg, its romantic valley and its haunted ruins, with regret, but the vocation of the traveller allows only a limited scope to such a feeling ; new sights intervene, and it speedily wears away. The next city where we halted to breathe and look about us was Carlsruhe ; it is a handsome, well-built town, of modern construction. There is something singular in its laying out ; the principal streets diverge in all directions from the Ducal Palace, as rays of light from a focus, giving the whole city somewhat the appearance of an outstretched fan, as travellers have often remarked of it. In the original German, Carlsruhe signifies the *rest of Charles*, and the town is supposed to have owed its origin to the vow of a Royal hunter, who,

exhausted by fatigue, found repose beneath the foliage of a tree, that grew upon its site, and afterwards, in gratitude to the hospitable spot, founded a city, whose name recalls the singular circumstance of its origin. At present, Carlsruhe is a handsome, populous town, and capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

From Carlsruhe we proceeded on to that most fashionable of fashionable watering-places, far-famed Baden-Baden. Although the season had passed its zenith at the time of our arrival, still, enough of brilliancy remained to convince us what that season must have been, at its height. As at Wiesbaden, there is here an extensive temple dedicated to the gay train of pleasures. Dissipation certainly prevails to a great extent at Baden; many of the fashionable guests seem to divide their time between the gaming-table and the ball-room, and vast sums of money daily change hands, through the help of *rouge et noir* and *roulette*; still, on the surface, all appears gay and happy.

In the evening there are brilliant *réunions*, where fair women and brave men circle in the voluptuous waltz, or glide through the soft mazes of the sentimental quadrille; in fine, Baden is a spot where the people appear determined to enjoy themselves at all hazards.

In the large edifice before mentioned, there is a fine, spacious hall, appropriated as a *salle à manger*. Here every visitant at the place, who wears a tolerable coat, may be accommodated, at a reasonable price, with an excellent *table d'hôte*, and

the best wines that France and Germany can afford. The locality of this watering-place is very beautiful. Situated at one extremity of the Black Forest, it spreads along a smiling valley, whose verdant and luxuriant dress appears the more charming from its strong contrast with the dark and frowning forms of the everlasting hills, that encompass it around.

On a towering eminence, not far distant from the village of Baden, is to be seen the celebrated Castle, which so much attracts the attention of the intelligent and curious visiter. We toiled up the rough ascent, and entered the deserted area; the outer walls are yet standing, firm in their massive strength, yet the roof is gone and the interior wears a dilapidated appearance, but not that general character of ruin, which is so signally and fearfully impressed upon the gigantic remains at Heidelberg. The Castle stretches along the mountain's side to a considerable height, and you ascend, sometimes by the welcome aid of rude steps of stone, sometimes along the steep and rugged path. At length the task is accomplished, and, arrived at the lofty turret that surmounts the battlement, you look forth upon a landscape, such as the genius of a Claude or a Salvator might have conceived and immortalized. The Black Forest, with its undulating bosom, its dense and inky foliage, extends wide before you, until its sombre outline blends with the distant horizon. At your feet lies embosomed the little village you have but just quitted, its murmuring rivulet attenuated to

a thread. Beneath and around are the massive monuments of an iron age,—an age when the sword and the spear controlled mankind, and held in bondage the immortal mind; but an age, withal, of noble daring, of chivalry and romance. How every thing is changed now. Centuries have rolled by to swell the volume of the past; to the fierce encounter of the sword has succeeded the subtle warfare of the pen. Ingenuity and cunning now supply the place of nerve and sinew. Have we lost or gained by the exchange?

Long I lingered over this lovely prospect, and, reluctantly taking the last protracted look, that, alas, must come, however fair the object that rivets it, I commenced a descent adown the steep declivity, and speedily found myself once more amid the fashion and glitter of the gay world at Baden. The spacious saloons were well filled; there were cards, there was music, there was the dance. Radiant among the brilliant concourse was one, whose exquisite features and expression might have answered the *ideal* of poetic inspiration. She was English, and on her beautiful countenance were impressed the fairest characteristics of her nation's loveliness; the tall figure, slight, yet faultless in its undulating outline, the rich profusion of golden hair, the soft blue eye, so eloquent of meaning, the delicately rounded cheek, where the hue of the lily contended with the rose's faint tinge,—all were hers, and yet it was not altogether even this rare combination that so fascinated the gaze; it was something beside. I

have often wondered what may be its precise nature, that mysterious power we call Beauty, which has so controlled the destinies of the world, from the distant date of Troy's famed war, and that after period, when the great Triumvir lost a world in dalliance with Egypt's dazzling queen, even to this more unimpassioned era, that Reason and Religion rule with milder sceptre. It is not perfect regularity of feature, it is not faultless symmetry of form; no, nor is it even expression. What then? Can it not be, that, by a well nigh intuitive process, of which the grosser sense is unconscious, the mysterious *soul* within perceives, in the object upon which its energies are concentrated, the presence of that congenial *fire*, which burns brightly in its own fearful composition, and flies forth to amalgamate and identify itself with it, impelled by an irresistible desire for the attainment of that *perfect sympathy*, without which it languishes, even with all its immortal and infinite capability to enjoy?

But we have digressed wide from our subject, and must return again to the *routine*. My friend and myself passed several days pleasantly in Baden, now roaming amid the lofty hills and dense umbrage of the Black Forest, now mingling with the fashionable loungers in the promenades or saloons, until, as all things human must have an end, we concluded to leave. Accordingly, one drizzly morning we ensconced ourselves snugly in a tight little box of a carriage, and set off at a round pace on the route for Strasburg, where we duly arrived

without adventure or accident. The hotel, which opened its doors to our luggage and selves, was, as is usually the case with provincial inns within the territories of *la belle France*, a large and to all appearance comfortless building, giving but little promise of good cheer or a hospitable reception. In both these important items, however, it is but fair to state, that the reality agreeably belied the promise.

Strasburg is situated at a short distance to the westward of the Rhine ; its population is supposed to exceed fifty thousand souls. The city has a very ancient and rather a dilapidated appearance, embracing within its wide precincts, if we except the tomb and monument in honor of Marshal Saxe, and the famous Cathedral, scarce any thing to interest the stranger. The Cathedral is a most noble edifice ; its spire towers to the height of near five hundred feet, the whole is of hewn stone, light and graceful in the extreme. Indeed, so exquisite is the workmanship, that, at a trifling distance, relieved against a clear sky, it exhibits all the nicety and finish of fine lace work. It is, in truth, wonderful, that solidity and elegance should have been here so admirably consulted. Five hundred years have elapsed since that slender spire first reared its towering form toward the heavens. It has since been a mark for the storm and the tempest ; fierce lightnings have played about its summit ; and the uprooting whirlwind has spent in vain its rage against that fairy-like fabric. In order to ascend the spire, you must receive a permit from

the Mayor of the city. After some trouble, we succeeded in obtaining the desired passport, and soon found ourselves winding along the lessening staircase, that conducts to the top. The body of the Cathedral itself is extremely lofty. When the ascent was completed to this point, we stepped forth upon the roomy promenade its roof affords, and looked abroad upon the extended and *riante* scene. The country around Strasburg is rather level, and too little diversified to merit the appellation of picturesque; but even in this there was a variety to us, who had but just lost sight of the towering bluffs that mark the Rhine, and the sombre *demesnes* of the Black Forest. The extended sweep of country was clad with the smiling verdure of the season, while here and there, from its luxuriant bosom, towered aloft in stately groups the majestic trees of Alsace, with their thick, spreading foliage, fancifully studding the landscape. In the midst of this unbroken plain, the fertilizing Rhine was urging on his impatient stream. As far as the horizon's extremest verge allowed the eye to roam, might be traced his glancing waters, as, sparkling in silvery sheen, they hurried on to their distant bourne. We ascended the turret as far as was practicable. Some weeks previous, it had been struck by lightning, and, though to all appearance not materially injured, the authorities had deemed it expedient to interpose their *veto* upon what might be deemed a dangerous curiosity. Neither entreaties nor money could prevail upon the inexorable warden to permit further progress.

It is customary among travellers to have their names inscribed on the turret walls; this custom insures quite an emolument to the engraver, who receives so much per letter; thus for three, four, or five francs, as the length of your appellation may be, you have the satisfaction of seeing yourself in the secure possession of a name among the loftiest. But it is time to leave this giddy elevation, and resume our observations upon *Terra Firma*.

The curious traveller, as he roams about the dingy streets of Strasburg, is struck with the predominance of the German character in every thing he beholds. The city has been in the hands of the French, since the brilliant reign of their *Grand Monarque*, Louis Quatorze, and yet every thing is essentially German. Manners, customs, language, all attest the original source; so difficult, so well nigh impossible is it to strike out and efface those ingrained impressions, that the deep-seated Love of Country creates in the human breast, transmitted as they are, with the vital principle, from father to son, down to remote posterity.

We have a parallel instance in our more immediate vicinity. I allude to Canada. For many years, this country has been an appendage to the British Empire; yet the traveller there will find prevalent the habits, the language, the very feelings of France. The people look upon their Insular rulers, not as friends to protect, but as tyrants to depress and enslave them; and, let but the time and opportunity present, they will rise in a mass to throw off the hated yoke.



At Strasburg my travelling companion quitted me for Paris. I must confess, that, once again in France, I felt a strong desire to relinquish my projected course, and revisit the gay Capital. Like all other excitements, that of travelling, long continued, exerts its wearing influence upon the body, and more especially the mind; our mental faculties are taxed beyond the limits of healthy exertion in digesting the constant succession of novel and exciting material, which is ever offering. As is the case with our physical being, so is it with the nobler, — the intellectual. Occasional repose and relaxation are necessary, and essential to convert the varied and incongruous mass of aliment into healthy and nutritious food. From too great a tension, the mental elasticity becomes impaired, and variety itself degenerates into sameness. Nevertheless, on the borders of Switzerland, I could not turn my back on that romantic country; so, having philosophically discussed the *pros* and *cons*, and appropriated to myself the parts of judge and jury, I decided the matter by stepping into the *diligence* for Basle. The weather was drizzly, the roads heavy, and we made but slow progress in our lumbering vehicle. After a tiresome ride of several hours, we reached Colmar, capital of one of the departments of Alsace. This is a town of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, dingy and dirty enough; two or three hours were consumed before the *diligence* was ready to start anew. I passed the interval partly at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel, partly in strolling along the sombre streets,

as far as my fears of not being able to retrace the darkening way would allow me to proceed. At length, to my great satisfaction, the postilion sounded the welcome call, that summoned us once more *à nous mettre en route*. *Certes*, taken in the abstract, it cannot be deemed a pleasurable method of employing the slow-pacing hours of night, that of rolling them away in a stagecoach. In order to relish this mode, a man must be the possessor of an unruffled conscience, or else endowed with what is equivalent, a most quiescent state of nerves. There is something in the rumbling of wheels, the cracking of whips, mingled with the discordant notes of steed and driver, strangely inimical to the soothing influence of sleep. Yet will Time fly swiftly by, however we load his untiring wings. The sable mantle of night is gradually withdrawn; the first misty grey of early dawn ushers into birth another day; the golden streaks, that shoot athwart the sky, herald the rise of another glorious sun, and lo! a World is awakened from its slumber.

While in contemplation of these admirable phenomena, and not the less so for their being thus constantly repeated, perchance is the way-worn traveller more to be envied than the man of ease, who consumes away the day's bright youth in dreamy lethargy, all unconscious of that soft, elastic balm, which Nature diffuses through *his* bosom, who early woos her charms. But this is a matter of taste, and I shall not further discuss it; *de gustibus non est disputandum*, saith the old Latin. It is a good axiom, therefore we will once more to our journey for the venerable city of Basle.

## CHAPTER X.

Basle. — The *Drei Könige von Cöln*. — Disappointed Travellers. — Remarks on Basle. — Fellow Travellers to Berne. — Stop of the Diligence at Midnight. — Remark of Diderot. — Scenery near Berne. — Promenade. — Lausanne. — Rousseau. — His Conception of Julie. — Lake of Geneva. — Gibbon. — Description and Account of Lausanne.

THE morning was not far advanced, when our vehicle rolled in over the narrow, antiquated thoroughfares of Basle. Sonorously did the postilion crack his whip, and, cheerily dashing forward with accelerated speed, the well nigh jaded animals acknowledged the congenial sound. We drew up at the *bureau de diligence*, and I lost no time in exchanging my present accommodations for the more comfortable and stationary ones to be enjoyed at the *Drei Könige von Cöln*, reputed the best hotel in Basle. If for no other reason, I should have certainly selected it for the name. Having so recently returned from a visit to Cologne, where, in its Cathedral, I beheld the tomb of those three redoubtable Magi and their three heads likewise, I had not as yet been able to divest myself of the sympathy that any thing appertaining to them would naturally tend to excite.

The situation of this hotel is agreeable and commodious. It fronts upon one of the principal streets, and, directly in its rear, course the career-

ing waters of the impetuous Rhine, in such close proximity, that from your window, with rod and fly, you might draw the speckled trout (supposing there were any) from his native element with the utmost convenience.

It was the season for travelling. Switzerland was covered with its annual swarm of tourists, and the *Drei Könige von Cöln* had its full share. A hotel, when well patronized, is generally well superintended, and *vice versâ* ; consequently we had nothing to complain of, respecting either lodgings or *table d'hôte*, at the "Three Kings." Among the company, as it were by sympathy, I speedily singled out a *compatriote* of mine own, a very stout, elderly lady, whose husband had been long settled as a merchant in Paris. Having heard the romantic scenery that abounds in Switzerland much extolled, the worthy pair resolved at length to achieve an excursion into this *El Dorado* of their picturesque imaginings, and, at the time of my visit to Basle, they had actually killed some months in this romantic country, and, among other things, had most effectually assuaged their longings for the Sublime. The old lady assured me, with a most grave and serious countenance, that Rumor with her thousand tongues had most wilfully distorted the truth. She (the lady, not Rumor,) had seen nothing but an endless chain of mountains, over which it was *such* tedious work travelling, and a constant succession of ponds, which the people in their simplicity termed *lakes* ; and, as for the cities one naturally expects to see in a country

one has heard so much talked of, pshaw ! all their cities together, five times over, would not make one Paris. She had resided some time in Zurich, and was there informed, that, at a certain season of the year, the women in that city were attacked with wasting melancholy, and under its dark influence were in the habit of resorting to suicide ; thus bidding a simultaneous adieu to both terrestrial sorrow and fleshly tabernacle. Fearing that the same unhappy result might obtain in her case, she lost no time, upon the advent of the unpropitious season before alluded to, in leaving a very respectable interval, as a *cordon sanitaire*, between herself and the ill-fated city, and had thus far arrived (at Basle) on her way home, having providentially completed alive the tour of this much misrepresented country.

It is true enough, that a long residence in Paris, with the daily custom of its numerous comforts and innumerable luxuries, tends much to unfit one for an agreeable sojourn in any other part of the European continent. *Il n'y a qu'un Paris, et j'y tiens*, says the play, and so it is. Yet, with all due allowance for this, I could not but be considerably amused at the (to me) humorous recital of peevish disappointment, experienced by this good lady, as her unaccustomed eye glanced over the soul-stirring tableau of Swiss scenery, and at her nervous anxiety to enter again the barriers of the great city, where, satisfied with its *miniature world*, she might lose the remembrance of her ill-omened excursion, in the peaceful enjoyment of the true *τὸ καλὸν*, *Rest*.

The city of Basle is probably the most ancient one of any note in Helvetia. In its vicinity have occurred many of those heroic and memorable encounters, that marked the long-continued and desperate struggles of the Swiss for liberty. Within its walls were born many of those great men, whose several careers have shed an unfading lustre over the land of their birth, and whose senseless ashes yet consecrate a *site*, whence, alas, the greatness has for ever departed. The Cathedral is a fine old edifice, interesting chiefly to the traveller from the fact, that within its enclosure rest the mortal remains of Erasmus. As a city, stripped of the reminiscences that cling to it, Basle presents but little to detain the modern traveller. Its narrow, gloomy streets, its dingy and seemingly tottering edifices, can adduce no other claim to interest than their antiquity.

Leaving Basle after a brief stay, I set out upon the route for Berne. My travelling companions were an elderly English gentleman, his better half, and their mutual son. The Englishman was a good specimen of the true John Bull breed, in the middling class of society. As for French and German, he was entirely innocent of any acquaintance with either of those outlandish tongues, esteeming honest English the only language which a man of sense should condescend to clothe his ideas in. The son was a stalwart youth, who rode, if I may be excused the expression, a perfect *steeple-chase* upon the *hobby* of *pedestrianism*. According to his story, he had threaded on

foot the frightful defiles of the Schwatzwald, and many marvellous adventures had he to relate, which took place upon this prolific ground.

In addition to the English family, there were two others to make up the complement; these were a young woman and her infant child. The woman was French, vivacious and agreeable, as most French women are. Her husband, for lack of room within, was posted on the outside. Not having any thing better to do, I brushed up all the French I was master of, and entered into conversation with her; so, what with talking, reflecting, and gazing upon the glorious orb of night, that was darting her silvery rays through an unclouded sky, I succeeded passably in whiling away the hours until twelve o'clock, the witching noon of night, when mortal man, whether buried in sleep or immersed in reverie, is most particularly averse to being disturbed. At this critical point of time occurred one of those alarming and inexplicable stops, that are wont to try the patience of the *diligence* traveller in these regions. Nearly two hours elapsed before we were again *en route*. But how was the interval employed? the reader may inquire. Why, principally, in that infallible and inexhaustible amusement, which comes home even to the most *blasé*, the ministering to a craving appetite, or simply in eating and drinking; pretty much the only things, I fancy, that a man could find the heart to attend to, when disturbed at such an unseasonable epoch of "the twenty-four." Immediately upon coming to a full stop, the con-

ductor informed us, that refreshment might be found at a neighbouring *auberge*, where we lost no time in repairing, and discovered already prepared, (with malice prepense, significant of the cold-blooded combination between the innkeepers and the *knights of the road*,) a nondescript meal, that might be termed dinner, supper, or breakfast, as fancy dictated. However, it was sufficiently substantial, consisting of *soupes*, *légumes*, and hot meats, kept in countenance by sundry dark sentinels, yclept bottles of wine. The various viands met with a warm reception from the guests, and speedily vanished beneath their busy appetites. With their disappearance appeared once more the most enviable of all possessions, good humour; for it is most true, that, when that uncompromising organ, the stomach, is content, and good digestion follows in the train of good appetite, the current of our thoughts, we will suppose, for instance, previously turbid, swelling, dangerous, sinks gently, without effort of our own, to its accustomed level, and glides smoothly and peacefully on. The remark made by Diderot, when he exclaims, after giving way for some time to a train of gloomy reflection, *Mais je vois que ma digestion va mieux*, and upon this perception breaks into a livelier strain, though it has been not a little derided, I cannot consider, nevertheless, other than natural, *malgré* all that the enthusiastic advocates of the *mind's* entire mastery over its material *sheath*, the body, may assert to the contrary.

The traveller who enters Switzerland by the



route I selected, will perceive in the vicinity of Berne the first bright dawn of that scenic loveliness, that Nature has so profusely lavished upon this, her choicest sanctuary. The cultivated sweep of country, with its picturesque undulations of hill and slope, smiling with verdure or decked with the waving produce of honest industry, spreads gratefully before the eye, filling the heart with pleasurable emotions. Afar in the distance, sternly contrasting, rear their huge heads the Bernese Alps; while, towering high above the rest, like the colossal Titan of mythology, thy hoary summit, inaccessible Jungfrau, wrapped in eternal snows, pierces the blue arch of Heaven. Adown from his mountain home rushes, turbid and impetuous, the swollen Aar, chafing with restless wave his narrow bounds, as onward he hurries to repose in the extended embrace of the Rhine.

The situation of Berne is fine and commanding. It extends far along the declivity of a hill, and is washed on three sides by the waters of the Aar. The city is very deficient in width, having but one or two streets, which run parallel with the principal avenue. These few, however, make ample amends for other deficiencies, by their extreme length; seeming to me, as I pedestrianized along the *trottoirs*, well nigh interminable. The houses are handsomely built of stone. The streets are kept clean and in good order, and the entire city wears an appearance of substantial comfort and solidity, well in character with the noble nature of the scenery that surrounds it, and

the presumed simplicity of its republican institutions.

The most imposing of its edifices is the great Gothic Cathedral, which the tourist should by no means omit to visit. In close contiguity with the Cathedral is the favorite promenade, shaded on each side with rows of trees. The esplanade which forms the walk is elevated one hundred and eight feet, in perpendicular height, above the level of the river. It is secured by a wall or battlement, more than one hundred feet in altitude. As you stand beside the trifling parapet which terminates the wall, the eye embraces a magnificent and truly Swiss spectacle, brought in nearer proximity by the dizzy height from which you survey it. The whirling Aar rushes, with furious eddy, at your feet, and anon, bounding over a ledge of rock, leaps in the roaring cascade, and whitens to foam in the distance. Moving along the paths of this romantic promenade, may be seen, of a beautiful day, groups of pedestrians, influenced by all motives, exercise, curiosity, *ennui*,—from the inquisitive traveller, who dwells with straining gaze upon this fair, wild page in the vast and varied volume of Nature, to the simpler inhabitant, for whom fettering habit has made even sublimity commonplace, and yet, mayhap, all unconsciously to himself, has his mind become the recipient of more enlarged and expanded views, arising from that sympathetic influence, which the grand in the natural world exercises over the not less wondrous world, that lives, moves, and has its being within the limits of each human breast.

I have said, that at Berne the scenery of Switzerland first begins to fulfil the bright promise of its excellence. Nor does it for a moment disappoint the traveller of that promise, as, upon leaving Berne, he pursues his way onward to Lausanne and the Pays de Vaud. Lausanne! sweet yet rugged Lausanne! how lingers the pen over that name! How with almost holy joy, greets the modern pilgrim thy picturesque shores, thy love-breathing lake! Nursery of genius, from thee have thundered forth voices electrifying and revolutionizing the world. Most poetic of cities, thou livest in the melancholy and soul-subduing page of Rousseau, who drank from thy pure air and the contemplation of thy lovely lake, (sleeping like an infant between the bosoms of the maternal Alps,) those deep draughts of inspiration, intoxicating alike soul and sense, now exalting their possessor to an Elysium of bliss the grovelling earth dreams not of; now plunging him into an abyss of wretchedness the vulgar never can know. Yet who would not purchase that fiery essence men call genius, even at its price of blood; who would not linger out the paltry pittance of some three-score years, steeped to the dregs in misery (if it were the alternative) to feel conscious of that glorious possession, of that unquenchable fire, which, ages after the material shall have mouldered to its parent dust, will burn bright, vivid, intense, upon altars erected by the universal world!—at whose undying flame the kindred spirits of every age shall illumine their lesser torch, and gaze through its searching rays with

steadfast and unblenching eye, upon that mystic and darksome veil, (thinner to them,) which divides the mortal from immortality, the thing *created*, noble in its aspirations, infinite in its desires, from its fearful and omnipotent Creator.

I confess myself an admirer of Rousseau, that is, of his writings. I know it has been and still is the fashion, to decry him as a man, and to dilate upon the dangerous tendency of his works. In his *naïve* confessions, he has thrown open to our scrutiny the inner chambers of his very soul; he has exposed the workings of the restless heart, and laid bare its deep-seated motives. He has shown himself as he was, or as he fancied he was; and which of us, under a similar *exposé*, could display a head or heart exempt from vice or folly? Is no allowance to be made for the infirmities of genius? Shall we, who have hung entranced over its sweetness and power, grant nothing to its weakness? No; the author of the *Héloïse* may have been wavering and suspicious; he may have yielded too often and too long to the sweeping current of powerful impulse; but I cannot believe him to have been a bad man. The tender heart which diffused itself in the immortal conception of a *Julie*, might have been an erring, but could not be a bad one. There is throughout the whole of this exquisite character, an unfailing spring of sweetness, sympathy, and love, forgetful all of *self*, which shows most clear, that the hidden source, from whence it was fed and sprang to conscious life, was not other than the offspring, pure

and unalloyed. The character as a whole, I venture to say, is the most attractive delineation of woman, that the voice of the magician has ever summoned into existence ; not perfect, it is true, for with such we can have but little sympathy. No ; the tenderness, the disinterested love, the resistless passion, the irresolution, the frailty of the woman ;—all are there, in the midst of that purity of soul, which flies instinctive from aught that contaminates, that angelic sweetness, that perfect, absorbing love, attributes with which we are fain in our dreams to clothe the sainted denizens of Heaven. Strange combination ! — the weakness of the creature for a moment predominates ; but *Virtue* and *Religion* step in to still the guilty murmurs of *Passion*. The good deeds of years erase the memory of a single weakness ; and spotless, unsullied, its stain washed away, flies back the eager *soul*, its probation over, to the infinite Essence of which it forms a part.

But it is not as a champion of Rousseau or *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, that I hold the pen ; it is rather the magical power of association, that forbids me to quit so hallowed a vicinity, without adverting to him, who has thrown over it the glowing mantle of pure, self-sacrificing *love*. Who can gaze upon the beautiful lake, or wander along the picturesque shores of *Vevai*, or gaze on *thee*, sweet *Clarens*, or *thee*, consecrated *Meillerie*, where burned the loves of a *Julie*, a *Saint-Preux*, where kindled into yet nobler sentiment the self-denying friendship of a *Claire* or an *Edouard*,

without yielding the tribute of a sigh or a tear to the memory of the sensitive genius, that summoned these beautiful creations into existence? I cannot forsake this subject without quoting a passage from the "Confessions," in which Jean Jacques beautifully portrays the effect produced upon his mind, from earliest youth, by the contemplation of this fair lake and its haunted environs.

"L'aspect du Lac de Genève et de ses admirables côtes eût toujours à mes yeux un attrait particulier, que je ne saurois expliquer, et qui ne tient pas seulement à la beauté du spectacle, mais à je ne sais quoi de plus intéressant qui m'affecte et m'attendrit. Toutes les fois que j'approche du pays de Vaud, j'éprouve une impression composée du souvenir de Madame de Warens qui y est née, de mon père qui y venoit, de Mademoiselle de Vulson qui y eut les prémices de mon cœur, des plusieurs voyages de plaisir, que j'y fis dans mon enfance, et il me semble de quelque autre cause encore plus secrète et plus forte que tout cela. Quand l'ardent désir de cette vie heureuse et douce qui me fuit, et pour laquelle j'étois né, vient enflammer mon imagination, c'est toujours au pays de Vaud près du lac, dans les campagnes charmantes, qu'elle se fixe. Il me faut absolument un verger au bord de ce lac, et non pas d'un autre; il me faut un ami sûr, une femme aimable, une vache, un petit bateau. Je ne jouirai jamais d'un bonheur parfait sur la terre que quand j'aurai tout cela. Je ris de la simplicité avec laquelle je suis allé plusieurs fois dans ce pays-là, uniquement

pour y chercher ce bonheur imaginaire. J'étois toujours surpris d'y trouver les habitans, surtout les femmes, d'un tout autre caractère que celui que j'y cherchois. Le pays et le peuple dont il est couvert ne m'ont jamais paru faits l'un pour l'autre." \*

The beauty of this extract must be an excuse for its length; but turn we from the visionary Rousseau, with his Ideal Love, to one yet more identified with this city of the memory, the *stately historian* of Rome's Decline and Fall. His character has been thus briefly sketched by the most inspired poet of modern times :

"The other deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,

\* The view of the Lake of Geneva, and of its beautiful shores, has ever possessed for me a charm, which I know not how to explain, and which springs not entirely from the beauty of the scene, but rather from a *something* more interesting, which touches and softens me. Whenever I approach the country of Vaud, I experience a mingled sentiment, composed of the recollections of Madame de Warens, who was born there, of my father who resided there, and of Mademoiselle de Vulson, who there received the first-fruits of my heart, of the many pleasurable excursions which I made there in my earliest youth, and it seems to me of some cause more difficult to define, yet stronger than all this. When the ardent desire for that peaceful and happy life, which ever eludes my grasp, but for which I was created, comes to inflame my imagination, it is always in the Canton of Vaud, near the lake, amid that charming scenery, that it centres itself. I must absolutely have an orchard near the border of this Lake and of no other. I must have a true friend, an amiable woman, a cow, and a little boat. Never upon the earth shall I enjoy perfect happiness, unless in the possession of all these. I now smile at the simplicity with which I have many times visited that country, solely to seek this imaginary felicity. I was ever surprised to find the inhabitants, and especially the women, of a character totally different from that I was seeking. The *country* and the *people* who inhabit it have never seemed to me intended the one for the other.

In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,  
The lord of irony, that master spell  
Which stung his foes to wrath which grew from fear,  
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well."

Gibbon is the moral antipodes of Rousseau, with but little sentiment and less feeling. With a soul, searching indeed and comprehensive, but unattuned to the touch of those vivid emotions, that sweep over that many-stringed instrument, the heart, thrilling it now with happiness and harmony, anon sundering with reckless blast those delicate chords, whose office it is to keep in tune the mysterious mechanism of existence. Gibbon possessed an indefatigable spirit of research, a restless, persevering industry; and upon these he has based a work, massive, long in building, like the Pyramids of Egypt, but, like those Pyramids, shall it descend, colossal, enduring through the long vista of remotest posterity.

It is a melancholy, and yet a wondrous thing to reflect upon, that men of the profoundest erudition, men who, from the nature of their pursuits, may be presumed to have thought more deeply than the *herd* upon the absorbing subject of a *dread hereafter*, should so oft, either under the unblushing front of withering skepticism, openly avow their unbelief, or strive, by the covert attack or insidious sneer, to undermine the glorious fabric of the *Christian Faith*. Can they, who are so conscious of the wild energies of that imperishable power, that traverses the elements,



and soars beyond the material into the illimitable regions of eternal space, wafted on by the untiring pinion of its own sublime conceptions, — can they suppose this godlike power, dividing them, as it were by an impassable gulf, from their species, was given but to animate for a brief segment of time a frail tenement of clay, and then, like that, to perish and dissolve away in the dread abyss of annihilation? *No, it cannot be.*

But let us turn from the names that have rendered it famous, and cast a glance over the city of Lausanne as it now is. Of a surety, nowhere, save in Switzerland or the mountain fastnesses of the Tyrol, would men have had the persevering courage to perch a town upon such a site as this. The bold, uneven character of the soil, now shooting abruptly into hill, anon sinking as suddenly into steep declivity, presents a formidable barrier to stability or elegance in building. Accordingly, Lausanne unfolds to the eye a confused and irregular appearance. Its buildings seem huddled together in intricate masses, with but little reference to elegance or order. To ascend from the lower to the more elevated sections of the city, you are obliged to thread long labyrinths of stairs and blind alleys, cut directly through with the greatest economy of space, so covert, withal, and concealed from the uninitiated, that, if you hit upon them, it will be at random.

But you must not look here for the true glory of Lausanne. Glance your eye around, from the eminence you have just reached. Stand beside the old,

venerable Cathedral, and dwell for a while upon the scene that expands before you. The careering sun is past his fierce meridian, his beams, shorn of their fiery ardor, fall caressingly upon the tranquil bosom of that happy Lake. Look beyond to where the misty Alps, stern guardians of the scene, exalt their proud heads far into the blue empyrean. The wide expanse of water lies wrapped in motionless repose ; not a ripple ruffles its gilded surface. What is it so soothes, so tranquillizes, that whilome fluttering mind. It is the holy aspect of Nature, rejoicing in the majesty of universal stillness. It is the balm of her sacred influence, staunching the heart's deep wounds, which the world knows not how to heal. Oh ye, whose bosoms have been lacerated by hurts that defy Time's vaunted skill, who have to mourn the stinging ingratitude of friendship, the blacker treachery of love, why dwell ye yet amid the frivolous circles of this superficial world ? Why, with that aching void at heart, that morbid yearning after sympathy (divine plant which grows not there), will ye move in that painted thing of artifice and conventional restraint men call society ? Fly, escape while you may from these hollow, heartless scenes. Embosom yourselves in the protecting sanctuary beneficent Nature throws open to such as you. There, in daily contemplation of her calm, majestic, undisturbed features, raise your purified thoughts to the Omniscient Framer of all, and forget the petty sorrows of a day, which *finite time* shall soon merge in the illimitable ocean of Eternity.

## CHAPTER XI.

Steam-boat Passage to Geneva.—Jerome Bonaparte.—Arrival at Geneva.—Scenery.—Excursion towards Mont Blanc.—Scenery on the Way.—Vale of Chamouni.—Ascent of Montanvert.—Mer de Glace.—De Saussure.—Further Remarks on Chamouni.—Return to Geneva.—Remarkable Grotto.

FROM Lausanne I took passage on board the steam-boat for Geneva. The distance separating the former city from its port Ouchy is something less than a mile. There is a gradual, uninterrupted descent all the way, to the very borders of the Lake. The steam-boat, a well looking craft, plies between the extreme points of Vevai and Geneva, touching at all the intervening places of importance. And now I was floating, for the first time, on the translucent bosom of that fairy lake; merrily did the rapid bow throw aside its blue waters, and the chasing ripple, widening far in the distance, wrinkled for a moment the glassy serenity of its polished surface. Onward we sped. In pleasing succession, villages, hamlets, and spires studded the picturesque shores. To enliven the ear, too, there was music, and the sons of song deemed themselves well recompensed with the trifling pittance the traveller never denies to the needy minstrel. The assemblage was gay and well equipped, like a party of pleasure on a summer lake. Among the company was shown me the

*ci-devant Roi de Westphalie*, brother of Napoleon, Jerome Bonaparte. I know not if it be so with all, but in my breast there trembles an almost painful thrill, as I gaze, for the first time, on aught intimately connected with the “master spirit of an age.”

There stood, yet in the vigorous prime of life, the brother of a man, who, by the colossal energies of his own undaunted mind, succeeded in erecting, upon the ruins of a dynasty that had flourished for centuries, the steps that led to his own unparalleled grandeur; the man, who raised an entire family from the dust, and seated them on thrones, that *Kings by divine right* were compelled to abdicate; and his fall had been as startling, as meteoric, as his rise. Oh God! what changes in the brief span of a single human existence! Brief, did I say? Not so; for, with that burning, concentrated consciousness of life, the tame monotony of the ordinary routine, occupied it tenfold the vulgar amount of time, would appear but short in the comparison. Life should be measured by sensations, not years. But to return from our digression to the Ex-King of Westphalia.

The countenance of Jerome bears a close resemblance to the portraits of his Imperial brother. He is the taller by two inches or more, and possesses the Napoleon figure, compact and symmetrical. Upon his visage is stamped that grave expression, which is the offspring of stern experience and bitter reverse. In his dress, he differed not at all from the costume of a private gentleman.

No *star*, *order*, or *decoration* bore witness to the former greatness of his station. The prince was flying from Italy, where he has long resided (at Florence), to escape that terrific scourge, the cholera, intending to pass the few months of his absence beneath the healthier sky of Geneva. His family accompanied him, and among them was a daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty. The watchful policy of the reigning power forbids a Bonaparte to place foot on the soil of France. No member of that family can inhabit a kingdom, where rose, where set, shining over the brightest pages in its annals, the transcendant star of Napoleon.

Arrived at length at Geneva, I paid my first visit to the *Hôtel des Bergs*, and there took lodgings. This extensive establishment, one of the most spacious on the Continent, is pleasantly situated near the borders of the Lake, and in the immediate vicinity of the ramparts, with their picturesque promenades. Among the guests I discovered many of my countrymen, who were tarrying here in hopes that favorable news from Italy might soon allow them to cross the mountain passes of Cenis or the Simplon. Our fashionable countrywoman, Mrs. \*\*\*\*, was at that time resident at the Hotel, delighting her friends with that agreeable vivacity of manner, and easy flow of conversation, which have ever distinguished her, and there, as well as here and elsewhere, the bright, particular cynosure of an admiring *coterie*.

There is in the scenery about Geneva a rare

combination of the beautiful and the sublime. You have the wide expanse of lake, and the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," while, far in the distance, frown the gigantic summits of the Aiguille du Midi and Mont Blanc, with their colossal groups. From these you may turn, if such be your pleasure, and enjoy the picturesque and rural walks. In sooth, there is, in Geneva, that which will content the lover of nature, and yet not displease him that loveth cities. There one may court the pensive charms of solitude, or mingle in the busy hum of men, as it seemeth him best, and no one saith Why? or Wherefore?

I had remained in Geneva some days, and was desirous, should an agreeable *compagnon de voyage* offer, of setting out on an excursion to the Valley of Chamouni. As no such agreeable person had presented himself, I was one day debating whether it were not better to encounter the perils of the journey alone than remain longer inactive, when a French gentleman was introduced to me by the *maître d'hôtel*. He observed, with a truly national suavity, that hearing there was *un Monsieur Américain* about taking a trip to Mont Blanc, and being himself bent on the same purpose, he had taken the liberty to request an introduction, in the hope that we might find it agreeable to travel there in company. To this proposition I had no objection to offer; so we made the necessary contract for carriage and driver, prepared what little baggage was necessary, and set off on our excursion without more ado. My companion I found to be pleas-

ant and affable, with a good share of his nation's volatility ; and, by the time we had jogged along a mile or two together, *nous fumes de parfaitement bon accord*.

Upon leaving Geneva, you speedily strike the frontier of Savoy. The scenery around you almost instantly assumes a loftier character, and here and there your road defiles through passes of the wildest grandeur. Towering, inaccessible heights shoot abruptly up, on either side, whose bare, overtopping crags were fit dwelling-places only for the young of the mountain eagle, or the sure-footed chamois. The spectator gazes, with a feeling akin to terror, upon the sublimity of a spectacle, increased tenfold by its immediate contiguity. It is then there comes home, laden with conviction, to the breast, a feeling of our own insignificance. Fall but a pebble from these, Nature's gigantic battlements, and this fleeting unit of existence we so fondly cherish, is snuffed out, as is the light of a taper, and the darkness of *death* closes over, mantling with impenetrable veil each trace of what *once was*. How anomalous is it, that the puny passions of men should vent their little storm amid scenes like these. War, with all its grim, blood-stained features ; the death-struggle of foe fierce grappling with foe ; the distant volley, scattering its invisible messengers of destruction ; how diminutive, how insignificant all, in the presence of those dread altars, erected by an Almighty hand, and destined to endure until the firm foundations of the solid earth shall dissolve into nothingness away.

We arrived at Sallanches as the dusk of eve was setting in, and partook for the night of such accommodations as the hotel there afforded. At early dawn the ensuing morning, we commenced an ascent to the celebrated Vale of Chamouni. In accomplishing this portion of the journey, the traveller makes use of a light, diminutive vehicle, termed *char à banc*. In this, the *voyageur* is seated as in an omnibus, presenting his side to the moving power. The vehicle thus designated is made extremely narrow, the better to thread those difficult defiles, that beset the mountain path. Driver and *char à banc* being at length provided, the slow and laborious ascent was commenced.

The resplendent sun was shining bright and high in the heavens, when, the purgatory of initiation past, we stood in the verdant Vale of Chamouni. It was the most sublime spectacle I ever witnessed, as, directing my eyes above, I discerned, in the more visible majesty of near approach, the giant form of Mont Blanc rearing his hoary head, whitened by the snows of innumerable ages, into the freezing regions of the upper air.

Upon entering, for the first time, this valley, the traveller seems introduced to a new world. He stands upon a wonderful strip of land, which, but for the adventurous curiosity of modern tourists, had yet remained locked unknown in the icy embrace of encircling Alps. He gazes about him on a scene, that mocks the slow step of comparison. New ideas are born within him, as, with reeling sense, he scans those stupendous mountains, prop-



ping the high canopy of Heaven, or marks those dashing torrents, as, issuing from the Glacier's dark mouth, resistless even at their birth, like infant Hercules, or, as sweeping with rapid stream from their more distant mountain homes, they whirl, lost in foam and rage, at his very feet. And yet the vale is clad in smiling verdure, the mildness of the temperature invites, the rugged bosom of the soil, tempered by culture, responds harmonious to the wish of man. Art and civilization are leaving their traces on that wild retreat, where savage nature was wont to gambol alone, magnificent, undisturbed.

It was late in the month of September at the time of my visit. The last, lingering days of *la belle saison* were drawing to a close, and the tide of travel was already at its ebb. However, it was but little matter; one goes not to Chamouni to see the world of art or society, and nature, at least to my eye, looks quite as lovely where there are not a hundred spectators at my side to comment on her charms.

Yet we had no dearth of company at the little hotel where I was quartered. They were, without exception, French, and not exactly of that class most congenial to my fancy. One pleasant morning it was proposed to ascend Montanvert, and a party of us consisting of ten or twelve, among whom were several ladies, proceeded to put the proposition into immediate execution. Having provided ourselves with guides and mules, we struck out upon the path which conducts to

the mountain's base. A light snow had fallen the day previous, and the air was chill and bracing. Mounted on our mules we made good way, and in less than three hours reached the summit, elevated more than three thousand feet above the level of the valley. The path is at times of a very steep and precipitous character, where a single misstep would involve both animal and rider in immediate destruction. It is really edifying, in such passes as these, to observe the *sangfroid* with which your mule bends his head over the shelving side, and gazes on the gaping precipice beneath. Being somewhat unaccustomed to such scenes, I could not share his unconcern, and, although I backed him to the top, to avoid the hard work of climbing, I trusted to no one's prudence but my own in the less difficult process of descent.

From the top of Montanvert you enjoy a near and splendid view of the chain of Aiguilles, and of the celebrated glacier termed the Mer de Glace. The billows of this sea of ice rise nearly to the altitude of Montanvert, and occupy the entire extent of valley between it and a peak of similar height upon the opposite side. What may be the depth of this wondrous sea is unknown; but, judging from the distance the eye can penetrate its terrible chasms, it must be very great. Most appropriately has it received the name of "*mer de glace*," for this celebrated glacier appears as would the billows of the tempestuous ocean, seized at their highest point of fury, and stricken by the Almighty mandate into *eternal immobility*.

We descended the precipitous side of the mountain to that point, where the immense glacier is circumscribed by its gigantic form. As I before remarked, a light snow had fallen upon the previous day, and the frozen waves afforded but an unsteady and perilous footing. I lingered some while in the contemplation of this vast and novel feature in nature's scenery, which Switzerland, her favored clime, alone developes in the fullest extent of grandeur.

My ambition did not induce me to attempt any thing more arduous than the scaling of Montanvert; and I must confess I felt but small desire to court a doubtful immortality by enrolling my name amid those of the adventurous few who had planted foot on the giant crest of Mont Blanc. I think there had been no ascent during that whole season. European tourists seem to rest satisfied with the fact, that their nations have been severally represented in the conquest of the colossal mountain; and the American traveller may do so likewise. In truth, the most enthusiastic seem now disposed to admit, that even the gratification of a commendable philosophical curiosity, or, as it more frequently is, that of another less excusable trait, may be too dearly purchased at the expense of frozen limbs or an undermined constitution. Science has already shed its lustre over these remarkable and snow-clad regions; their geology and physical phenomena have been developed to the world's eye by the wisdom and untiring perseverance of a former generation. The celebrated naturalist of Gen-

eva, De Saussure, has done more than the whole host of travellers or geologists to clear away the mysteries, that clung around the Titanic mountain. He was the first to scale its summit; and the result of those experiments he has left recorded, as a bequest to our later age, most satisfactorily elucidates all which was before unknown respecting the geological phenomena of that lofty region, as well as the more remarkable properties of the surrounding atmosphere, its intense coldness and rarity, with the effect it produces upon the respiratory organs, and the general functions of the animal economy.

I passed two days in dwelling upon the wild and wonderful, to which this celebrated vale seems consecrated. Chamouni is emphatically a region *sui generis*, and no other spot in the known world can be brought into comparison with it. Let the reader conceive the wildest extremes, that Nature is wont elsewhere to set apart by the barriers of distance and season, brought here at the same moment of time, in closest contiguity. The huge glacier rolls onward his frozen billows, until they invade the province of smiling verdure and of waving grain. The eye turns from the rugged and sterile rock, around which are piled the snows of countless ages, to rest upon the field of the husbandman, rich with the products of a grateful soil. Winter, spring, summer, autumn, seem here to blend, and maintain over this little territory a simultaneous empire.

It was the afternoon of a drizzly and disagreeable day, that we took leave of Chamouni. The

shades of evening were fast closing in, as, alighting from our rude vehicle, heartily fatigued by the arduous nature of the excursion, we hastened to avail ourselves of such accommodation for refreshment and repose, as the indifferent *auberge* at Sallesches could afford. Early upon the succeeding day, we recommenced the journey to Geneva. I have before observed, that the Savoy route abounds in natural features both sublime and picturesque; but I omitted then to mention what may be considered by far the most striking natural curiosity in this particular section of the country. I refer to a remarkable grotto, scooped out by the hand of Nature in a perpendicular wall of towering rock, midway between its base and summit.

This singular entrance into the very bosom of the living rock was discovered by De Saussure, and, since his time, has awakened the speculations and excited the wonder of visitors from every clime. At the cottage where your vehicle remains, *en attendant*, you are furnished with a guide, and, as the walk is but trifling, you set out at once upon the excursion. In order to reach the grotto, you must follow a zigzag path, that has been constructed with much difficulty and expense along the steep wall of rock. The ascent is not a little fatiguing. At length a sharp angle in the path discloses, just above you, a view of the wished for aperture. It is of moderate size, and at first glance would appear to you rather as made by the hand of man, than the work of Nature. From the fact of this being the only extensive grotto I ever enjoyed the

opportunity of minutely surveying, it would, of course, be impossible for me to draw any comparison, founded on personal observation, between its general appearance, and that of other curiosities in the natural world of a similar character. There is here but little of that fantastic grouping of stalactite and glittering spar, which the reader will recall as connected with a modern traveller's vivid description of the celebrated grotto of Antiparos.

Preceded by guide and flambeau, I pursued the course of this mysterious passage, as it wound along its intricate way, piercing deep into the heart of the living rock. The cavern is cold and damp; its walls now bound a wide and spacious area, anon they are so constrained as scarce to admit two abreast. The ceiling, a moment before lofty, is now depressed to a degree, that compels the adventurer to creep through a narrow passage, that would well nigh seem to debar further progress. In a moment you emerge into a freer space, and resume the upright position. Passing onward, new wonders meet the eye. The rude *pavé*, worn by a ceaseless exudation from wall and ceiling, is moulded into a thousand irregular and fantastic shapes. Near the extremity of the cavern yawns an abyss of unknown depth. Having provided ourselves with stones for the purpose, we commenced casting them down the gaping descent; the noise reverberated upon the ear in loud reports for several seconds, and then faded away gradually, impressing upon the mind a thrilling consciousness of the fathomless depth of that gloomy chasm,

on whose brink we were standing. Passing onward over the narrow ledge between the mouth of the chasm and the wall, you arrive ere long at the termination of the perilous path. A pool, whose waters are black as ink, and of intense coldness, presents an impassable barrier to further progress. Nevertheless, as I was informed by the guide, there have been those hardy enough to attempt its passage, with a view to prosecute further researches on the opposite side, if indeed there be any. The rash attempt, of course, ever failed.

There is a painful and perhaps superstitious thrill comes over the spectator, as he gazes on those gloomy and mysterious waters. The mind asks itself, From whence is their origin? Whither do they flow? All is veiled alike in doubt and darkness. It seems to me, indeed, but little wonderful, that the ancients should have invested the appearances, which Nature, as if to set all rules at defiance, occasionally assumes, with images of the preternatural and unearthly. Even in our later day, when the results of Learning have enlightened the world; when untiring Science has partially removed the veil behind which the *arcana* of Nature had heretofore been concealed, and revealed to us the secret of much of her seeming mystery, — is there not yet often elicited, by the immediate presence of her more wondrous phenomena, a feeling of deep awe, that owns (though we like not to allow it) close kindred to *superstition*?

Having now indulged, as far as time would per-

mit, the curiosity that so singular a spot must naturally give rise to, we emerged from the gloomy portal of these rocky chambers, and rapidly retraced our way down the steep path, to the little cottage where our vehicle was in waiting. The remainder of the journey was performed without interruption or adventure, and at early eve I had arrived in the good city of Geneva, and retaken my apartment at the princely *Hôtel des Bergs*.



## CHAPTER XII.

Voltaire's Seat at Ferney.—His Death.—The old Gardener at Ferney.—Voltaire's Character and Skepticism.—His Intimacy with Frederic the Great.—Coppet.—Madame de Staël.—Present Condition and Resources of Geneva.—Its Picturesqueness.—Lake Lemán.—The Genevois.—Present Condition of the Swiss and Switzerland.

THE traveller at Geneva will not omit visiting those places in its vicinity, over which the unfading memory of *genius* has shed its consecrating glow. Of these, the most noted is Voltaire's celebrated residence, Ferney. Accompanied by three or four of my compatriots, among whom was the beautiful Miss S\*\*\*\*\*, I made an excursion to this memorable seat. The route is picturesque and interesting. You alight at the opening of an avenue which conducts to the mansion; arrived there, the visiter is admitted to apartments whose arrangements and decorations are yet as they were during the lifetime of the celebrated author. In those rooms did the great literary demigod of the eighteenth century transcribe those profound thoughts, that, sinking deep into the hearts of men, fired the resistless train of revolution. Here were passed those solitary years, whose laborious study was recompensed by the literary honors of awakened Europe. The monarchs of Christendom derived an accession of greatness and celebrity from

the friendship of the varied Wit, the Poet, the Historian, and the Philosopher. His grateful country awarded the triumphant ovation, the encircling yet fatal laurel; \* but never, in that long career of splendor, shone more brightly the flame, than in the last brief flickerings of existence. Lord Byron, in his "Childe Harold," has thus briefly and truly characterized him :

"The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,  
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or wild ;  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined,  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents : but his own  
Breathed most in ridicule, which as the wind  
Blew where it listed, lying all things prone,  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne."

After concluding the survey of the house and furniture, you pass to the garden adjoining it ; here you are shown the covered walk, which was Voltaire's favorite promenade. The old gardener, who literally subsists on his recollections of the great author, will also request your attention to a tree, planted by the hand of his old master. Much has been said of this gardener by those who have visited Ferney. His age has been represented at an hundred years, but did not appear to me to exceed eighty. His recollections of Voltaire are necessarily much dimmed by the long

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\* The death of Voltaire is supposed to have been accelerated, by the excitement he underwent at the Théâtre Français ; when, after the performance of a most successful tragedy, his brows were wreathed with laurel, amid the acclamations of an audience, excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

lapse of more than half a century ; he remembers him as an old man, decrepid, and much bowed down beneath the weight of years ; of a temper frequently peevish and irascible, and endowed with none of those qualities which render their possessor an amiable personage. Notwithstanding all this and much more that has been said, the notices of his contemporaries have much belied him, or Voltaire must have possessed, under the careless garb of a man of the world, much natural goodness of heart. Of this there is a shining instance in his defence of the unfortunate Calas, and the asylum he offered to his suffering widow, in the very teeth of royal opposition. The inhabitants of Ferney can bear witness also to his kind and charitable offices.

There is but little doubt that the author of the *Henriade*, like many other men of brilliant imagination, to whom the meed of popular applause is as their vital breath, advanced in the conversational *coterie*, or promulgated on the enduring page, sentiments he knew to be in consonance with the free and licentious spirit of the age, but which himself never believed. Many of the actions, that gilded the closing years of Voltaire's long career, impress the observer with the truth of this supposition beyond a doubt. Who can unriddle that deepest of enigmas, the human heart ?

It were needless to expatiate at length on the objects of interest to be seen in the house, or about the grounds, of Voltaire ; travellers have long since published to the world their minutest particulars ; but, before leaving the subject, I shall briefly advert

to such as tend to display his character as a man, or are intimately connected with the leading events of his life. The little church beside the house, with its conspicuous "*Deo erexit Voltaire*," is of itself a volume of biography. Within, in the *salle de reception*, you behold the portraits of Lekain, Madame de Châtelet, and Frederic of Prussia. Lekain owed much of his advancement, as well as the rapid developement of his genius, to the fostering influence of his great patron. The witty, agreeable, clever Madame de Châtelet, long the *chère amie* of Voltaire, neglected him at last for a *liaison* with one every way his inferior, St. Lambert. The poet's humorous exclamation of grief, upon hearing the news of this lady's decease, is too well known to be here repeated; but it certainly goes to prove, that Voltaire was in freshness of feeling a child to the last, and also that the natural kindness of his heart was by no means, as has been sometimes said, extinguished by that skeptical philosophy, which occasionally breathes in his writings.

But his intimacy and correspondence with Frederic the Great forms, perhaps, the most prominent episode in the life of Voltaire. The portrait of that monarch, suspended from the dingy, time-worn wall, recalled to my mind the royal palace of Potsdam, and the private cabinet, where the Poet and the King were wont to hold converse. They were, unquestionably, the most remarkable men of their age; yet Frederic, with less of what is termed genius, was the more clever of the two, and greatly surpassed the other in that invaluable

branch of learning, a knowledge of mankind. Few men have understood more completely than Frederic, the various passions that sway the human heart, or known to turn them better to account; and he has shown a good proof of his shrewd and far-sighted policy, in attaching to his person, one, the magic of whose *pen* might embalm the more perishable deeds of the *sword*, and transmit them on the historic page to the admiration of future ages.

Well, adieu to Ferney, and peace to the ashes of Voltaire. But, ere we quit a country so rich in treasured associations, let us take a glance at the once tranquil abode of the celebrated Necker, and his far more celebrated daughter. Happy Coppet! Immortality shall cling around thee, when cities have crumbled to decay. Who can look upon the retreat that sheltered the sensitive authoress of *Corinne*, without feeling the strong emotion struggling at his heart. Never, since the days of Rousseau, has that gushing, irrepressible sentiment, the offspring of love, passionate, overwhelming, yet delicate in its trembling excess, been so eloquently portrayed. What wonder? She felt as she wrote. Her page was but the burning transcript of her heart. Herself was the lofty, the intellectual, the passionate, and heart-broken *Corinne*. She has breathed into the character the vivid, the yearning emotions of her youth. She has dipped her pencil in the bright ineffaceable hues of her own heart. What wonder, then, the picture glows in its intense, its overpowering fidelity? Who can faithfully por-

tray feelings which have not their home within his own breast? As well might the dull degraded slave, who never knew its magic thrill, dilate on the matchless glow of expanding liberty.

Like the heroine she has drawn, the soul of the Original languished for a sympathy beyond the reach of common minds. She was shrinkingly conscious of the *pure presence* of those exhaustless, inestimable affections, that burned to bestow themselves on one worthy the priceless gift. But, alas! who could appreciate its untold value? Oh, beautiful yet fatal gift! that leadest thy possessor to squander the heart's richest treasures upon objects whose unworthiness it learns but too late. What is there in this vain world can atone for the sinking of the very soul, that attends the first prostrating moment of discovery. We have trusted our all to a single bark; it is the fearful wreck of the heart on the black ocean of despair. Farewell, *beau génie!* farewell, rare combination of lofty, intellectual strength, and that softness and sensibility, so exquisite in woman. It is no elaborate eulogium my pen would trace. Let the rising tear, that starts unbidden to the eye, as it dwells on the sorrows thou hast imaged forth with the heart's deep eloquence, pay its honest, its sincere tribute to thy beautiful memory.

We must not linger more over scenes so fraught with interesting associations. The high-wrought fancy stoops reluctant on its sweeping wing, to hold communion with the sordid, every-day world. Return we once more to the city of Rousseau, the

circumstance of whose birth (oh, changing world!) is now its chiefest honor; yet, while burned the lamp of life, none heaped more willingly upon him the overwhelming load of opprobrium and abuse than the sons of his native city. You raise the pious fane, you exalt the perpetuating monument to embalm the memory of departed genius; yet why trample ye upon the best affections of the beating, suffering heart, until at last it finds refuge for ever, from its feverish pulsation, in the icy though welcome embrace of death.

Geneva has now but little to boast of, whether in literature or the arts. It is at present the headquarters of *bijouterie*, the grand European bazaar of watches, trinkets, cameos, and jewels of every description. It is the half-way house between France and sunny Italy, and its chief wealth is derived from the broad and incessant stream of travel, that pours through it, depositing, like the fabled Pactolus, its golden sand profuse on either shore. Some quarters of the city, the more modern, are handsome and well built; but it is in its picturesque situation, that consists the grand beauty of Geneva. I have visited no inland city in Europe, that can boast so charming a *locale*. Lake, river, mountain, vale, blend here in one beautiful *ensemble*. Lemman, with its serene and glassy surface; the impetuous Rhone; "its durance o'er," leaping forth like the freed captive, wild with the first thrill of holy liberty; these are meet themes for the rapt poet's lyre.

“Clear, placid *Leman*, thy contrasted lake  
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing  
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake  
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.  
The quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once, I loved  
Torn Ocean’s roar; but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet, as if a sister’s voice reproved,  
That I with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.”  
“Now where the swift *Rhone* cleaves his way between,” &c.

Before leaving Geneva, I will advert briefly to the character of its inhabitants, and offer a few general remarks on its present position, as compared with that it formerly occupied in the great European family. In manners and customs, as well as in language, the *Genevois* strikingly resemble their Gallic neighbours, differing in all, very essentially, from the inhabitants of *Basle*, *Berne*, and *Zurich*; where the German admixture vastly predominates. In fact, at the present day, Switzerland cannot be said to possess a distinct individual character. The country itself exists, or rather its name, only by the forbearance of the powerful monarchs whose realms adjoin it. Were not the more enlightened governments of *England* and *France* determined to maintain the balance of European power, Switzerland would have long since shared the fate of gallant, unhappy *Poland*; and the conquest would have been less sanguinary, for Switzerland is degraded. She has fallen from her once lofty estate; the best blood of her sons has been exchanged for foreign gold. The days of *Morgarten* and *Sempach* are passed away for ever; the



heroic devotion of an Erlach, or a Tell, finds no home in the breasts of the modern Swiss. What has been the cause of this rapid degeneracy? Alas! its germ existed in the excess of their greatest virtue. It was Swiss valor which gave the first strong impulse to the ruin of Switzerland. The fiery courage, that humbled the pride of Imperial Austria in the sanguinary encounters of the fourteenth century, was made an article of traffic, and sold to the highest bidder. The true wealth of a nation, industry at home, internal improvements, and cultivation of the soil were lost sight of and neglected, for the more dazzling yet precarious gains of mercenary warfare. Nor was this all. A restless militant spirit was generated, which the peace of succeeding ages has never been able to do away. Even to this day does the Swiss mercenary sell his services to the Roman, and tread with measured patrol the lofty porticos of the Vatican, and the stately colonnades of St. Peter's. In Naples may be seen, garrisoned by the hired Switzer, those important posts, which the King trusts not to the more than suspected fidelity of his own subjects. In France, too, but few years are past, since the Swiss troops formed the favorite escort and *garde de corps* of the King; and they showed, indeed, their devotion to the royal interest, by choosing rather to be shot down at their posts, than ignobly fly. At present, in Paris, *Suisse* is but another name for *concierge*, and you see inscribed upon the houses above the porter's lodge, *Parlez*

*au Suisse* made use of indifferently with *Parlez au concierge*, sufficient evidence of the station that Swiss services are now usually employed in. It is a melancholy and a humiliating reflection to dwell upon, that in a clime, so ennobled by the hand of nature, the creature, man, should sink beneath all corresponding dignity. Yet what person of experience, who, save the visionary enthusiast or the dreaming boy, can even hope to find it otherwise? Those who mistake ignorance for simplicity of manner, and want of means for virtuous self-denial, may extol the morality of the Swiss.

In a country like Switzerland, however, there will ever be found many who, from bitter experience of the world's unsatisfying pursuits, have quitted the homes of their fathers to enjoy, in regions of stillness and repose, the fuller exercise of those noble faculties God has given them. Among such may be found virtue, and the wisdom upon which true virtue is based; but look not for it amid the unenlightened mass.

As I have said, the bright days of her power and political influence are for ever fled. Switzerland can never again be as once she was, when, with waving falchion and bristling spear, her patriotic sons thinned the serried ranks of the foe. At the present era numbers and force must ever determine the final result; individual bravery, self-sacrificing as it may be, can oppose but slight resistance to numerical superiority. As well might the pine, on the mountain's side, expect to impede the thun-

dering onset of the uprooting *avalanche*, as the scanty band of mountaineers, however brave and hardy, to oppose effectually the overwhelming masses of modern warfare. Let her cultivate, then, the mild arts of peace ; let her trust to her own domestic resources ; and, in pursuing the paths of Education and Industry, she will in the end attain the truest glory of an enlightened Republic.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Journey to Lyons. — Annoying Police Examination. — Enlightening Effect of Gold on Politics. — Lyons and its Inhabitants. — Steamboat Passage down the Rhone. — Avignon. — Excursion to Vaucluse. — The celebrated Fountain. — Petrarch and his Laura. — A Déjeûner à la Fourchette. — Wines. — Temperance. — Nîmes. — The Amphitheatre. — The Maison Carrée. — Aqueduct of the Pont du Gard.

I HAD now passed nearly a fortnight in Geneva, hoping each day to receive more favorable news from Italy; but it seemed, that, with every returning traveller, there came yet more direful accounts of cholera, and its redoubtable *aides-de-camp*, *quarantines*, and *cordons sanitaires*. Being convinced that under such restrictions there could be but little pleasure in visiting that interesting country, I resolved to defer my intended tour until a more favorable opportunity, and pass the *interim* in travelling over the fertile territory of vine-clad France. I was fortunate enough at Geneva to fall in with a fellow-countryman of the same way of thinking as myself, and together we set out upon our journey.

Our first point of destination was Lyons. The diligence accomplishes the *trajet* in about twenty-two hours. Upon entering the frontier of France from Switzerland, the traveller is subjected to a strict and severe scrutiny from the government agents. Nowhere in Europe have I witnessed so prying a curiosity as these aforesaid gentlemen

manifested. Not satisfied with the minutest investigation of your effects, and with turning topsyturvy every thing in *portmanteau* and *valise*, they were wanting in suitable respect towards your person, which, even at the *Bureau d'Octroi* (unless peculiar circumstances excite suspicion) is usually deemed inviolate. There were hands groping along beneath coat and vest in eager anticipation of coming in contact with specimens of the jewelry or watches of Geneva. Ordinarily, in all countries (for we must give even the *devil* his due) these gentlemen display much more sensibility and kindness of heart; so that by the convincing argument of five or ten francs, as the case may be more or less urgent, you can be sure of satisfying their unprejudiced minds, that every thing is as straight and correct as needs be.

Now, were I not writing a veritable history of travels, I should here take the opportunity of indulging in an episode, that should have for its subject the mysterious agency of that yellow mineral, yclept "Gold," upon the feelings, judgments, and decisions of the very honest and respectable body of men, who are set apart for the high purpose of ruling, or keeping within due limits, the humbler individuals of their species. I would treat of the magical power it not unfrequently exhibits, in cleansing the breast of the patriotic politician from those insensate, pernicious plans, he deemed before for the good of his constituents and the state; but which, when suddenly assisted by a copious draught of that potent elixir,

that opens to his keener vision the bright sceptre of power, he perceives, almost instinctively (and starts back amazed at his previous blindness), to be of the most anarchical and dangerous tendency. I should go on, I say, making a few remarks upon this singular and interesting subject, and I might perchance settle down upon a philosophical disquisition, respecting the truth or fallacy of the old French adage, *Tout homme a son prix*, did not the theme, in the first place, militate with the employment previously designed for my pen, and, secondly (and this is my more especial reason), were I not apprehensive, that, in so doing, I should be guilty of that most unpardonable crime in Modern Ethics, an unwise or *malapropos exposé* of my own proper opinion. Flanked by these two judicious reasons, I shall abstain from further remark on this fruitful topic; observing merely, as I take my leave, that, however generally an author may treat his subject, if, by any twist or contortion, his remarks may wear even the semblance of being applicable to particular quarters, they are very apt to find their way thither, and, despite the innocence of his intentions, to create towards him feelings of ill will or positive enmity; a mishap no one can be more anxious to avoid than myself; therefore, I will lose no time in resuming the *diligence*, and once more for Lyons.

After a tedious ride, over mountain and plain, we arrived at length at the barriers of this old and populous city. The usual half-minute of detention past, our ponderous vehicle was thundering along

the sombre streets, and, speedily drawing up at the *Bureau de diligence*, left us to our powers of locomotion. Preceded by *commissionaire* and luggage, we took the way à *l'Hôtel de l'Europe*, the most genteel establishment of the kind in Lyons. There we secured comfortable lodgings, and, having devoted the brief hour to repast and *siesta*, sallied forth again to catch a glance at the city.

Lyons is pleasantly situated on a narrow strip of land, between the rivers Rhone and Saone, which commingle their rapid waters at a trifling distance from its immediate precincts. The careless *voyageur* will find but little to amuse in Lyons; but, in the eye of the American traveller, the fact alone, that it is so intimately connected through the medium of trade with the United States clothes it with interest. The manufacturers of Lyons may be said to be in a great measure dependent upon their relations with American importers, and when these relations received a severe, though temporary, blow from the immediate prospect of war between the two nations, the *Lyonnais* for a time suffered much distress in consequence. The sufferings too which this ill-fated city endured during the convulsive throes of the sanguinary revolution, invest it with a melancholy interest. Even to this day, though touched by Time's effacing fingers, their dark impress has not entirely faded away.

The most rapid communication between Lyons and the south of France is by the steam navigation of the Rhone. A steam-boat leaves the pier for Avignon three times a week, quitting the former

city at six in the morning, and accomplishing the *trajet*, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, in twelve or thirteen hours. This rapid mode of conveyance offers an agreeable variety to the *malle poste* or *diligence* traveller ; and, heartily weary of rumbling *voiture* and grumbling *postillon*, we were fain to trust ourselves and fortunes to the gentler influences of steam and stream. The navigation of the Rhone is rather difficult from its frequent shoals and the extreme rapidity of its current ; and Frenchmen, it must be confessed, are but indifferent hands at best, where steam is the moving power. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we grounded once or twice during the passage, but we had the good fortune to escape without serious injury.

The banks of the Rhone, contrasted with the magnificent *côtes* of its sister Rhine, appear tame and deficient in picturesque beauty and grandeur ; but, despite the absence of these, there is something inspiring in the very velocity with which you skim the bounding wave ; rapidity of motion is of itself excitement enough, at least for me. At St. Esprit you pass beneath the noble bridge, that owes its existence to the monks of the Middle Ages. It is a magnificent structure, and looks yet as durable as Old Time himself. We whirled through the wide limits of the centre arch, borne onward by the eddying stream, with a well nigh frightful velocity. At length we landed at the pier of Avignon, and set foot upon the soil, once so favored by the See of Rome.



Avignon is pleasantly situated upon the Rhone, and contains a population exceeding twenty thousand souls; it is the principal town of a fertile and beautiful department. Among the interesting objects which the traveller should visit, the old Cathedral stands prominent. This remarkable edifice towers proudly yet, a memorial of those olden times when Avignon shared, with Imperial Rome, the favor of the Papal Chair; the remains of two or three of the successors of St. Peter yet repose within the walls of the sanctuary. About fifteen miles from the city, the road winding through a fertile and vine-clad district, lies the celebrated village or hamlet of Vacluse. My companion and myself made an excursion, one beautiful day, to this romantic site; the drive was most delightful. The wide-spread champaign was clothed in the rich verdure of the happy vine, whose pliant arms, unable to sustain their precious burden, were depositing, in rich and tempting profusion, their gorgeous clusters on the teeming bosom of the earth. Happy, thrice happy *South!* soft and balmy are the airs that breathe their sweet incense over thy sunny clime, awakening, with invisible influence, each nerve and fibre of the frame to more exquisite sensibility, until the rapt soul thrills under the glowing consciousness of thine inestimable value, oh wondrous boon of existence!

Two hours had well nigh elapsed, when our carriage drew up at the little inn of Vacluse, where, securing the services of a guide, we sallied forth to catch a glance at the celebrated fountain. The

description of this mysterious fount demands an abler pen than mine to do full justice to the theme. Before obtaining a view of the gaping cavern, that bounds its unfathomed waters, there is an considerable elevation to be surmounted. Upon the day of our excursion to Vacluse, the weather was warm and sultry to an unusual degree. From the deep blue of a cloudless sky, the glowing sun of Provence was darting his intense rays upon the arid and exposed face of Nature. With us, however, the extreme heat was of but short duration; for when, having completed the ascent of the little hillock, we made the first step down its opposite side, that shelves gradually to the very margin of the fountain, the change of temperature made itself on the instant most sensibly felt. The heat, but just now intolerable, was succeeded by a chilling coldness, that exhales from those silent and unknown depths, and ever pervades the recesses of that gloomy cavern.

Upon arriving at the summit of the hillock before mentioned, the traveller cannot refrain from pausing a moment as he dwells, with mingled astonishment and awe, upon the sublimity of the scene that meets his eye. Lofty and abrupt, towers directly above him a perpendicular wall of massive rock, five or six hundred feet in altitude, while at his feet, scooped into its very heart, yawns the terrific chasm, with its contents of inky blackness. The blood of the spectator courses chill through each vein, as, in the first moment of surprise, he recoils aghast from that mysterious abyss. The *descensus Averni* and

*Stygius flumen* of the Latin poet flit palpably before the excited sense ; and, were the solid rock to be riven at the moment to its very centre, his astonishment would be susceptible of no increase.

We descended into the rocky enclosure, and bathed in those dark, silent waters. A section of rock, buried some six feet beneath the surface, juts to a small distance from the margin. Upon this rests the eye, with view as searching and distinct, as though a medium no less subtile than the elastic air intervened only between it and the object upon which it rests ; an inch beyond all was chaotic blackness, suggesting to the mind the idea of that unknown, fathomless depth, that constitutes one of the strongest attributes of the Sublime. The cavern was extremely cold and damp, for the sun's genial rays had never penetrated its recesses, and the water was of a temperature to well-nigh paralyze the limbs ; yet we suffered no inconvenience from the exposure. Our guide looked upon it as quite a daring feat, akin probably to swimming the Hellespont, if his learning extended to that point. He had mentioned to us, previously, the extraordinary fact of a Russian gentleman's having, a few days before, bathed in the fountain, a circumstance which probably induced us to immortalize ourselves in like manner.

Altogether the fountain of Vaucluse made an impression upon my mind which time cannot efface. Aside from the remarkable appearances that Nature there developes, it is associated in the memory with the life and productions of the most elegant and

tender of poets, and around it clings, as a wreath, the chaste *souvenir* of love the most Platonic, yet constant and sincere. While genius continues to have its worshippers, and love is looked upon as more than a *word*, the names of Petrarch and his Laura will render the pilgrimage to Vaucluse one of no small interest. There is yet shown to the visiter a column erected to the memory of Laura, and also the house she used to dwell in. But blocks of wood and stone are after all but useless memorials. The deathless page of Petrarch has stamped upon the spot, where glowed his bright genius and that passion which developed it, or was a component part, an immortality which needs not to borrow from monumental pile; and faint indeed must be that merit, which depends on such aid for a name, when our generation shall have passed away, and “the places that now know us shall know us no more.”

The rapid hours were hurrying on the shades of evening, when we bade adieu to this spot, so fraught with poetic associations. Swift rolled the *voiture*, and soon we were reëstablished in our comfortable lodgings at Avignon. The Hôtel de l'Europe in this city (a traveller should never forget the roof that shelters him) is an excellent and well-conducted establishment; it was there, for the first time in France or elsewhere, that I sat down to a regular *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a description of meal but little known in this country. In the south of France, a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with the single exception of there being no preface of

soup, (a *sine quâ non* in French dining,) differs in no material point from the *diner*. Bottles of wine, *gigots*, *patés*, *coutelettes*, *fricandeaux*, *salades*, &c., are scattered about the table in profusion. A dessert succeeds, where you are regaled with the finest grapes and fruits of the season; the whole concludes with a *tasse de café* and a *petit verre de liqueur*; and, thus fortified, you are presumed to be in good condition to hold out until the hour of dinner, when a similar repast, upon a scale a trifle more ample, succeeds. The *déjeûner* at the *table d'hôte* is usually served up at ten or half past, and the *diner* at half past five o'clock. Thus there are only two meals a day, but those substantial ones; a custom I think, on many accounts, preferable to our own.

The habit of drinking wine, both at breakfast and dinner, is very prevalent; it is an indulgence, that the poorest peasant in Southern France is not obliged to abstain from, yet, with all this free use of the grape's exhilarating juice, intemperance is a vice but seldom met with. During a residence of more than a year in the Capital, and of several months in the various Departments, of France, I recollect to have seen but very few cases of positive inebriety; certainly not more than two or three among the native inhabitants. The ordinary wine of the country, destined for home consumption, is never alloyed by an admixture of spirituous liquors; in strength it but little exceeds our common cider, and, mingled with water in equal quantities, forms a beverage at once agreeable and salutary. It seems to me,

that, as a table drink, this possesses numerous advantages over those fashionable slops, coffee and tea, which, with us, circulate their slow, insidious poisons through all ranks of society.

From Avignon we took the route to Nismes, being desirous of surveying those relics of Roman grandeur with which this city abounds. Nismes contains a population of more than forty thousand souls; its *locale* subjects it to numerous disadvantages in a commercial point of view, there being neither navigable stream nor canal in its vicinity. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, Nismes carries on an extensive trade in silken stuffs, &c. The heavy diligences, of which this city is a grand central point, do the slow work of transportation to Avignon and Marseilles, where the Rhone and Mediterranean offer their facilities. Nismes is provided with a handsome theatre, and, with its wide, airy avenues and well-built edifices, it presents a striking and tasteful appearance.

But it is not as a modern town, that this place possesses an interest; no, its associations, as you roam along the wide streets, are all with the past. The stupendous amphitheatre, so vast and colossal, what a world of imaginings does it not call forth? You gaze upon it, and reflect upon the thousands of admiring spectators, whose plaudits have rung through that now untenanted and desolate enclosure. In imagination, you revert to the sanguinary scenes that have been enacted upon its ample *arena*. It was here the gladiator pursued his bloody game; it was here the savage beast and

desperate criminal closed in the throttling embrace of death. Centuries have swelled the huge volume of the past, and these sanguinary orgies have been swept away in their march; yet remains still the huge edifice. You walk around it; you ascend its massive steps, and look about you; your imagination becomes filled with the near view of the stupendous grandeur of a nation, which, in the mere wantonness of its sports, could rear a pile like this. The entire amphitheatre is yet in tolerable preservation. Although by no means so large or imposing as the Colosseum at Rome, I should not hesitate in pronouncing it as second only, upon the continent of Europe, to that stupendous ruin. In ascending the amphitheatre, and while at a considerable height from the ground, the spectator is surprised at the prodigious size of the fragments of rock that compose the walls. We are indeed at a loss to conceive, by what process the ancients were enabled to raise such enormous blocks of stone to so great a height, and arrange them in such admirable uniformity and precision without the slightest perceptible use of cement.

When the admiration has become exhausted with gazing on this stupendous pile, the tourist should turn to contemplate that exquisite *bijou*, the *Maison Carrée*, without a doubt the most beautiful vestige of antiquity out of Italy, and excelled but by few, even in that chosen land of the *past*. The *Maison Carrée* in its masonry contrasts most glaringly with the amphitheatre. Its workmanship is of the extremest nicety, and the chaste entablature

of its Corinthian columns is so exquisite, in its fretted moulding, as to possess all the delicacy of the finest lace-work. This remarkable building has been employed, during the long lapse of centuries, for manifold purposes. In one age it has been the religious temple. Another has seen it degraded to the vile uses of the stable. At present it serves as a museum, and contains several paintings; but none remarkable for their excellence. The design and construction of the building are extremely beautiful, and, from its fairylike elegance of proportion, here wedded to strength, it has been selected as a model for many elegant modern edifices. So perfect is the universal symmetry, that the building, at first sight, strikes your eye as much smaller than it really is, and it is not until after taking a minute survey of the whole, that you become aware of its actual dimensions. There is not a single line of harshness in its whole contour, and the eye fastens upon its admirable proportions with the same delight that the glowing canvass or the breathing marble could inspire.

A few miles from the city of Nismes is another relic of Roman grandeur, which the traveller should by no means omit visiting. I refer to the aqueduct of the Pont du Gard. There is a kind of mellow, moonlight softness about this pile, that fascinates the beholder. In dimensions it is much inferior to the celebrated aqueduct at Caserta, the most colossal undertaking of the kind that modern or perhaps ancient times have witnessed; in symmetrical elegance and harmony, however, the Pont



du Gard much excels it. The stone that composes it is soft and easily broken, and yet it has been able to resist the effects of time and temperature for two thousand years.

Not far from the Pont, which is concealed by surrounding hills from the view, until you are almost upon it, I met a laborer, and requested him to show me the nearest way to the object of my search; he accompanied me to the very spot. At my request, with his rude implement of labor he detached from the pile a small fragment of stone, which I possessed myself of with all the avidity of an antiquary, and subsequently, for lack of better, with the same rough substitute for a chisel, he carved upon the time-worn rock the initials of my name. Learning is but very little diffused among the lower classes in Southern France, and my rustic friend had no more definite idea of the form that letters should assume, than he had of the Man in the Moon. Nevertheless, with pickaxe in hand, he followed the course my finger marked out, and soon, engraved upon the yellow rock, appeared broad and deep, though not in nicest workmanship, the wished-for letters. I gave my artist two francs for his trouble, and we parted, no doubt mutually pleased with each other.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Marseilles. — The Quai. — Water Excursions. — Hôtel de Ville. — Cause of the Neglect of the Fine Arts. — The Old Town. — The New Town. — Theatre. — Amusements. — Female Pedlers in Cafés. — Manners of the Inhabitants. — Charlatanerie. — Tir au Pistolet. — Montagnes Russes. — Toulon. — The Harbour. — The Montebello Ship of the Line. — Royal Arsenal. — Character of the Marseillais. — Their Language and Personal Appearance. — The Women of Southern France. — A Remark on their peculiar Traits, Moral and Physical.

UPON returning to Nismes, we again took a survey of the curiosities in which this interesting city abounds, and then secured seats in the diligence for Marseilles. The traveller will not forget his first glance at the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the sea that washes the classic shores of Italy and Greece, with those of distant Palestine. The orb of day was but just risen, as our vehicle surmounted the summit of a hill, that commanded a distant view of its wide expanse; the first glimpse I caught of its azure swell, filled my heart with a thrill of gladness. Long had been the time since I had gazed upon the “glad waters of the dark blue sea,” and, at their first vision, there came over me those vivid emotions of pleasure that cause the heart to beat strong and rapid, as when, after long separation, we hail again the welcome presence of a true and tried friend. We entered the city, and took lodgings at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs.

The traveller, who finds himself for the first time in the city of Marseilles, will be surprised at the peculiar and picturesque aspect of all that meets his eye; the long, regular, and well-built streets, with the bustling throng that gives them life and animation; the various and picturesque costumes one is constantly meeting with; then, too, the splendid *cafés*, glittering with their hundred mirrors, and swarming with careless multitudes, engaged in sipping their aromatic beverage, or absorbed in the oblivious cigar, or intent upon the unfailing resource of domino. All is rife with motion and gayety.

Turn now your steps towards the *Quai*, and the scene is yet more animated. Within the crowded port are streaming the flags of every maritime nation. I saw the "star-spangled banner" floating cheerily in the breeze, and, fanned by the same airs, were jauntily sporting the flags of England and of the Netherlands, with those of the numerous powers that line the extended coasts of the Mediterranean and Levant. Close by the piers were moored scores of boats, gayly cushioned, their several masters eagerly requesting the precious freight of your person. These water cabriolets call to mind the land ones of Paris; their masters are equally officious, and happily under a like excellent supervision. Motioning assent to one of these *Neptunes*, you leap into his ready boat; at a loss, however, to conceive how he will manage to extricate himself from the tangled mass of skiffs and wherries that environ you. This he does,

however, very dexterously ; but the secret is in the construction of the boats. They are put together in a manner firm enough to resist the rudest concussion. A few strokes of the oar, and you are floating on the turbid bosom of the wave, in the open space, while on either side the shipping extends, dense and unbroken, to the fortress that commands the entrance of the port. These boats pull far out into the open harbour ; you take them either by the course, as it is called, or by the hour, and the terms, being regulated by law, are sufficiently moderate. The better class of boats are provided with sails. At the close of a sultry afternoon, when the faint evening breeze is springing up, it is a pleasant mode of passing an hour, as, reclining on the cushion, with flowing sheet expanded to the breeze, you glide over the serene and peaceful waters, absorbed in those pleasing reveries the soft scene naturally gives birth to.

There is to me a luxury in scenes like this ; the gentle zephyr, that wafts you along, breathes softly over the awakened frame ; Nature seems all quietude and repose ; no sound breaks in upon the stillness, save that of the rippling waters, as in faint murmurs they close and eddy around the advancing prow. Were I a poet, I would woo the coy muse under the soft influences of moments like these ; for it is then that the immortal mind, freed from the debasing contact of a sordid world, expands under the conscious possession of its own glorious attributes ; it is then that present themselves in luminous array, before the soaring

imagination, those mysterious embodyings of the Sublime and the Beautiful, whose fiery impress shall glow in after time on the inspired page, to give the world assurance of that heaven-born flame, which, albeit not intense as in ages past, is yet not all extinct.

The city of Marseilles is extremely deficient as regards public edifices; there is also a most lamentable paucity of churches, and not a building in the city, that I can recollect, which is worthy the dignified name of Cathedral; a combination of circumstances, it must be confessed, that argues but little in favor of the Marseillais, as far as good taste or morality and religion are concerned. The sole public edifice in Marseilles, that would attract the stranger's attention, is the *Hôtel de Ville*, erected after the designs of the first French architect of his day. To his correctness of taste and nicety of chisel, the elaborate, beautifully worked *façade* bears abundant witness.

As it respects the fine arts, the city is also equally deficient. If we except one or two masterly productions by David, illustrative of the Plague at Marseilles, and some half dozen other respectable ones by various masters, treating principally upon the same subject, the student of painting can find nothing in his art to elicit admiration. These facts will appear singular to the reader, upon the reflection that Marseilles is the third city, in point of population and commerce, of the most enlightened kingdom upon the European continent; but the circumstance may be easily accounted for. The

city was originally built solely for commercial purposes ; its situation explains that, and under the auspices of commerce alone has it swelled to its present magnitude. In Europe, capitals only are embellished and adorned ; the fine arts but rarely deign to visit the haunts where busy Commerce holds the sway. Hence, in Marseilles we must look for those advantages, which an exclusively business city is presumed to possess ; these we certainly discover. In addition to this, the city, taken as a whole, may be denominated decidedly handsome. It contains a population of a hundred thousand, or, according to other accounts, one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Marseilles is divided into the old and new town. The old town is of course a dark, confused mass of buildings, barely perforated by dingy, sombre streets, within whose narrow limits the sun's genial rays can find place but an hour or two in the day ; in consequence, they are damp, and, what is worse, not a little noisome, from the filth that but too usually disgraces the *vieux quartiers* of French provincial towns.

But the new town, which is very extensive, is laid out in an open and regular manner ; the streets are wide, straight, and airy, — some of them strikingly handsome. The *Rue de Rome* is considered by many travellers the finest street upon the continent of Europe ; its remarkable length, piercing the city through in a perfectly direct line, with the regularity and just proportion of its buildings, certainly gives it no poor claim to such precedence.

The *Rue St. Ferréol* and the *Rue de Paradis*, running parallel with the former, are also elegant streets. The *Rue de Beauvau*, which opens upon the *Canebière*, though inferior to the before-mentioned avenues in length, is yet more conspicuous from the great size and towering height of its edifices. In this street are to be found most of the principal hotels; the *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs*, where we took lodgings, the *Hôtel des Princes*, *Hôtel de Beauvau*, &c. Here also is the Theatre, which, standing isolated in the midst, terminates the street, giving its name to an extensive square, of which it forms a side. This theatre is a large building, and rather imposing in its external appearance; the interior, however, cannot be pronounced elegant. The performances, although tolerable, are by no means of that high order one would expect to discover in the principal *salle de spectacles* of a city like Marseilles. Much confusion arises from the circumstance of every one being admitted indiscriminately behind the scenes, a practice, which, besides embarrassing the entire business of the stage, is very destructive to the general effect of the pieces represented, as well as to the general reputation of the actresses that appear in them.

The amusements at Marseilles, during the warm season, are of such a nature as the enervating influence of the climate would naturally predispose to. The *cafés*, with their agreeable concomitants, appear to be the principal seats of attraction. You may frequently observe the *habitués* of these resorts, comfortably seated on chairs or benches disposed

along the *trottoirs*, sipping their coffee or contemplating the cigar's wavy wreath, by the hour together; but those are usually foreigners, as the indolent Turk or saturnine Spaniard. The Frenchman is too mercurial for so long a *séance*.

*Apropos* of the *cafés*, there is one thing about them, which I do not remember having seen in either those of Paris, Lyons, or Bordeaux. I allude to the custom of peddling, or vending petty articles, which prevails in these resorts to a great extent. The visiter is scarcely seated at his table, awaiting the arrival of the *garçon*, before his auricular nerves are tickled with the mellifluous tones of a voice, breathing out accents like these. *Monsieur, voulez-vous une telle ou une telle chose? j'en ai de toute variété*; upon turning, you behold at your side a pretty pedleress, with her *magasin de modes* compressed within the narrow compass of a single box. A spice of curiosity, or a hint from that innate feeling, which ever induces a well-bred man to extend regard and protection to the *beau sexe*, prompts the unsuspecting stranger to inspect the pretty vender's merchandise. Here her grand point is gained. A powerful battery of smile and repartee, effectively served by the piquant features of a pretty brunette, can easily accomplish the rest; and the result is, that, almost unconsciously, the purchaser finds himself loaded with a quantity of articles, for which he has not the least possible use. But this, the more immediate, is not the worst result. The improvident stranger straightway becomes a mark for the whole *corps* of the



trafficking sisterhood; and, before a week has passed over his head in Marseilles, his purse will assure him, that, whatever may be his softer hopes in perspective, he has at least for *that* established a very ruinous precedent.

There is, it seems to me, a *laissez aller* vein pervading the manners of all ranks of society at Marseilles. Liberties are suffered with much tolerance, which, if taken in colder regions, would no doubt subject the offender to personal chastisement from the annoyed party, or consign him to the tender mercy of the law's myrmidons. For instance, you are sitting, some delightful day, at your open window, in the third or fourth story, as we will suppose, of your hotel. All of a sudden, your meditations are interrupted by the grinning apparition of a monkey, fantastically costumed, in the act of scrambling over your window-sill. Around the animal's neck is a collar, from which depends a small chain, and to that is attached a cord. Below, with the extremity of the string in hand, stands, in supplicating posture, a little boy (Savoyards they are termed), who implores your generosity *pour la grace de Ciel* to the amount of a few *liards*. You throw him the trifling pittance; the monkey acknowledges the donation with a graceful obeisance, then quits his elevated position and descends once more to *terra firma*. In instances like the preceding, the monkey generally constitutes the entire property, both real and personal, of his boy-master, and on this account, as well as from the natural instigation of a kindly

disposition, that all trades, however humble, should have their quota of success, the Frenchman gives his *sous*, and overlooks the intrusion.

The lower classes in the South of France are ignorant, and, as a natural consequence, superstitious. While I was at Marseilles, a convincing proof of the truth of this observation was afforded me; it was, by the bye, an incident similar to that which Auber has selected as a vehicle for the charming music of *Le Philtre*. One day, while walking in the *Canebière*, I was startled by the loud music of drum and fife, and, repairing to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, I discovered, mounted upon the box of a carriage, to which were attached two jaded animals, a personage gayly dressed, in a costume similar to that worn by our *crack* circus riders. When a sufficient multitude was collected the music ceased, and all awaited in respectful silence the health-restoring words that were to issue from the lips of this itinerant Æsculapius. With a phial in either hand, he commenced haranguing the crowd most energetically upon the virtue of his nostrums. For all ailments incidental to the body or mind, for the sharp pangs of unrequited love, the subtile poison of green-eyed jealousy, had he infallible panaceas. In fine, his medicaments were of a nature potent enough to put to flight the whole army of diseases. The crowd pressed forward to possess themselves of those precious phials, eagerly exchanging their coin for elixirs of such inestimable value. The farce continues until *Monsieur Charlatan* has got rid of

his drugs, and his patients of their money, when the doctor, like a skilful general, draws off his forces to make preparations for another campaign.

While on the subject of amusements in *Marseilles*, I must not neglect to mention the *Tir au Pistolet*, where a gentleman may find it worth the while to kill an hour or two in improving his correctness of eye and hand, thus combining a profitable result with the lighter enjoyment of the passing hour. In France, unless a man be gifted with a peaceful and placid disposition, he should not neglect becoming a good shot or a skilful swordsman, accomplishments he must possess in self-defence. This over, you can jump into your cabriolet, and, leaving the dusty city behind, repair to where the *Montagnes Russes* offer to the stranger a novel and exciting species of amusement. These *Montagnes Russes*, which, it is unnecessary to inform the reader, are mountains of wood, consist of semicircular railways, elevated at the superior part to a very considerable height. You ascend to this lofty point by means of an inclined plane, thick-studded with transverse pieces of wood to prevent the feet from slipping. Arrived at the desired eminence, you enter a little shed, where are several cars ready for immediate service, and a man in waiting to attend your behest. The descent from this point looks not a little perilous to the unpractised eye; but, being assured there is no actual danger, your friend and self enter the car, which is intended to accommodate but two. Securely braced in the seat, each, with one arm around the other's waist,

(its fellow firmly compressing the back of the low car), anxiously awaits the impulse that hurls the light vehicle down the precipitous descent of fifteen or twenty feet, with a momentum which it would seem must swerve it from the perpendicular, and involve the rash occupants in immediate destruction. But no; the only result is a stunning velocity, outspeeding the wings of the rushing wind, and you are whirled onward, scarce able to draw breath, far along the course, until at last the dead level, and obstacles interposed for the purpose, put a period to your swift career. After a few trials, this exercise loses its aspect of terror, and communicates only an agreeable excitement. It is, indeed, quite a popular diversion, and during festivals and holydays forms no inconsiderable feature in the sports of both sexes.

We had now exhausted the curiosities and amusements of Marseilles, and that fell demon, that ever stalks hand in hand with Satiety, strenuously insisted upon a change of scene. We turned our attention first of all upon Toulon. It was from this city that we had originally intended to take passage on board one of the government steamships for Algiers, but the plan never ripened into execution. My friend, an English naval officer with whom we had become acquainted, and myself, secured the *coupé* of the diligence for Toulon. We set out upon the excursion at about six o'clock, P. M., and, although the distance but little exceeds forty miles, did not arrive until nearly the same hour the ensuing morning. Toulon is a city con-

taining a population of twenty thousand souls. It is built upon a narrow strip of land, that intervenes between the base of a lofty hill and the blue waters of the Mediterranean. As a naval *depôt*, it is a station of great importance, ranking as the second in the kingdom.

The harbour of Toulon is admirably adapted by nature for the purposes to which man has applied it. A lofty range of hills, encircling it on all sides save one, interposes an impassable barrier to the infuriate tempest; the only pass, where the foe could assail it with chance of success, is of comparatively little width, and could be easily defended at an hour's warning. Within this secure inclosure, all is well arranged and commodious; the roomy, noiseless expanse, that could afford wide anchorage to hundreds of ships, contrasts agreeably with the busy yet contracted port of Marseilles. The waters are clear\* and profound, and, upon their unruffled bosom, ride securely the proud bulwarks of Maritime France. Here the colossal three-decker and the beautiful frigate were sleeping on the unchanging wave,† until the thundering voice of War should arouse their latent energies, and bid

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\* The waters of the Mediterranean at Toulon are remarkably clear and translucent. While visiting that port, we took advantage of a fine day for an excursion about the harbour, and engaged a small sail-boat for the purpose; here and there, where it consisted of more shining particles, the bottom could be distinctly discerned at the depth of seven or eight fathoms. So clear and tranquil was the element, that our little boat seemed suspended, as though in air, upon its motionless bosom.

† The Mediterranean, along the shores of France, is not perceptibly affected by tides.

them once more expose to the wooing breeze each ready sail, and plough again the briny deep.

In the course of the day, as we were roaming about the streets, our English friend encountered an intimate acquaintance, who held a situation similar to his own in the French Marine. Under passport of this gentleman's epaulette, we were admitted to a view of all worth the seeing in the Arsenal and Navy Yard of Toulon; and, what gratified us more than all, we were enabled through his politeness to visit the first-rate ship of the line, Montebello. This splendid three-decker, perhaps the finest ship in the French Navy, mounted a battery of one hundred and twenty guns, all at that time on board. She was in complete order, ready for sea, and was expected to sail in eight or ten days from that time. The officers of the ship, with the proverbial courtesy of Frenchmen, allowed us ample opportunity of gratifying the stranger's besetting sin, *curiosity*. For myself, — as it was the first ship of the line, belonging to a foreign power, I had ever enjoyed the opportunity of visiting, and the largest one upon whose deck my foot had ever trod, excepting our own sea-monster, the redoubtable Pennsylvania, — I gave free scope to my curiosity, taking a minute survey of every thing. The three decks of this noble ship displayed the most formidable battery I had ever witnessed, and, as if to relieve the eye after a contemplation of these death-dealing engines, every thing around was arranged in that neat, ship-shape manner, so consonant with the feelings of your true sailor. One

might well, while gazing upon her formidable armament and admirable appointments, exclaim with the impassioned Poet,

“Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck.”

After leaving the side of this fine ship, whose imposing appearance I shall not soon forget, we visited the Royal Arsenal, and passed through its various apartments. Here, in well-burnished array, glittered arms of every description, offensive and defensive. It was indeed a brave display of warlike implements. But I had seen yet finer collections than this; that at the Tower in London, those at the *Musée d'Artillerie* in Paris, and the Grand Arsenal at Vienna, being more curious and complete.

The day was thus passed in the agreeable occupations I have essayed to describe, and, when the afternoon was fading into the dusk of advancing eve, we had recourse once again to the diligence, and retraced the slow and weary way to Marseilles. Arriving there at four o'clock in the morning, we repaired hastily to our hotel, and I for one lost no time in summoning to my aid the coy nymph, Sleep, in whose Lethean embrace slumbered each sense, until the sun was shining bright and high in the blue heavens.

Before bidding a final adieu to this city, I must request the tolerance of the courteous reader for a moment, to be employed in touching upon the character, customs, language, and general appearance of its inhabitants. The Marseillais, I refer

more particularly to the mass, have the reputation of possessing a fickle and insubordinate disposition. During the terrible struggles of the Revolution, a large body of the Marseillais played a most conspicuous part in its sanguinary orgies; and their character to this day is essentially the same, though modified of course by circumstances. Add to this the fact of their being removed more than five hundred miles from the capital, and it will not be wondered at, that they feel but comparatively little interest in the general government, and are, when occasion offers, something prone to sedition and revolt. Under the iron rule of the present monarch, there is, indeed, but faint probability of such occasion's presenting; for his policy is based upon safer and surer principles than that which regulated the cabinets of his predecessors. The incessant patrol, the martial notes of drum and horn, swelling ever on the air, the burnished tube and ready bayonet, speak to all in a language none can misunderstand.

With respect to the language, or *patois*, as it is termed, almost wholly in use among the lower orders of the people, it is a dialect exhibiting but faint resemblance to legitimate French, and such as no one from Paris or the northern departments of France could in the least understand. It is said to bear a very ancient date, anterior to that of the French language as now spoken. In its terminations it is musical, and well adapted to poesy and song. This dialect is no doubt either the same as, or very analogous to, the *Provençale*, in which



the gallant troubadours of the Middle Ages were wont to clothe their chivalrous minstrelsy, as they sighed forth their faith and devotion to the listening ear of ladye love, or sang in bolder measure the fierce delights that wait on the red battle.

As I have said above, this *patois* is in universal use among the lower classes. To acquire the French idioms, they are obliged to study them as would foreigners, so that the speaking the language of their country in an intelligible, not to say grammatical manner, is held as quite an accomplishment, placing its possessor a grade above his fellows. Of course, these remarks have no reference whatever to the better classes, among whom the language of the realm is spoken with as much purity and elegance as in any circles of the kingdom.

In person the Marseillais rather exceeds the middle height. He possesses a quick and lively air, and a physiognomy that betrays an admixture of Italian and Spanish with the original Gallic stock. The women may be, collectively, considered handsome; on their olive cheeks dwell the warm charms of the *piquante* brunette; their brilliant eyes and dark locks tell of the glowing South, and give token of those ardent feelings which Nature has implanted within them. In beauty of feature, and symmetrical elegance of person, the women of Southern France lose not in a comparison with the daughters of sunny Italy, but they yield the palm to the dark-eyed houris of Spain. They are generally distinguished by an easy grace-

fulness of manner, and an agreeable, playful vivacity. That these, in a country where female virtue is not protected by the strong barrier of public opinion, should lead to occasional instances of frailty is not to be wondered at; but in taking note of the evil we should not allow the good to escape us; we should not overlook the thousand examples of that deep, unchanging devotion, dwelling in hearts that allow no medium between love and hate. Shall the regions of the South, where the sun's burning rays excite into fever the coursing current of life, be submitted to a test applicable alone to those colder climes, where the chilling snows and icy barriers of well nigh perennial winter congeal into comparative torpor the softer emotions of the soul? But I must leave this question to be answered according to the fancy of the enlightened reader, and resume a tour, longer interrupted at this point than was my purpose.

## CHAPTER XV.

Montpellier. — Promenades. — Ancient Pile. — Medical School. — Young and Narcissa. — Narcissa's Tomb. — The Canal de Languedoc. — Travelling on it. — Toulouse. — Objects of Interest. — Antiquities. — Places of Amusement. — Journey to Bordeaux. — Description of the City. — Theatre. — Corn Mill. — Montaigne. — Bordeaux and Marseilles compared. — Travelling by Malle Poste. — Route to Paris. — Poitiers. — Tours. — Extensive Quai. — The Loire. — Blois. — Orléans. — La Pucelle. — Arrival at Paris.

ONCE more we are moving along the proud *côtes* of the classic Mediterranean, and Montpellier is our place of destination. Montpellier! how that name calls forth the sweet associations of serene and cloudless skies, of balmy and health-restoring airs. To this city how oft has the fond invalid, cheered by the delusive rays of hope, traced his last, lingering journey, to find, alas! but the remedy of the tomb.

The city of Montpellier is distant about seventy miles, in a northwesterly direction from Marseilles. It is situated about five miles from the Mediterranean, and enjoys a *locale* bold, elevated, and airy. Its elevated site, however, is not without disadvantage, leaving the city open and exposed to the sweeping violence of the winds, that come laden with the piercing humors of the salt sea. On this account, notwithstanding all that has been said of the salubrity of its air and climate, I should think that Montpellier could not be other than an un-

favorable residence for persons suffering under pulmonary complaints. For restoring, however, to the original healthy tone a nervous system, relaxed by sickness or sedentary pursuits, its bracing air is undoubtedly highly favorable. The population of the city is estimated at between thirty and forty thousand. A few of the streets are wide and elegant; but generally, as in the greater number of old French towns, the thoroughfares are narrow and incommodious, and the houses thrown up with but little regard to taste or elegance.

There are several pleasant promenades; one I remember quite delightful. It is a constructed esplanade, upon the summit of the city's extremest elevation. About this beautiful promenade are disposed benches for the convenience of visitors. In the centre of the area rises a Grecian temple, whose roof protects from the rays of an ardent sun, the sparkling waters of a fountain, for which the building may be considered a reservoir. Without the walls of this temple, pour from frequent mouths, with murmuring fall, those limpid waters. The effect of the whole is light and beautiful in the extreme.

From this delightful promenade, a fine and most extensive view is enjoyed. The city of Montpellier lies at your feet. Passing that, the eye ranges over the long sweep of adjacent country, and rests on the waters of the deep blue sea, as they kiss the distant horizon. Immediately below, and contiguous to the esplanade upon which you are standing, commences its protracted length, and stretches

far in the distance, with continuous arch, a pile, which might once have been a Roman aqueduct. This ruin is interesting from its great extent, and more particularly so, as a vestige of those remote ages, when the Roman Eagle fastened his claws upon the heart of conquered Gaul.

Of a clear day, from the elevation of which I am speaking, may be caught a glimpse of the Pyrenees' distant peaks on the one hand, and on the other can be discerned, well nigh melted to mist, in the distance, your lofty summits, Eternal Alps.

Montpellier has long been noted for the excellence of its *Ecole de Medecine*, and for the number and wisdom of the faculty there assembled. Probably no city in France, with the exception of Paris, offers so many advantages to the student of medicine. The Anatomical Theatre is on a remarkably extensive scale, and is said to be capable of accommodating two thousand spectators. There is also in this city a well-endowed public library, containing between thirty and forty thousand volumes.

While at Montpellier, the traveller who is familiar with the subject of Young's immortal poem, will not omit to visit the spot, where the bereaved father, by stealth, at night, consigned to their original dust the remains of his much loved child.

“What could I do? What succour? what resource?

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,

With impious piety that grave I wronged.

Short in my duty, coward in my grief,

More like her murderer than friend, I crept

With soft, suspended step; and, muffled deep

In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh.  
I whispered what should echo through their realms,  
Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce the skies.  
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,  
While Nature's loudest dictates I obeyed?  
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief  
And indignation rival bursts I poured;  
Half execration mingled with my prayer,  
Kindled at man, while I his God adored;  
Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust,  
Stamped the cursed soil, and with humanity  
(Denied Narcissa) wished them all a grave."

It was Saturday when we arrived at Montpellier, and early the ensuing day we repaired to the garden, within whose precincts yet repose the remains of Narcissa. Arrived at the gate, we were denied admittance by the old gardener, upon the plea that no visitors were allowed to ramble in the gardens of a Sunday. We told him our religious errand, and that we were travellers expecting to leave that evening or early the coming morn; in fine, we poured upon him as moving a torrent of French entreaty as was at our command, to no purpose; he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties; he refused our money, and at last we were fain to give up the point in despair. Of a surety, methought, there seems somewhat of that bigoted obstinacy, which locked up the breasts of the people of Montpellier in the days of Dr. Young, still visible in their descendants.

Early the next day we once more sought the gardens. The old janitor admitted us, and we wandered awhile about the extensive grounds, without discovering the object of our search. At length, in a sequestered niche, where the superin-

cumbent mound of earth was prevented from falling in by a rude support of brick, I descried a tablet of greyish stone, upon which were carved these few and simple words :

“*Placandis Narcissæ Manibus.*”

Here then was the spot, where, in the bitter agony of grief, the poet, perchance, first conceived the idea of embalming that deep sorrow in undying verse.

I felt a painful thrill creeping over me as I gazed upon the spot ; a crowd of associations presented themselves to my mind's eye ; an aged, disconsolate father, alone and at midnight in the land of the stranger and the foe, committing to the cold grave the last hope of his declining years, an only daughter ; and how was this last sad office rendered, and dust yielded again to dust ? Alas ! there was no funeral retinue ; there were no weeping mourners ; friends there were not, to sympathize and console. No ; the few, sacred moments, that were employed in veiling for ever from the gaze of that bereaved parent the inanimate form of her he had so loved, were rendered yet more replete with anguish, from the fear, that, with sacrilegious step, some stern intruder might frustrate the holy enterprise, and forbid (what agony in the thought ! ) the rites of decent sepulture.

Upon leaving Montpellier, our route conducted us to Cette, six or seven miles distant from that city, of which it may be considered the port. Cette is a town of considerable importance, possessing an extensive foreign trade. It is situated

on the Mediterranean, or rather between Lake Thau and the Mediterranean, having a free communication with that sea. The town possesses a safe and commodious harbour, commanded by the guns of two strong fortresses.

Our stay here was protracted no longer than was necessary, and we took passage, as soon as opportunity offered, on board the steam-boat that traverses Lake Thau, thus completing the long line of inland navigation between Bordeaux and the Mediterranean.

Upon arriving at the point where the waters of the canal form a junction with those of the Lake, we quitted the steam-boat, and embarked on board one of the fine packets that ply along this superb canal. The *Canal du Midi* or *Languedoc*, as it is indiscriminately termed, is a work which would reflect honor upon any nation or government. It extends about one hundred and fifty miles, connecting the waters of the Garonne with those of the Mediterranean. At the surface it is sixty-four feet in width; the canal is provided with one hundred and fourteen locks, it is spanned by nearly a hundred road bridges, and more than fifty aqueduct ones. The boats that float on its bosom are eighty-five feet in length, by eighteen in breadth, drawing five feet of water, and of one hundred tons' burden. The canal traverses, throughout their whole extent, the smiling domains of Languedoc, that fairest portion of *la belle France*. The cultivated sweep of wide-spread champaign, is redolent of the sweets beneficent Nature has



showered upon her favored clime; the waving grain and joyous vine bespeak, too, the honest industry of man; and the swelling heart of the spectator, bathed in soft emotions, sympathizes with the tranquillizing beauty of the scene.

Nor are there wanting along the route instances of romantic beauty and grandeur of scenery. At Bezières, the canal passes through the base of a mountain, by a tunnel seven hundred and twenty feet in length, and lined throughout with freestone. To me there was a something of novel, and even sublime, in this dark, silent, subterraneous mode of *voyaging* through the bowels of the solid earth.

The preparations for night on board these canal boats are not the same as with us. No luxury of bedding is there displayed; each *voyageur* is provided with a cushioned seat, from either side of which protrudes an arm, after the similitude of a *stalle d'orchestre* in a French theatre, and corresponding, to all intents and purposes, with that frequent and most comfortable piece of household furniture, the *arm-chair*. Here the traveller is obliged to content himself by wearing away the night as he best may.

The rate of travelling upon the canal rather exceeds four miles per hour, giving a period of about thirty-six hours for accomplishing the traverse between Cette and Toulouse. At the expiration of this time we duly effected a landing at the *Bureau des Paquebots*, in the city of Toulouse.

There is but little in this city to protract the traveller's stay. Immediately upon our arrival, we

secured the services of a *valet de place*, and under his auspices commenced a survey of the place.

Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, which is here broad and navigable. A noble bridge, nearly nine hundred feet in length and seventy in breadth, is reared above its rapid waters. Not far from the bridge, and hard by the banks of the river, is a lofty tower, erected for the purpose of distributing the waters of the Garonne through the city. The process by which this object is accomplished is novel and ingenious, but rather too complicated in its nature to admit of a satisfactory explanation from one unlearned in the science of Hydraulics.

The other public objects, that will repay the stranger for the visiting, are the Town House, a handsome edifice, possessing a beautifully ornamented *façade*; the Cathedral, venerable from its remote antiquity; and a few of the other churches, whose names have escaped my memory.

Toulouse possesses also its quota of antiquities; the remains of a Roman Amphitheatre and Aqueduct are there yet visible. In a spacious quadrangular area, serving as a depository for valuable antiques, the visiter is shown many ancient Roman statues. These, though for the most part in an imperfect and mutilated state, display nevertheless much of that harmony of outline and symmetrical beauty of proportion, that attest the perfection of the art during the palmy days of Imperial Rome.

In the eye of the historical reader, Toulouse will ever possess an interest from the siege and the

battle of which it was the theatre during the sanguinary period of the Peninsular campaigns. Traces of that severe conflict around the walls of the devoted city are yet visible.

With respect to the places of amusement in this city, the theatre appeared to me the only one worthy of particular notice. It is a handsome, well-arranged *salle*, and capable of containing a large concourse of spectators. As is ever the case in the considerable towns of France, it is provided with an efficient corps, either for opera, vaudeville, or the higher walks of the drama. I repaired thither in company with my friend, on the evening of our arrival. The piece was Auber's *chef-d'œuvre*, "Fra Diavolo," and I was much gratified by its excellent representation. The charming music of the opera was given with inspiring effect.

Being desirous of reaching Bordeaux with all practicable speed, we made but brief stay at Toulouse. Less than two days had flown by, when we were again rolling over the dusty roads. The distance between Toulouse and Bordeaux is about one hundred and sixty miles; the diligence travels it at the rate of four miles and a half per hour, and completes the journey in about thirty-six hours; there is nothing particularly interesting upon the route. After tumbling about in the coach for two nights and a day, we joyfully hailed the first vision of Bordeaux. Arrived, we secured lodgings at the Hôtel du Nord, an establishment where are happily consulted the comfort and convenience of the traveller.

Bordeaux is the fourth city in the kingdom in magnitude and importance, and, excluding the capital, more conspicuous than any other by the splendor of its public and private edifices. It is situated about forty miles from the sea on the west bank of the Garonne; its harbour is large and commodious, and, from the circumstance of the Garonne's being very materially affected by the tides as far up as the city, it is accessible to vessels of considerable burden.

Bordeaux, as surveyed from the eastern bank of the river, presents the appearance of a semicircle, stretching far along the curving banks of the stream. To judge from the appearance it there presents, you would suppose the city double its actual size; but, upon entering the town, you find it deficient in width. The entire population is not supposed to exceed one hundred thousand. The old town is a succession of narrow streets and miserable hovels, but the better and larger portion of the city is adorned with spacious avenues, and lofty, elegant edifices.

Among the finer parts of the city must be mentioned the *Place Royale*, where stands a handsome equestrian statue of the fifteenth Louis. The *Quartier du Chapeau Rouge*, however, is decidedly the most beautiful section of Bordeaux. The edifices here are built, for the most part, in a style of princely grandeur. In this *quartier* stands also the magnificent theatre, more imposing, in its external appearance than any building erected for similar purposes in the realm, Paris not excepted.

This noble structure stands isolated in the centre of a square, a situation which displays its proportions to the greatest advantage. It occupies a space of three hundred and six feet in length, by one hundred and sixty-five in breadth. The principal front faces you, as you pass along the *Quartier du Chapeau Rouge* towards the river. This front is adorned with a classic portico of large Corinthian columns, stretching along its whole extent. Passing these, the vestibule first attracts the attention, and from that you enter the body of the house. The *salle* is not so spacious as one would imagine from the appearance without. It is arranged, however, in a style of taste and elegance I have never seen surpassed; indeed, the theatre may be denominated a perfect *bijou*. The performances, upon the first evening I visited it, were Mayerbeer's untiring opera of *Robert le Diable*, with the beautiful ballet of *La Somnambule*. The music and dancing throughout were executed in a manner that seemed to me in perfect consonance with the airy beauty of this Temple of the Muses, and with the acknowledged good taste of the city that erected it. Besides the *salle de spectacles*, within the walls of the theatre are contained an extensive and elegant concert-room, and several saloons for refreshment and the promenade. It is estimated, that the entire expense attending the building of this splendid edifice exceeded the enormous sum of six million five hundred thousand francs.

There are also in Bordeaux many other public

works, which, by their magnificence, tend to show the generous spirit of the people on all subjects connected with the general improvement and beauty of the city.

The new Corn Mill, which is put in operation by the influx and ebb of the tides, is one of the most remarkable features of the city. It is provided with several canals; through the largest, which is constructed in the most durable manner, the water flows in, and puts the wheels of the mill in motion. It thence passes through the remaining conduits to a large reservoir from whence, upon the tide's ebb, it returns, and thus, by an ingenious contrivance, aids the necessities of man both in its rise and flow.

Bordeaux possesses a Cathedral and many venerable churches. In one of these, the church of the monks of St. Bernard, is the tomb of the celebrated Philosopher and Wit,—Montaigne.

The Aristocracy of the city is chiefly composed of its rich merchants and bankers, who display, in their habitations and mode of living, a luxury and elegance befitting their wealth and station.

The greatest source of wealth to the inhabitants springs from the culture of the grape. The quantity of wine yearly produced in the *campagne* about Bordeaux is said to be two hundred thousand tuns, of which the moiety may be exported, and the residue consumed in the kingdom. When we consider the cheapness which attends the manufacture of the wine upon the spot, and the large sums demanded in the selling, we shall cease to wonder at the

immense fortunes so rapidly accumulated by the principal merchants of Bordeaux.

In drawing a comparison between this city and another, not differing from it materially in extent or population, — Marseilles, are struck with certain very marked dissimilarities. The easy freedom characteristic of the Marseillais, seems foreign to the more patrician *habitant* of Bordeaux. Seldom does the visiter in the latter city either in café or theatre encounter instances of the *bruyante* and noisy gayety that prevails in the similar resorts at Marseilles. Bordeaux has not forgotten, that she was once the home of a splendid court, and the dignity of a capital still clings around her. In fine, as respects the two cities, there may be a difference, similar to that perceptible between the arrogance of the rich *parvenu*, who exults in the new-fangled honors his gold has procured him, and the dignified bearing of the hereditary noble, upon whose front birth and education have set the seal of greatness.

The distance from Bordeaux to Paris is nearly four hundred miles, in a northeasterly direction. In passing over this long interval by *diligence*, you subject yourself to four or five tedious days upon the route. The better way is to travel it in the Malle Poste. By this conveyance, you annihilate the distance in about forty-two hours. The French Malle Poste moves with a velocity more than double that marking the average speed of continental travelling. The traveller who books himself for this rapid vehicle, must take good heed to be ever ready at his post. There is not a moment's unnecessary delay on the

route ; but little time, and that at long intervals, is allowed for refreshing. At each relay, the process of changing is most expeditious. The fatigued and panting animals, that have whirled you over the course with such rapidity, are led off, and in a moment fresh ones are substituted in their places, attached to the vehicle, and you are again *en route*. Onward you roll night and day unceasingly, until the journey's end is attained.

I confess myself partial to this mode of journeying, even though it afford the tourist but small opportunity for analyzing the objects of interest that may chance on his path. To me, travelling is never pleasant for travelling's sake, but endurable as a means by which a desirable end can alone be attained. As a natural corollary, therefore, the swifter the better ;—yet is there an infinitely more pleasing excitement in glancing over the smooth, well-beaten road, resounding under the clattering hoof of the spirited steed than, despite its superior velocity, in rumbling along dull rails of metal, urged by the expansive power of hissing steam.

The traveller on the route from Bordeaux to Paris will have occasion to pass through several important towns, around which cling the strong associations of historical interest. At Poitiers the Poste allows you a moment's breathing-time to look about you or refresh. Here is the spot so marked in the annals of England's military renown. It was in the immediate vicinity of this city, about the middle of the fourteenth century, that King



John of France, with four times the numerical force, yielded to the victorious arms of the heroic Black Prince. The town of Poitiers is irregularly built, and threaded by narrow, crooked streets. Apart from historical associations, it can present but little to interest. Its population is said to exceed twenty thousand souls.

Tours, capital of the department of the Indre and Loire, is a handsome and populous town. It is situated on the banks of the Loire, a little above the point where this noble stream receives the tributary waters of the Cher. The principal street in Tours is the *Rue Royale*, extending the entire length of the city, and displaying on either side a uniform series of lofty and elegant edifices. A magnificent bridge over the Loire, continues the long line of this splendid avenue. The bridge is a superb structure more than thirteen hundred feet in length by fifty in breadth. It spans the rapid stream with fourteen wide and beautiful arches. Not far from this bridge commences the great promenade, which is more than a mile in extent. In addition to what has been already mentioned, Tours can boast a fine Cathedral, built in the Gothic style of architecture, an Hôtel de Ville, a College, and a well-furnished Museum. The population of the city is estimated at about twenty-two thousand.

Upon leaving Tours, the *route* conducts along the banks of the broad and majestic Loire. The quay, that bounds its swelling waters, extending from Argennes to Tours, is one of the grandest public works in France. It is raised to about

twenty-five feet above the level of the original bank, and is of sufficient width to receive three carriages abreast. Before the construction of this extensive barrier, the country was exposed to inundations over a great extent of territory.

The Loire is the largest of the rivers of France, properly so called. It has been happily termed the Euphrates of that kingdom. This rapid and noble stream describes a course of more than five hundred miles from its source in the mountains of Cevennes to its *embouchure*, where the Atlantic receives its auxiliary waters below the city of Nantes, in Bretagne. The river is generally broad and rapid, and in parts so shallow, as to render it extremely difficult of navigation.

The route by its bank, as I have before said, is truly delightful. The pleased eye wanders from the broad bosom of the glancing stream to the verdure and fertility beyond, that spring from its genial waves. Nature, in happy mood, smiles in the wide landscape, and even the gorgeous Sun seems to linger over the fair scene as he slowly sinks to his western repose, bathing a world in the last transient yet glorious flood of splendor.

Travelling onward we come to the city of Blois, famous for having once been a residence of the kings of France. This city possesses an ancient castle and other public buildings of note. It is situated about ninety miles from the capital, and contains a population of thirteen thousand inhabitants. The French language is said to be spoken here, and likewise at Tours, with peculiar purity and correctness.

About fifty miles from Blois, favorably situated on the Loire, stands the populous city of Orléans. History has early invested this place with importance. In the wars of the Middle Ages between England and France, Orléans played a conspicuous part. It was then that the dauntless *Pucelle*, inspired with patriotic frenzy, put herself at the head of her nation's armies, and, by her daring valor, heightened by the superstition of the times, struck terror into the assailants. There is yet standing, in one of the squares, a statue of bronze, erected to her memory. Orléans has likewise the honor of giving its name to the eldest son of France and heir-apparent to the throne.

The ready steeds are again on the route, and at length the eye is gladdened by a yet distant view of that splendid Capital, whose innumerable comforts and facilities a temporary absence has prepared the traveller fully to appreciate. Time flies; you pass the massive barrier, and thunder with rapid pace along the mazy streets. Arrived at the Bureau des Postes, you alight and stand once again in the heart of Paris.

As soon as myself and travelling gear were fairly clear of the vehicle, I lost no time in transporting them, with all convenient speed, to my old comfortable quarters at the *Hôtel des Princes*, in the *Rue Richelieu*, and soon all remembrance of travel and fatigue was dispelled by the balmy breath of sleep.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Paris. — Notre Dame. — Churches. — The Pantheon. — Vault and Tombs. — Tomb of Lannes. — Echo. — View from the Pantheon. — Its Dome and Painting in Fresco. — Palaces. — The Tuileries. — Garden of the Tuileries. — Splendid View. — Palais Bourbon. — The Louvre. — Gallery of Paintings. — Modern French Artists. — Remarks on Painting.

IN the remarks I have to offer respecting this celebrated city, a cursory notice of the public buildings, distinguished whether for their elegance or antiquity, must first be permitted me; and we will commence with the churches.

Of these, the most ancient and remarkable one is the well-known Cathedral of Notre Dame. This massive pile dates from remote antiquity, — more than eight centuries have rolled over its venerable walls. As a specimen of Gothic architecture it may be looked upon as unrivalled by any in the kingdom. The front of the church, which is one hundred and twenty feet in width, is remarkable, alike for the noble and imposing character of its masonry and proportions, as well as the elaborate carving and richness of ornament, which serve to relieve that stern and stately majesty, which is its most prominent characteristic.

The towers of Notre Dame are forty feet square and more than two hundred in height; from their summit is commanded a splendid view of Paris and the surrounding country. A staircase of nearly

four hundred steps conducts you to the top. These elevated towers, rising in the very heart of the city, and opening to the eye on every side a beautiful and extended prospect, were formerly thronged with visitors; but the fact of an individual's having some years since committed suicide by precipitating himself from the dizzy height, has induced the authorities to permit no party, consisting of more than three or four, to ascend at the same time.

Of the numerous bells, that once rang their loud peals through the towers of Notre Dame, but one remains, which was placed in the situation it now occupies during the reign of Louis Quatorze, towards the close of the seventeenth century. It bears the name of Emanuel Louise Thérèse. This huge bell is eight feet in height by the same number in diameter, and is said to weigh ninety-six thousand pounds. Its thickness is eight inches, and the strength of sixteen men is barely adequate to ring it.

Viewed from without, the general appearance of Notre Dame is in the highest degree striking and impressive. The colossal and towering proportions of the edifice, heightened in effect by its massive and frowning architecture, impress the beholder with an involuntary feeling of awe. The interior of the church is in the form of a Latin cross. Throughout its whole wide extent there reigns a simple and unadorned grandeur, well in unison with the sacred nature of the edifice. Its dimensions, within the walls, are about four hundred feet in length by one hundred and forty in breadth, and

one hundred in height. Extending the entire length of the fabric, is a succession of Gothic arches, supported by numerous plain and fluted columns, so disposed, that, on entering at the west door of the church, the visiter may obtain an entire and unobstructed view of the whole.

The situation of Notre Dame is not, perhaps, such as the modern tourist might deem most favorable for the display of its majestic and stately proportions; yet, in the eye of one, who would wish to feel in their full force those impressions which so vast an edifice cannot fail to create, even the *locale* is not without its advantages. The time-scathed and blackened edifices in its immediate vicinity, the traces of age everywhere visible, seem to harmonize happily with the almost traditional antiquity of a pile, around which are woven the sacred associations of centuries.

The *quartier* where this famed cathedral rears its lofty towers is the most ancient section of Paris, and the *nucleus*, around which, in process of years, the immense substance of the modern capital has collected. At present, this quarter of the city (the old Lutetia of the Romans) bears the name of "Cité." It is an island, formed by the branches of the Seine, and of but comparatively small extent.

Among the other ancient places of public worship in Paris, stand conspicuous the churches of St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, and St. Roch. The first of these claims the preëminence, as well from its great size and majestic proportions, as the interior designs and valuable paintings that adorn it.

From the ancient *église*, turn we to the more modern; and the magnificent Pantheon first attracts the eye. This noble church, commenced during the reign of the fifteenth Louis, was but a few years since fully completed.

The portico is constructed after the manner of that celebrated church at Rome, from which this derives its name. It consists of a splendid peristyle of massive Corinthian columns, fifty-eight feet in height, and more than five in diameter. Upon the frieze of the portico may be read the following inscription, illustrative of the purpose to which this edifice is partly devoted :

“AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNOISSANTE.”

The interior of the church is in the form of a Greek cross. About the centre of the area, on either side of the principal nave, are inscriptions in letters of gold, eulogizing those brave citizens who fell in the revolution of 1830.

The church is a model of majestic simplicity, and entirely free from the gilded trumpery that usually disfigures the Romish places of worship. After satisfying your curiosity above, you descend to the silent vault of the building. Here, but a few feet apart, are the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. From that of the former protrudes a hand grasping a flaming torch, signifying that the spirit of the great author yet illumines the Universe. Further on, where the gloomy aisle excludes the light of day, are deposited the remains of Napoleon's favorite soldier, the intrepid Lannes. In this part

of the church there is a remarkable echo. Elevate the voice to a shout, and a swelling sea of sound rebounds from the sharp and salient angles, and rolls with long and stunning reverberation amid the winding and labyrinthine passages.

Torch in hand, the guide conducts you along the subterranean way, and explains the history of all. Upon emerging from these dark, damp chambers, the visiter will not fail to ascend the lengthened stairway that conducts to the spacious dome, thus completing a survey of the edifice.

The situation of the Pantheon is conspicuous and commanding. It occupies the brow of a rising ground, which is surmounted by a long flight of steps, conducting to the base of the church. Undeiled by the alloying contact of inferior piles, it stands towering aloft in its isolated grandeur. From the top of this edifice, the highest point in the city of Paris, the visiter may enjoy a most delightful prospect. You gaze upon the vast Capital, that lies in Titan-like repose at your feet. From its broad bosom rise the dome, the turret, and the spire. The wide wilderness of stone is relieved at intervals by the green and waving foliage of the gardens of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes and Père la Chaise. Surmounted by HIS statue whose victories it records, is seen the stately shaft of bronze rising from the midst of its beautiful square. But the City,—it is not its material features alone,—its stone or marble, upon which the fixed eye dilates. No; you are gazing upon that *theatre*, where has



been played the most wondrous drama modern Europe has beheld. The stirring scenes of the Revolution, the warlike excitement of that after period when the armies of France waved her triumphant standard over fallen fortress and conquered capital, rise again before you, and that, too, — the disastrous flood of war, rolling back from the far regions of the freezing North, covering with dark desolation the once fair domain and smiling home, — until its blood-red wave, threatening to efface each vestige of the proud city, swept over a dynasty the world had trembled at.

The principal beauty of the Pantheon consists in its magnificent dome, which is elevated nearly three hundred feet above the floor of the church. It is surrounded by thirty-two columns, of the Corinthian order, which give it the appearance of a circular temple. Above these rises a cupola, which is surmounted by a lantern. The whole is terminated by a ball and cross of bronze gilt.

The painting of the dome, by Gros, is looked upon as this artist's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is, indeed, a splendid composition, and covers a surface comprising more than three thousand square feet. The subject of the work is drawn both from the *celestial* and the *terrestrial*. The latter consists of four groups, connected by appropriate emblems, representing such monarchs of France, as have most contributed to exert a permanent influence upon the country. The first is Clovis, who, moved by the persuasive eloquence of his queen, Clotilda, early embraced the Christian faith. The next

group consists of the gorgeous Charlemagne and his Queen. The third is St. Louis and his consort. The fourth group, the artist (in compliment to the then reigning monarch) has made to consist of Louis the Eighteenth, and that royal lady whom Napoleon has styled the only man among the Bourbons, the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The king is represented as protecting, with his sceptre, the infant Duke of Bordeaux. Descending toward them, partially veiled in circumambient clouds, is seen the Patron Saint of Paris, *St. Geneviève*, to whom the royal personages composing the group are rendering homage. Casting your eye above, you behold enthroned amid the celestial regions Louis the Sixteenth, with Marie Antoinette, his queen, Louis the Seventeenth, his son, and Mad. Elisabeth. The highest point in the piece, conspicuous by a dazzling gleam of light emanating from it, indicates the unapproachable presence of the Deity.

The Palaces must next in order claim our attention. Of these, we will first glance at the present royal residence, — the Château of the Tuileries. This palace, though by no means the most elegant in Paris, is yet a noble and imposing edifice. Its darkened walls and obsolete architecture bear the impress of antiquity. The Château, with its pavilions, is about one thousand feet in length, stretching across the garden from the Rue Rivoli to the Quai.

The Garden of the Tuileries, annexed to the palace, is a prominent feature of the metropolis. This large and beautiful area forms a favorite

promenade for the *beau monde* during the fine season ; numerous and well-beaten paths traverse the grounds, along which pours the tide of well-dressed pedestrians, while the grassy plots, decked with flowers, and the waving foliage of the tall trees, bestow an air of rural beauty, that delights the eye. The frequent statue and the murmuring fount are there, to enhance the beauty of the scene.

Let us commence near the palace, and, choosing the middle path, slowly promenade the length of the garden. Groups of statuary are profusely scattered over this portion of the area. Passing these, and the fountain whose lofty jet diffuses an agreeable freshness through the air, you enter the broad walk, bounded on either side by stately trees. The absence of brush and underwood permits the eye free range through this fair extent of grove ; at intervals, the rude seat offers the visiter an immunity from the sun's meridian rays, and here and there the marble group embodies subjects in unison with the sylvan character of the scene. Passing onward, you come to an ample reservoir, where proudly sails the majestic swan. At length, you emerge by the massive portal, on either side of which frowns a *couchant lion*. The *Place de la Révolution*, or *Louis Seize*, now extends before you ; — a few paces more, and your steps are pressing the spot, where was poured forth the blood of a Monarch, to appease the fell demon of Revolution.

Here opens upon you the most magnificent view in Paris, — a view, I may venture to affirm, which the other capitals of Europe can display nothing to

equal. Let us examine it a passing moment in detail. Turn your eyes upon the gardens you have just quitted. There the view is terminated by the long range of the Tuileries. On your right hand, compressed by massive quays, the Seine is rolling his turbid wave, spanned at this point by the noble bridge *de la Concorde*, the sides of which are surmounted by colossal figures, bearing the most illustrious names of France. Beyond the stream is seen the *Palais Bourbon*, a structure considered by many as second in beauty to none the Capital can boast. The front of this palace is adorned by twelve beautiful Corinthian columns. During the reign of Napoleon it was made use of by his legislative councils, and at present the Chamber of Deputies hold their meetings within its walls. On the left hand runs the Rue Rivoli, with its stately succession of private and public edifices. At the extremity of a street, opening upon this avenue in direct line with the position you occupy, is seen the beautiful and classic front of *La Madeleine*, with the pure and gleaming white of its stately columns. Reverse your position, and the eye embraces the wide domain of the *Champs Elysées*, the vast pleasure-ground of Paris, bisected by a broad, straight avenue, and terminated to the vision by the glorious effort of a Nation's power, worthy its Imperial designer, the triumphal *Arc de l'Etoile*.

Surveyed from a spot like the one my pen would fain portray, the city of Paris appears to the facile imagination clothed in that dazzling garb of grandeur with which early reading has invested mag-

nificent, eternal Rome, and *those*, yet more dimly visible, through the mists tradition has thrown over time, — the giant cities of the far-off Orient.

The Palace of the Louvre is yet older than that of the Tuileries; portions of the edifice are the work of centuries long past. But the most beautiful part of that royal residence was completed during the splendid reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and may be denominated a perfect model of chaste and elegant architecture. So just and symmetrical throughout are the proportions of the edifice, that the eye at first glance is deceived with regard to its actual dimensions. This is particularly true of the famous quadrangular area of the Louvre, which is several hundred feet square. Let the visiter, after passing through the noble archway that opens into this court, continue his steps to the centre of the area, and there pause and look around him. That majestic simplicity, which reigns throughout the whole, and is the very perfection of art, rivets and enchants, while the eye revels in wonder and delight over the elaborate finish and exquisite harmony, that mark even the minutest details. A large section of this palace bears the name of Musée Royale, and serves as a depository for the most valuable paintings and statuary the Capital can boast.

The gallery of Paintings in the Louvre is one-fourth of a mile in length, and the whole immense extent glows with the pictured canvass. It is needless to say, that, at first view, it is most truly imposing. So colossal appeared to me the scale,

which my mind could measure by no intermediate degrees of comparison, that I hesitated an instant to give credence to the bewildered sense.

During the long wars of Napoleon, the Museum of the Louvre was enriched by numerous *chefs-d'œuvre*, both in painting and sculpture, transferred from the Halls of the vanquished to grace the Capital of the conqueror; the inimitable productions of Raffaele, Domenichino, and their great contemporaries, decorated the walls of the Louvre. Within these walls, too, stood the statue that "enchants the world," and that, the noblest offspring of the Grecian chisel,

"The Lord of the Unerring Bow,  
The God of Life and Poesy and Light."

After the restoration of the Bourbon family, these *chefs-d'œuvre* returned to their respective owners; but yet, though stripped of its rarest gems, is this famous gallery most rich and beautiful. The paintings are tastefully arranged, according to the various schools from which they emanate, French, Italian, or Flemish; and the productions of each celebrated artist are distinctly classed, in such manner as to avoid confusion.

The works of modern French artists will afford but little pleasure to one familiar with the exquisite finish, harmony, and truth of the Italian school. The great difficulty with them is, that they are not true to nature. Their pictures, indeed, display all that vivid glare of coloring, which may for a while arrest the eye; but you look in vain for the sublime beauty of expression, the chaste and classic dis-

position of figures, conjoined with an epic force and harmony of composition, — a union that can alone give immortality to the canvass. But after all, the fault is not so much that of the artist as of the age in which he lives.

Painting was brought to perfection by the great Italian masters of the sixteenth century. The hand that traced the glorious Transfiguration,\* raised the art to its acme, and left to succeeding ages but the easy task of admiration. In the progress of centuries, the taste of mankind becomes revolutionized. The onward march of Luxury corrupts the very constitution of society ; and that which once pleased by its noble simplicity and faithful adherence to truth, would fall now tasteless and insipid upon the moral palate, of which, artificial and highly seasoned food has impaired the tone. Were an artist now to follow in the path which a Raffaele, a Titian, a Guido, have rendered glorious, the attempt, with whatever talent to sanction it, would undoubtedly fail of success. Some new path must therefore be opened, and, when that ceases to invite, another and another. But these deviations from the legitimate track seldom survive their authors, and never will the great truth-teller, Time, lend the weight of his testimony to ratify their proud claims with posterity.

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\* Raffaele's *chef-d'œuvre*, which now graces the *penetralia* of the Vatican.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Description of the Palais Royal. — Its magnificent Area and Promenades. — Passage d'Orléans. — Its splendid Appearance at Evening. — Glance at the principal Features of the Palais Royal. — Variety and Brilliancy of the Magasins and Cafés. — The Café des Aveugles. — Atmosphere of Gayety about the Palais Royal. — Its Effect upon the Feelings. — Principal Theatres of Paris. — French Opera House. — Principal Performers in Opera and Ballet. — Interior Arrangement of the Salle. — Prices of Admission. — The Royal Box. — Saloon of the Opera.

BIDDING adieu to the varied treasures of the Louvre, we will for a moment enter the precincts of the Palais Royal, an edifice, which, with its various appurtenances, is certainly one of the most striking features of the miniature world of Paris. This extensive pile was commenced under the auspices of Richelieu for a royal residence, as its present appellation would import. In process of time it fell into the hands of the Orléans family, and contributed in a great degree to their princely revenue.

While in the hands of Philippe, Duke of Orléans, surnamed Egalité, the Palais Royal was the very centre and hot-bed of Parisian dissipation and sensuality ; and thus it continued for a long series of years, until the character of the place was essentially changed, during the reign of Charles the Tenth.

The entire edifice, forms a spacious, oblong square, the area of which serves as a place of



promenade and amusement for the citizens. It is planted with rows of trees, under whose protecting foliage are ranged numerous benches, where of a pleasant morning the *bourgeois* repairs from his *déjeûner*, at the adjoining *café*, to read the news of the day, or puff away all care in smoke. Here, too, at a later hour, may be found the young mother or nurse, fondly gazing on the smiling child, as he trundles the circling hoop, or lightly skips the flying cord.

The Palais Royal is indeed the legitimate domain of pleasure and gayety, and all appears excluded that ministers not thereunto. The appellation of Royal Palace seems to be continued by custom and sufferance, for such in fact has this edifice long ceased to be. It is at present tenanted by tradesmen, *restaurateurs*, jewellers, and artisans of every denomination, and produces from these various sources an enormous income to its princely proprietor.

A more splendid collection of *bijouterie* and precious stones of all descriptions, than is here displayed, can be seen in no other quarter of Paris. Shops for vending these and other articles of merchandise occupy generally the first floor of the edifice; above are *restaurants*, billiard-rooms, *salons de jeu*, and *cabinets de lecture*. In fine, within the limits of the Palais Royal is to be found, in heterogeneous mixture, a plentiful sprinkling of the various elements that serve to make up the great city.

The promenade that circumscribes the court is

formed by a chain of arcades, separated by square pillars. Besides this there is another, much more beautiful, the *Passage d'Orléans*. This splendid arcade, to be seen in fullest advantage, must be visited during the hours of evening. Its appearance is then brilliant in the extreme; the well-furnished *magasins*, with their costly stuffs shining through the vitreous expanse, the large and frequent mirrors, dispensing the vivid glare from their polished surface at a thousand glittering angles, the superb Café d'Orléans, with its noble mirrors, its richly ornamented walls and ceiling; all burning in the intense brightness of artificial day, — combine to form a *coup d'œil* of well nigh magic splendor. The moving groups, ever passing to and fro, give life and motion to the scene.

The description I have attempted of the *Passage d'Orléans*, confessedly the finest of all the arcades in and about the Palais Royal, may be applied with slight reservation to the entire area of this remarkable edifice. It is certain, that this *charmant pays*, as the Frenchman terms it, is painted in warmest coloring on the tablet of my mind, doubtless in a great measure from the circumstance of its having been visited when I was new to the world of European splendor. It was a beautiful evening, and my first in Paris, when, in company with a more experienced friend, the bright scene broke, all unheralded, upon me.

The Palais Royal seems to contain within its walls the very essence, or, if I may so speak, the active principle, of a large and populous city. Ev-

ery thing that has a name seems here to possess a local habitation. The tasteful shops in every portion of this extraordinary edifice are as various as the wants, necessities, or luxuries, which bade them exist. There you pass the window of a fashionable *artiste*, and gaze through the ample pane upon the rich *étoffes de soie* and elegant cloths, that compose his stock. A step or two farther, and the eye is dazzled with a brilliant display of jewelry, precious stones, watches, opera-glasses, &c. The next room is a spacious café, and the beautiful girl, who presides, claims your passing moment of admiration. The window of an adjoining *magasin* is garnished with pipes of every description, from the unassuming one *en bois* at ten sous, to the curiously carved *écume de mer*, at as many napoleons. Enter the shop, and every thing is redolent of the fragrant weed. You will find nothing there, that subserves not the uses of tobacco. In return for your *trois sous*, the young woman behind the counter presents you with a cigar and match, and gracefully responds to your parting salutation.

Extending your walk you observe, in close vicinity, the splendid saloons of Véfour and Véry, (twin stars of gastronomic brightness), where the plump *ortolan* and delicate *perdrix farci aux truffes* unite their fascinations to rivet the attention of the gentle Epicure.

Besides what I have already mentioned, there is in the Palais Royal an infinity of objects to interest and amuse the stranger. The learned professions,

too, are represented there, more especially the medical; and, to complete the picture, not much in the back-ground may be discerned the tender goddess of Love, with her hand-maiden, Lucina, and, however unworthy such “fayre companie,” that retiring nymph, who presides over the humbler necessities of mankind. The Palais Royal has also its theatres; attached to its walls are the *théâtres Français* and *Palais Royal*, and in its immediate vicinity stands the *Vaudeville*.

For the lower classes, whose means will not permit them to indulge in expensive amusements, there are cafés, where such of the public as choose are nightly regaled with *morceaux* — not the most mellifluous — of instrumental music, and humble attempts at theatrical effect. The most remarkable of these is the *Café des Aveugles*. This resort is subterranean, and you descend to it by a flight of rude stone stairs, damp and ill-lighted, and well calculated withal to allow the incautious stranger an opportunity of breaking his neck (as I nearly did), while endeavouring only to gratify a laudable curiosity. Arrived there, you seat yourself at a table, and call for what you wish. It must be observed, that nothing is paid for admission, and that the only tax levied on the visiter is a small additional sum upon the articles of refreshment.

The orchestra of this establishment consists of a few blind musicians; hence the name, *Café des Aveugles*. There is also a man fantastically costumed, who may be regarded as the harlequin, and is held in great repute by the *habitués* of the café.

Judging by his dress, or rather undress, you would suppose him in the *rôle* of a South American cazique; ever and anon, after sundry prefatory brandishes, he smites with sonorous influence upon a capacious drum. Upon a sudden, with inconceivable agility he darts into an adjoining apartment, and, in a moment as suddenly reappearing, goes through a series of violent and ferocious gesticulations, that never fail of affording huge entertainment to all present.

Should the visiter be willing to expend two or three francs extra on the occasion, he can command any tune within the compass of the musicians. We fancied the national air would lose nought of its inspiring effect, even at three thousand miles' distance from home, and accordingly signified an inclination that it should be played. The effort was beyond their humble talents; but, to console us, they of their own accord struck up "God save the King," thinking no doubt that would do quite as well.

Such is life in the Palais Royal, high and low. But it is next to impossible to do justice to the *tableau*. There is an atmosphere of gayety floating around this far-famed *rendezvous*, that the pen can give but a faint idea of, and which, indeed, one must breathe for a while, ere its wonderful properties can be fully understood. Were I to counsel a friend, who would fain seek in change of scene a substitute, even though transient, for that happiness and tranquillity which have deserted him, — of all places in the world, for a

brief residence, I would recommend Paris, and of all places in Paris I would suggest the Palais Royal. From my own experience, I am convinced that no one, however desponding his temperament, can stand in the midst of that spacious area, while on his ear falls the grateful music of the murmuring fount, and his vision embraces each feature of the brilliant scene, with the vast tide of human beings pouring ever ceaseless onward in the various channels that pleasure or serious pursuits have marked out, — without escaping awhile from himself, and forgetting even the vulture that preys on his heart.

The theatres in Paris are very numerous; there are more than twenty open nightly. Of these, the most considerable are the French and Italian Opera Houses, the Théâtre Français, the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, Gymnase, Vaudeville, Variétés, Porte St. Martin, and the Salle Ventadour.

The French Opera House, otherwise called *L'Académie Royale de Musique*, is the best appointed and most elegant theatre in Paris. The most celebrated artists attached to this establishment are, in the opera, MM. Nourrit, Levasseur, Lafont, Derivis, Alexis, and Mesdames Cinti Damoreau, Dorus Gras, and Falcon. Those of acknowledged talent in the ballet are, first and peerless, Mademoiselle Taglioni, second, *sed longo intervallo*, Duvernay; then come Noblet, Alexis, Pauline Leroux, Montessu, Julie, Fitz James; the sisters Essler possess a rank above the majority of these, — more especially the brilliant Fanny, but they are not permanently attached to the corps.

The theatre itself, though to appearance twice the size of our large Houses, will contain an audience by no means proportionate to its apparent dimensions, and for this obvious reason; the convenience and comfort of the spectator are consulted, and not, as with us and in the English theatres, the profits of the director alone. The Académie Royale, like most large French theatres, is divided into numerous compartments. There is the spacious *parterre*, and the *stalles d'orchestre*, that portion of the pit nearest the orchestra. There are the *avant scènes*, magnificent *loges*, corresponding in position with our proscenium boxes. There are the *balcons* at either extremity of the first or dress circle, (*premières loges*.) Below these, and on a line with the *parterre*, are the *loges* of the *rez de chaussé*. At the superior part of the pit, is the *amphithéâtre*; in addition to these, there are the *deuxième*, *troisième*, and *quatrième loges*.

The *prix d'entrée* is nearly as various as are the divisions of the House. For the *parterre*, which is very roomy and provided with excellent seats, it is three francs and ten sous; for the *stalles d'orchestre*, seven francs are paid at the door, or ten if you secure your *billet* at a previous hour. These *stalles* are all numbered, each one is provided with arms, also comfortably cushioned and velveteed. By timely application you can secure any number not hired for the season, and, come at what hour of the representation you may, no trouble is experienced from occupants by the right of possession. For a *billet* in the *balcon*, which corresponds to our stage-

box, the same price is demanded as for a *stalle d'orchestre*; the *premières loges* are less expensive, and so on.

In the centre of the first circle, distinguishable from the rest by its superior size and decoration, is the Royal Box. The King of the French and the ladies of the Royal Family but seldom attend the Opera; although upon occasions, — such as the visit of Leopold to his father-in-law, I have seen Louis Philippe with the King of Belgium, his fair-haired consort, and her darker but not less beautiful sisters, Marie and Clémentine, assembled in the Royal Box. The Dukes of Orléans and Nemours are much more constant visitors.

The internal decorations of the House are profuse and tasteful, although the prevailing color, crimson, while it adds to the gorgeousness of the general effect, detracts from that *légère* and airy beauty, that delights and enchains the eye. The saloon of the Opera House is long and spacious, and is used almost exclusively as a place of promenade. This apartment, if we except its profusion of mirrors, is by no means distinguished for splendor of decoration; but it wears a very gay and elegant appearance when the fashion and beauty of the metropolis, multiplied into endless shapes by the reflecting glass, are lightly moving along its tessellated floor.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Académie Royale de Musique. — Leading Operas there represented. — Robert le Diable. — Excellence of Nourrit in that Character. — Magnificent Scenic Effect. — Ballet-Opera of La Tentation. — Scene representing L'Enfer. — La Juive. — Les Huguenots. — Nourrit. — Lafont. — Levasseur. — Madame Cinti Damoreau. — Madame Dorus Gras. — Mademoiselle Falcon.

IN concluding a description of the Académie Royale de Musique, I must observe that its appearance, from without, is by no means imposing. It is remarkable neither for the solidity of its masonry, nor the symmetry of its architecture. The building was erected in much haste, and with but little regard to external beauty, after the abandonment of the Opera House in the *Rue Richelieu*, when the Duc de Berri met his death from the assassin's dagger.

The performances at this theatre take place three nights only during the week, leaving the remaining three for the Italian Opera, which never opens its doors on the same day with the former. Occasionally, at the Académie Royale, some *representation extraordinaire* is offered the public of a Sunday evening; but the occurrence is rare. The most admired operas, performing at this theatre during my residence in Paris, were first and foremost, Mayerbeer's *Robert le Diable*; Auber's *Gustave* and *Le Philtre*, with *Massaniello*, by the same

composer, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* and *Moïse*, with the ballet-operas of *La Tentation* and *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*. Two new operas were also brought out during that time in a style of great splendor, — *La Juive*, music by Halévy, and *Les Huguenots*, by Mayerbeer.

Of all these operas, “Robert le Diable” is by far the most popular. Notwithstanding its frequent performance, — no less than two hundred times, — the announcement of the piece is ever sure to attract a crowded audience. The rôle of the Devil Prince is Nourrit's *chef-d'œuvre*. The absorbing interest of the character is most happily sustained by this accomplished artist, until it terminates in the grand, overpowering crisis. The last scene is a splendid specimen of acting; the long and terrible hesitation of Robert between the tears and entreaties of his foster-sister and the frantic invocation of his infernal sire, is depicted with a fidelity that harrows up the soul. Alice at length prevails, and Bertrand sinks to the regions of Lucifer, in the midst of the devouring element; the curtain drops and closes the scene.

After a representation of this piece, I have repeatedly seen the whole *parterre* rise to a man, while the vast theatre rang with calls for Nourrit. He appears and disappears, welcomed by the warm cheering of the enthusiastic spectators. When there is encouragement like this, based on sound discrimination, we are not surprised at meeting with superior excellence.

In the third act of this opera, there is a grand

display of scenic effect, in unison with a *tableau*, which at first sight appears rather startling to the spectator. It is the scene where Robert, at the instigation of his father, repairs to the ruined monastery, to snatch from its inanimate possessor the magic branch. In the foreground of the picture are seen the lifeless forms of the nuns, reposing on the marble's cold surface, while in the distance, deepened by the rare perspective, rise, massive and venerable, the moss-grown pillars, bathed in the cold, mystic flood of moonlight.

The enchanter appears. At his dread summons, those gliding flames, emblems of the soul, career through the wide chamber, and in lambent play dance around each breathless figure. Of a sudden, the lids of the sarcophagi arise, and, slipping from their marble couches, leap lightly to the ground, those shrouded forms, now instinct with breathing life; at the same moment are seen, emerging from the gloomy aisles, in slow procession, and arrayed in the drapery of the grave, a long and vapory retinue;—it is the religious sisterhood, summoned from their slumber by the same dread words. At first, their movements are slow and solemn. By-and-by, the light becomes more palpable; they recognise each other, and, casting aside their sepulchral raiment, they move to the soft and voluptuous music of the *danse*.

Yielding to the graceful entreaty of her who leads the band, Robert advances and plucks the magic twig. In an instant disappear the effects of that incantation. Amid the horrid din that ensues,

the nuns are dispersed in the darkness, or sink inanimate to the ground, and the whole scene vanishes away.

I have thus dwelt, at some length, on the description of scenes from this celebrated opera, both from the circumstance of its sterling merit, and wonderful success in the city where it was originally produced; and, also, because that, though frequently performed in this country, it is really but little known, — the representation, that we are here familiar with, displaying as it were but a mere skeleton of the noble composition.

There is yet often represented, on the boards of the Académie Royale, a ballet-opera, which for a time divided the popular admiration with *Robert*. It is called *La Tentation*, and shows the various temptations with which the recluse, St. Anthony, was assailed, by the enemy of souls. It is a single scene only from this piece that I would particularize, — the one characterized as *L'Enfer*, and such a picture as the harsh genius of a Dante might have chosen to image forth the horrors of his “*Inferno*.”

The Prince of Darkness is represented as holding council, and all the legions of Hell are assembled to await the issue. The dire conclave press in horrid groups over the stage, and cover, as far as the eye can reach, the steps of a colossal staircase, that extends, apparently, into the far regions of Space. Ashtaroth consults with his dread troop on the most efficacious means of assailing the hitherto immaculate virtue of the Saint. At length, the plan

is agreed upon. A huge caldron is brought forward, into which are cast unholy and incongruous materials. The incantation proceeds, the charm takes effect, and anon from the seething vessel, in the first warm blush of existence, there springs forth a beauteous female.

The music, the tempting fruit, the rose with its thorn, the radiant mirror, awake her to graceful consciousness of each new-born sense, and she testifies her happiness in the expressive and harmonious poetry of the *danse*. On her left breast is a black spot, in the form of a heart, — the brand of her unhallowed origin. Thus created and endowed, she is sent to earth to fulfil her mission. The unfortunate Saint, who upon trial betrays rather a strong admixture of the man in his composition, passes at length through all the vicissitudes of peril, hunger, and privation. Touched by the misfortunes of which she has been the cause, the infernal maiden finally relents, and bestows food upon the famished anchorite, whose necessities have driven him for sustenance and shelter to the princely mansion, where his persecutors, in the guise of knights, are feasting with the loud notes of revelry and music. The black stain now vanishes from the breast of the maiden, and her heart becomes alive to the influence of the true faith. She is now persecuted in turn, and finally escapes the vengeful malice of the defeated fiends, by the timely intervention alone of a superior and celestial power. The beleaguered saint is freed from his toils, the good receives its due compensation, while

the ministers of evil, thwarted in their purpose, are dismissed to the realms of darkness. Thus concludes the piece.

The scene representing *L'Enfer* is the most extraordinary I have ever witnessed at the Académie Royale, or elsewhere. The entire strength of the *corps de ballet* is exhibited in the hundreds of figures that half conceal the stupendous staircase, and throng the wide area below, leaving only space sufficient for the mazy evolutions of a diabolical *danse*, which, with its characteristic music, is by no means the least prominent feature of the scene. The wide extent of stage, exaggerated to infinite distance by an admirable perspective, combines with the red glare of the lurid light, to impress on the mind, in its full extent of horror, the dark, unearthly nature of the scene.

The opera of *La Juive*, by Halévy, was brought out more than two years since, in a style of great magnificence. The general character of the music somewhat disappointed the public opinion, but the gorgeousness of the scenic display was of itself sufficient to attract vast crowds. The glittering processions, the triumphant cavalcades of stalwart knights, resplendent in the burnished mail and armorial trappings, described by old Froissart in his Chronicle, seemed to reëmbody the gallant chivalry of the Middle Ages.

The principal characters of the opera were admirably sustained by Nourrit and Mademoiselle Falcon. The plot of the piece refers to that warlike period, when the persecution of the once

chosen people of God was at the highest point of exasperated bigotry.

Eleazar, the rich Hebrew, and his lovely daughter, are offered life on condition of renouncing their religion ; both steadfastly refuse, and are condemned to die. At the place of sacrifice, Eleazar informs the superintending Priest, that he is in possession of a secret, to him of the utmost importance. "Many years since," continued the Jew, "the city of your residence was invaded and carried by storm. Your treasures were seized, your mansion razed to the ground, and an infant daughter was torn from its mother's bosom, by the brutal grasp of the ruffian. That daughter lives ; she was rescued, — rescued by a Jew, and I alone possess the secret of her existence." The Priest, with all a father's eloquence and tears, implores the revelation. Eleazar wavers. At this moment the beautiful Jewess has attained the fatal platform ; a smile of triumphant resignation lights up her pale features, one moment of suspense ensues, and she is precipitated headlong into the *boiling caldron* below. *La voilà!* shrieks the Jew, and the whole vanishes from the eye. This incident, forming the nucleus of the drama, is wonderfully dramatic and effective ; there is some beautiful music in the piece. The *morceau*, in the last act, descriptive of the Jew's love for his adopted child, and expressive also of his determination that she shall die with him, the secret unrevealed, rather than peril her soul by abjuring the religion he has taught her, is replete with the most touching melody.

Some months subsequently appeared the grand Opera called *Les Huguenots*, by the composer of *Robert*. The incidents woven into the piece are drawn from that troublous period, when, under the dark auspices of Catharine de Medicis and her Nero-like son, the unsuspecting Huguenots, with the brave Coligni at their head, were well nigh extirpated, in one fell massacre, from the fair soil of France.

As a composition, this opera must be pronounced inferior to *Robert le Diable*, and can be said to have added nothing to the previously acquired reputation of Mayerbeer.

Having thus furnished a rapid summary of the operas, let us take a cursory glance at those distinguished artists who appear in them. Of these, the most prominent is Nourrit ; after Rubini, second to no tenor in Europe, and possessing a merit Rubini has not, — that of being at the same time an excellent actor.

In the high, passionate notes, the voice of Nourrit is slightly marked with a nasal intonation, and in these passages can sustain no comparison with that clear, silvery ring, that, at the highest point of his compass, so eminently distinguishes the Italian. In person, Nourrit is of the middle height, with a broad, ample chest, and a figure inclined to corpulence. His features are regular, and his expression of countenance well adapted to the personation of the heroic characters he assumes.

The yearly pension he receives is not so large, as, judging from his extreme popularity, one would



be led to infer. It amounts to thirty thousand francs. But consideration must be had, that there are but three performances weekly, and during the summer months the artist is entitled to a *congé*, which ensures him a golden harvest in the several Departments.

Lafont possesses a tenor of excellent quality. He is the *double* of Nourrit, and during the absence of that *artiste* sustains the highest rôles. The characters in which he appears to greatest advantage are the "Brama" in *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, with Mademoiselle Taglioni for the "Zoloë," and "Mas-saniello." Lafont is what the French term a *bel homme*. His form approaches, in its large proportions, to the Herculean, and his features may be considered eminently handsome.

Levasseur is the *primo basso*. His voice is deep and sonorous. In the character of *Bertrand* (Meyer-beer's Opera), this *artiste* appears to great advantage, and his deep, sepulchral tones consort effectively with the wild grandeur of the composition.

Dérivis sustains a relation to Levasseur similar to that which Lafont bears to Nourrit. There are other agreeable singers at the *Académie*, Dabadie, Alexis, Prévôt, concerning whom it is unnecessary to enter into detail.

The *prima donna* at the French Opera during the greater part of my residence in Paris was Madame Cinti Damoreau. This lady is considered one of the most charming singers in Europe, possessing a fine voice, melodious and flexible, and developing at times extraordinary power.

Madame Dorus Gras, the *seconda Donna*, is a *Flamande*, and possesses the flaxen hair and fair features of her countrywomen. "Quel dommage," I once heard an ebon-haired, dark-eyed French-woman remark, "Quel dommage que Madame Dorus a la chevelure si blonde!" but despite "le dommage" of the more brilliant brunette, *le teint frais, les yeux bleus, et les cheveux blonds* of Madame Dorus show to no small advantage, were it but for the variety, amid the dark features that flash around her. The soft, liquid quality of her voice, with its birdlike clearness, constitutes her a most pleasing *cantatrice*, although neither her power nor compass is at all extraordinary.

The last that I shall mention is Mademoiselle Falcon, a pupil of the *Conservatoire* of Paris. This young lady made a most successful *début* about four or five years since, and subsequently to that period has continued to rise steadily in the public estimation. She has been termed the hope of the French Lyric Opera. Her raven hair, her dark, flashing eyes, and Oriental cast of countenance, combine to form, in aid of her peculiar powers, a rare union of physical advantage; and, when years of study shall have added maturity to her talent, it is probable she will become the *Pasta* of the French Stage.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Dance. — La Révolte au Sérail. — Taglioni. — Duvernay. — Fanny Essler. — Augusta. — Male Artistes. — Mazillier. — Montjoie. — Perrôt. — Italian Opera. — Rubini. — La Somnambula. — Its Performance here and in Paris. — Lablache. — La Prova d' un Opera Seria. — Tamburini. — Bellini. — Malibran. — Ivanhoff. — Giulia Grisi. — Her Success in La Norma. — Other Ladies of the Opera. — Operas most in Vogue. — Concluding Remarks on the Opera.

HAVING now concluded our remarks upon the Opera and its distinguished ornaments, we will take a glance at the state of a sister art, — the graceful, airy *danse*.

The Ballets, performing at the *Académie Royale* during the time of my *séjour* in the French Capital, were severally these ; “ La Révolte au Sérail,” “ Nathalie,” “ La Somnambule,” “ Mars et Vénus,” “ La Tempête,” “ L’Ile des Pirates,” “ La Sylphide,” besides the Ballet-Operas, “ Le Dieu et la Bayadère,” and “ La Tentation.” The most admired of the regular ballets, were *La Révolte*, *La Tempête*, and *La Sylphide*. In the first and last, Mademoiselle Taglioni appeared ; while in the *Tempête* were developed the graceful action of Duvernay, and the unrivalled brilliancy of Fanny Essler.

The ballet of “ La Révolte au Sérail ” is a gorgeous Eastern spectacle, founded, as its name imports, upon an incident of revolt from their ty-

rannical despot, among the fair slaves of the Seraglio. The insurrection is headed by Taglioni, who, bound in the chains of mutual attachment with the most successful soldier of the empire, Mazillier, has scornfully rejected the imperious addresses of her new and despotic admirer. By the aid of a magic rose, the gift of a grateful fairy, whom, in humble guise, she had befriended and screened from punishment, the fair leader is enabled to change her companions' lutes to bristling spears. The attendant eunuch, who stands aghast at the view of this astounding metamorphosis, is seized by the beauteous rebels and bound to a massive pillar by numerous folds of a silken shawl. This done, the fairy's gift throws open wide the ponderous iron gates of the Harem, and, the retreat thus secured, — closes them again upon the enraged pursuers; the fair and flying troop embark in gilded barges, and float triumphantly down the sheeny stream that laves the palace walls. Another act discovers a troop of Amazons, with the helmet and the cuirass; the spear has now given place to the more effective *fusil*. It is the dead of night, and, dispersed in the cheerless bivouac along that mountain-defile, the wearied soldiers taste the hard-earned sweets of repose.

The expiring fire is dimly fading in the embers; some one enters that silent camp, — is it a spy? With noiseless steps he approaches the recumbent leader; his hand is on her shoulder; she springs to her feet, and grasps the ready weapon. It is her lover. The feelings of the woman are stronger than

those of the soldier ; almost unconsciously, she relinquishes her weapon to the intruder, when of a sudden, at the loud beat of drum and shrill cry of clarion, rise from their slumbers, the startled troop, and stand ready for combat. The opportune gift of the fairy preserves them in the hour of peril, and the Sultan, unsuccessful and despairing, dismisses an envoy with offers of peace on conditions most favorable to the insurgents. The envoy is received in state, the rebel officers hold council, and, consenting at length to the proposed articles, send back the ambassador, escorted by a detachment of the soldiery.

At this point of the drama, the rocky mountain pass, with its rugged scenery, is suddenly lost to the vision, and in its stead appears a fairy palace surrounded by delicious gardens, and overlooking a lovely and sun-lighted landscape. The warm tints of an Oriental sky impart a voluptuous, mellow splendor to the scene. In the midst of her shining company is seen the benevolent fairy, upon whose head burns the inextinguishable emblematic flame.

The troops now go through a long series of military evolutions, and put in practice the most favorite manœuvres of French tactics. The curtain falls at length, leaving the spectator not a little pleased with the fine discipline and fascinating appearance of so gallant a corps.

The piece, however, best calculated to display the graceful talent of Taglioni, and the one in which she has gained her proudest laurels, is the beautiful ballet of "*La Sylphide*." In person Taglioni rather exceeds the middle height. Her figure

is slender and not remarkable for faultless symmetry ; a well-turned ancle and pretty foot terminates a limb of admirable contour and fine muscular developement. There is in all the movements of this queen of the *danse*, an indescribable *je ne sais quoi*, that seems to image forth the very poetry of motion. Possessing apparently less specific gravity than others, she quits the grovelling earth, and, springing sylph-like into the air, seems ever reluctant to descend.

I have seen her clear the wide stage in three lofty, circling bounds, while the enraptured spectators shook the huge house with their deafening and enthusiastic plaudits. Her *forte* is not the rapid *pirouette*, nor dazzling *tour de force*. Montessu excels her in agility, and Fanny Essler in brilliancy of execution ; but these, I humbly conceive, are not the most prominent features of the legitimate *danse*. In that airy, ineffable grace, hovering about each motion, and fascinating unconsciously the sense, she is unrivalled and alone. Of all the *artistes* at the Académie Royale, Duvernay most resembles her in style. This celebrated *danseuse* possesses an exterior more pleasing than that of Taglioni. In person she is tall and beautifully formed, with a countenance, whose engaging expression and fine features interest and charm. Her action is in the highest degree harmonious, happily embodying those nice shades of meaning, which even language finds it difficult to delineate. In the rôles of Miranda in *La Tentation*, and that of Miranda in *La Tempête*, founded on Shakspeare's play, she has no superior.

The breath of scandal has not sullied the purity of Mademoiselle Taglioni's fame. The conjugal relation she some years since formed, proved unhappy. Her husband, the son of a peer, consumed her ample means in gambling and extravagance, and found at length a lodging in *St. Pélagie*. From this cause, as regards pecuniary prospects, she has been compelled to commence the world anew, and her present splendid engagement at St. Petersburg, under the auspices of the Czar, will go far to retrieve the losses she has sustained.

Fanny Essler is of a school totally diverse from that which boasts the above distinguished *artistes*. Her style is of the rapid and brilliant. She possesses an agreeable countenance, with regular features and sparkling eyes. Her figure is good and *bien prise pour la force*. Her style of dancing borrows its principal lustre from physical ability. Those fairy, dreamy motions, through which, as an atmosphere, Taglioni seems ever to float, belong not to her.

In the stately minuet, Fanny Essler would make but a comparatively poor figure; but in executing the difficult *fantasia*, if I may use the expression, of a *pas seul*, where she can display the swift wheel of the pirouette, with the Camilla-like trip *sur les pointes*, the fair German is not to be surpassed. A brilliant feature in her style is the closing tip-toe *pose*, where, poised with arms extended, she gracefully acknowledges for a moment the plaudits showered upon her, and then descending to a natural position, flits away like a sylph from the bewildered gaze.

While at Paris, I also witnessed the *début* of Madame Augusta, at the *Académie Royale* ; it was, I believe, in the *rôle* of “Fenella” in Auber’s Opera of “Massaniello.” Her performance of it was admirable and effective. Soon after, she sustained the principal character in the splendid Ballet of the “Ile des Pirates.” The rank held by this lady at the finest theatre in Europe, will fully justify her proud claims to preëminence elsewhere.

At the time I saw her in Paris, she was more particularly noted as an actress, although her dancing was ever graceful and appropriate. During the interval between that period and her appearance upon our boards, she has made great improvement in the latter branch of her profession.

In remarking upon the *danse*, the idea of the stronger sex is scarce suggested to the mind. That poetry and harmony of motion, deprived of which, this accomplishment is but a succession of meaningless and uninteresting movements, cannot exist in their full beauty, apart from the peculiar grace and delicacy to be found only in woman. Impressed with this idea, I have, while on the subject of the *ballet*, scarce bestowed a thought upon the male *artistes* who serve also to compose it. Before quitting the theme entirely, however, I will advert in a few words to the most distinguished of them.

At the time of my residence in Paris, Mazillier was the most useful man in this department of the *Académie Royale*, not as a *danseur* exclusively, but as a good general performer ; various and energetic in his action, animated and correct in his



gesture. Montjoie was then, and had long been, the *bel homme* of the ballet. This actor always appeared in characters of dignity and importance, which, from the nature of their station, would be presumed to require no striking display of agility; in such rôles, for instance, as the Sultan in “*La Révolte*,” or his Infernal Majesty in “*La Tentation*,” from the elegance of his person, and a corresponding gracefulness of manner, Montjoie had no equal.

Of the regular *danseurs*, the most remarkable were Perrot, Mabile, and an Italian, Guerra. Nothing could exceed the easy agility of Perrot, and he was as ugly as he was active. “*C’est bien dommage*,” said a Parisian *journal du spectacle*, “*que cet artiste a un si fâcheux extérieur* ;” but, ugliness aside, he certainly was a splendid dancer. I never saw any thing more magnificent in its way than a *pas de deux* between him and Mademoiselle Taglioni, in a scene of the “*Révolte*.” Both exerted themselves to the utmost, and the effect was grander than any thing which I had previously conceived could emanate from a similar source.

Having thus hastily sketched the more prominent artists, whether in the Opera or the Ballet, that adorn the *scène* of the *Académie Royale*, we will take a glance at the sister opera, which boasts the enchanting music of Italy. The artists, to whom this music is confided, are all of the first ability, and constitute a galaxy of talent unequalled on the European continent. The gold of France and England has bought up the rarest

talent of Italy, which that impoverished country could not itself adequately maintain.

There is Rubini, whose impassioned notes are the admiration of the musical world. Deep pathos is a grand characteristic of this celebrated singer; his thrilling accents pierce the very soul. An habitual melancholy expression of countenance renders his affecting passages doubly touching. As a natural result, Rubini's *forte* is not the gay and *bruyante* music which distinguishes the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. It is the more pensive genius of Bellini, that has developed the wonderful powers of this artist to their fullest extent.

Among the various operas of this master, in which Rubini appears, my individual judgment would prompt me to select *La Somnambula*, as the one affording him the completest triumph. It is here, as the heart-broken lover of Amina, that Rubini infuses his very soul into the passionate music of the piece. His manner of rendering the beautiful *aria*, "Ah! perchè non posso odiarti?" is indescribably touching. So perfectly is he master of the music, that the difficulty of the piece, usually sufficient in itself to engross the attention of the *médiocre* singer to the great prejudice of effect, is with him no greater obstacle to the full and entire expression of it, than would be the ordinary tones of the human voice, as employed in common conversation. Rubini is, unquestionably, the only tenor in Europe, who can do full justice to the exquisite melody and soul-stirring pathos of this beautiful air. And here I must observe, that,

notwithstanding the great and deserved success of that immortal piece, which may be looked upon as the most pathetic offspring of Bellini's muse, the American audiences, who have listened with a delight ever-increasing to its touching strains, can have but a faint idea of the heightened and intense effect, with which the Opera was produced, under the immediate eye of the composer, when the several parts were consigned to the artists for whom they were written, and adapted to the peculiar powers of each; the whole, too, accompanied by a complete and admirably conducted orchestra, within the eloquent compass of whose varied tones could be embodied each warm conception; whether, in full resounding volume, it should swell onward and upward to the sublime; or, led on by imagination, follow in the light train of some exquisite fancy, until the soft notes fade away from the thrilled senses like the shadow of a dream.

Next comes *il primo basso*, Signor Lablache. His portly figure and agreeable visage, replete with humor, enlist your judgment in his favor before an accent escapes his lips; — but hark! his mouth opens, and there rolls forth, from the immense amplitude of chest, a volume of sound, that would seem to threaten all other sounds with annihilation. Not only has Lablache the merit of being the most excellent bass, that Italy, and *par conséquence* the world, can boast; but he has also been termed the most admirable comedian in Europe. Of all the pieces in which I have seen this

celebrated artist, that entitled *La Prova d' un' Opera Seria* is best adapted to display his rich comic *verve*. This musical sketch shows the rehearsal of a grand opera in all that characteristic confusion, in which rehearsals delight. At length, order being in some degree obtained, and a few of the company brought together, *Lablache*, the *maestro* commences his instructions to the performers. The *prima donna*, being an important personage, is unwilling to brook the dominant manner of the *maestro*, and a most amusing skirmish ensues between them. During the musical encounter, is given the admired duett, "Ah, qual figura," in which the peculiarities of either party are very happily hit off. This at length adjusted, the *primo tenore*, *Ivanhoff*, is taken to task for an alleged deficiency in energy and fire. The composer gives him a passage to execute, and, thinking the voice quite as much as he can attend to, himself takes charge of the arms, in order to ensure an animated gesticulation. The singer commences and goes through the passage, while the arms, under the command of the fiery *maestro*, likewise perpetrate a series of most energetic and astounding gestures. The composer is delighted at the improved effect, and the audience acknowledges the felicity of the conception by peals of laughter and applause.

But the most humorous scene in the piece is that in which the composer appears, laden with a vast collection of papers, containing the overture to his opera. These he proceeds with infinite gravity to bestow upon the orchestra, — *corno primo*, —

*corno secondo*, — and off goes the music, circling through the air, to the instruments in question, — *violino primo*, *trombone*, *violino secondo*, and so on, until all seem supplied; but still, as the shopmen say, there was a large balance on hand, which seemed to puzzle the worthy *maestro*. At length it occurs to him how to dispose of them. He throws the whole, *en masse*, at the head of the musician, whose office it is to beat music from the strained parchment, and roars out in a voice of thunder, *Grosse caisse!* (bass drum.) Thus all arranged, he bids them strike up, and straight the ear is saluted with a chaos of sound, that would drive the Goddess of Discord herself to despair. It most effectually discomposes the nerves of the composer, who rushes about the stage like a chafed lion, scattering the subordinates in every direction. Silence is at last restored, another ineffectual attempt ensues, and another, until, by dint of constant trial, the due degree of harmony is finally attained, and Monsieur “L’Orchestre” is reinstated in the good graces of the *maestro*.

The piece concludes with a grand musical crash, in which every voice, on its highest key, is pressed into the service; each and every instrument squeaks, brays, and bellows, as the case may be, at the top of its compass; but, above the terrific din, rises distinct the mighty voice of Lablache, directing the whole. The curtain veils the scene, and I for one quitted the house much better pleased (if it be lawful to infringe on unity of time and

place) with the rehearsal of an opera, than I now expect to be, for a long period of time, with the regular representation of one.

Signor Tamburini is another of the *virtuosi* who adorn the Italian Opera. His finished style and brilliant execution have procured him, with many, the proud title of the most perfect singer in Europe. Tamburini's distinguishing characteristic, is his wonderfully rapid vocalization. His voice runs from note to note with an incredible celerity; but this feature of his style, though novel and astonishing in a bass singer, has the effect of giving to his *thème* a harsh, rumbling sound, not unlike that of distant thunder, and very dissimilar to the clear, sonorous depth of Lablache's organ-like voice.

Although Tamburini is considered a thorough bass, yet, when brought into immediate competition with Lablache, his voice seems but a barytone, and is lost in the weighty volume of the other's tremendous organ. This was never more fully manifest, than in the rendering of that magnificent, soul-stirring duet, which set the seal of success to Bellini's immortal composition, *I Puritani*. I allude, of course, to the famous "Suoni la tromba! Intrepido," which concludes the second act of the piece.

Tamburini commenced with excellent effect, when Lablache stepped forward, and, like Stentor of old, threw in a volume of sound, hushing, as does the cannon's roar, all else to silence. The singers, each aware that this was the turning

point of the piece, and a *pierre de touche*, to show where dwelt superior merit, exerted themselves to the utmost. Its effect upon the enthusiastic Parisians was magical; never was a musical *morceau* devoured with keener relish.

When the duet was over, plaudits shook the crowded *salle* from *parterre jusqu'aux quatrièmes*; the cries of “*Bis, bis!*” absolutely rent the air; it was repeated, and, when the drop scene descended, Bellini, by the unanimous voice of the enraptured audience, was called forth, to receive that meed of applause so grateful to sensitive genius, and which at Paris is ever extended to encourage successful talent. From that moment, the new Opera became the rage, and the laurel-wreathed composer received from the King of the French those honorary insignia, that, in the eyes of the European, far outweigh applause or treasure.

*Hélas!* this was the final offering of the youthful, — the lamented Bellini. Like the voice of that beautiful bird, whose notes are sweetest when expiring, the bright flame in the breast of Bellini, so soon to be quenched, burned, in its last prophetic glare, with a brilliancy transcending aught before.

Paris wept when Bellini died, and, to the musical world, the extinction of this bright star seemed to herald another irreparable loss. But a few months more were numbered with the past, when, she, — the bright queen of song, — she, to whose grandeur the pensive muse of Bellini had so much contributed; she, who will be remem-

bered, while the divine strains of *La Somnambula*, and the *Norma*, can find a home in the heart, the incomparable Malibran, descended mysteriously to the dark tomb.

But we have digressed. The only male artist of note at the Italian Opera, who remains now to be spoken of, is Ivanhoff, a Russian, as his name plainly purports. His *début*, some few years since, was very successful, and he was much talked of at the time; but, as it would seem, he has disappointed the great expectations formed of him. This artist is the pupil of Rubini, who has taken great pains to perfect his musical education; but the *élève* can never aspire to the place held by his master.

Ivanhoff's voice is a tenor of great sweetness, but by no means remarkable for power or pathos. His best *rôle* is that of Percy, in Donizetti's opera of *Anna Bolena*. In this part, his celebrated *aria*, "Vivi tu," is extremely sweet and affecting, and ever received with loud and long applause.

We will now advert to the ladies of the Opera, to whom gallantry should have assigned the priority; but, on the correct principle of reserving what we have of most excellent until the close of the *séance*, I have thus far delayed their bright advent; and first, of Giulia Grisi. That name recalls to me a vision of flowing tresses, dark as the fathomless gloom of night; of the clear olive tint, enriching the rounded cheek; of the dark, languishing eye, bedewed with that humid lustre, poets tell us it is dangerous to look upon.



All these, and more, recur to the mind on the mention of the fascinating *prima donna* of Paris.

Giulia Grisi is at once a beautiful woman and an exquisite singer. In the high queenly rôles, such as *La Semiramide* and *Anna Bolena*, she is really magnificent. The crown, whose jewels blaze upon her brow, could not surmount a more imperial front; — and then her acting, so energetic, so impassioned, and that unreserved *abandon*, with which she lends her whole soul to the spirit of the scene; — with what intense force and reality do they invest the startling illusion! And then the less heroic parts; — take, for example, the maid she personates in *La Gazza Ladra*, (can this be the lofty Empress, — the impassioned Queen?) — how beautiful is the bird-like carol, with which she first bounds upon the stage! Sure that finely-stringed instrument, an Italian larynx, never did vibrate in softer music; the very air seems redolent of harmony.

The character of “*La Norma*,” in Bellini’s opera of that name, seems peculiarly adapted to the fine powers of Mademoiselle Grisi. The rapt Pythoness, where the dark eye dilates with the enthusiasm inseparable from her calling, — how to the life! The fearful pangs of maddening jealousy at the more than suspected infidelity of her lover, goading her into the horrible idea of destroying the infant pledges of their mutual loves, — with what terrible energy are they depicted! Like the Italian wife in Milman’s *Fazio*, she reveals the secret of her lover; she acquaints her tribe that

he is a Roman, and herself takes the fatal knife, which is to terminate his existence. Pollio bares his bosom to receive the death-blow from the woman he has loved. She falters. The intense fondness she once bore him returns again to her breast ; that sacrificial knife drops from her hand.

The druids, assembled around to witness the welcome sacrifice, demand an explanation of the mystery. She now, with tears, clings about her father's knees, and implores the life her breath has cast away. In vain ; the stern druid is relentless. But she can, at least, share his fate, — "*Son madre!*" (I am a mother!) she shrieks aloud. Her doom is sealed. A priestess and a prophetess, enjoined, on penalty of death, a vestal purity, — her blood can alone wash out the stain. They are led to their punishment. She turns to Pollio, with a countenance where anxiety and anguish have given place to a heavenly smile, and exclaims, "*Moriamo insieme!*" (Let us die together!) The scene is indescribably affecting.

Beside the *prima donna*, there are other ladies of the Italian Opera, deserving of mention. Madame Albertazzi, from the Opera at Madrid, and Signorina Alessandri, a young *cantatrice*, of much promise. Mademoiselle Amigo, also, has a very pretty face to recommend her, but is not distinguished for eminent vocal talent.

The operas most in vogue, at the time of my residence in Paris, were *La Straniera*, *Il Pirata*, *La Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, (Bellini,) Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, (a favorite rôle of Mad-

emoiselle Grisi,) *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Semiramide*, *Mosè in Egitto*, with *La Cenerentola*, by Rossini.

I have thus dwelt, at considerable length, upon the Opera, for the reason of its being, at the present era, the most prominent feature of public amusement, and likewise on account of the great degree of perfection to which it is brought in Paris, — being universally allowed to surpass any other in the civilized world. For the last century, the inhabitants of Paris have looked upon the Opera with pride, as going far to make good their assumed superiority in those arts and elegances, which mark the acme of civilization. “*C'est un pays délicieux que l'Opéra, Monsieur,*” said a French gentleman to me, in the course of a conversation upon the subject. It is hardly necessary to add, that I awarded a cordial assent to the axiom.

## CHAPTER XX.

The Théâtre Français.—Ligier.—Mademoiselle Mars.—Madame Volnys.—Casimir De la Vigne.—Don Juan d'Autriche.—Outline of it.—Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin.—Mademoiselle Georges.—The Gymnase.—Théâtre des Variétés—The Vaudeville.—Other Theatres in Paris.—The Wandering Jew.—The Opéra Comique.—Le Pré aux Clercs.—The Odéon.—French Fondness for Theatrical Exhibitions and Music.

FROM the Opera, let us turn to the strong-hold of the *Comédie Française*, where developed itself the genius of a Talma. The *Théâtre Français* is not now what it was during the life of that celebrated actor. Still, it is interesting, if for nought else, from its being the sole dramatic temple, where are yet listened to, the immortal conceptions of Corneille, the graceful, flowing verse of Racine, the pure and sparkling wit of Molière. Not that the *Comédie Française*, even at the present time, is shorn of all its brilliancy. It has yet its Ligier, Mademoiselle Mars, Dorval, and Volnys.

Ligier is the first of the French tragedians. I do not recollect of ever having seen a more excellent actor. His voice of thunder, and speaking eye, his well-pointed emphasis and clear enunciation, with an energy, that can kindle to resistless fire, yet obeyeth ever to the sense,—justly entitle him to the rank of first favorite with the

Tragic Muse. How different is the combination I have mentioned, from the tame, spiritless action, so much in favor upon our stage, or that bel-lowing rant, that would strive, with prodigal breath, to hide a paucity of intellect. Of Ligier, I can from experience say, as one of my friends observed to me respecting Talma, in the whirlwind of a passionate scene in the *Oreste*; "I gazed," said he, "until an icy thrill, such as one feels in the immediate anticipation of some terrible event, curdled my very blood." In one particular scene, I have yet a most forcible remembrance of this actor's power, conjoined with that of Madame Dorval, to the full, as effective.

The plot of the piece was analogous, in some respects, to that of a melo-drama, often represented upon our stage. The action of the play takes place in the region of the Moor, where the soil stretches, scorched and arid, under the fervid kisses of a tropical sun. The principal characters were personated by Ligier and Madame Dorval. They are lovers, and their love is characterized by an intensity, known only in those burning climes. As the complicated plot approaches to a *dénouement*, a fatal light breaks in. The lovers, — they are a brother, and his long lost sister, for years mourned as dead. The intense, absorbing horror, which seizes the hapless pair, gives birth to a scene, more terribly exciting and harrowing in its nature, than aught I have ever witnessed, where the "mirror is held up to Nature." The feelings are strained to their extremest ten-

sion ; the eye withdraws itself from the scene, and involuntarily seeks the countenances of those around ; while over the mind there creeps the vague, sickening apprehension, of some terrible catastrophe.

Of course, however, the play ends well, and all seems brighter, from the deep contrast. The infancy and childhood of those lovers were reared by the same fostering hand, but not with equal privilege to such protecting care. Disinterested pity for the one, worked the kindly office that maternal love suggested for the other.

Mademoiselle Mars is the pride of the old French comedy, and such has she been for the last thirty years. She is the actress of the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, as well as of the Bourbon and Orléans dynasties. Despite her sixty years, she is yet the idol of those, who prize the genuine old Comedy ; for her excellences are those, that time but lightly affects. This celebrated *actrice* possesses an agreeable countenance, with rather large features. Her person is commanding, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. The great charm of her style is an extreme gracefulness of delivery ; her sentences are given in a voice of silvery sweetness, and clearest enunciation ; she abounds not in gesticulation, but that she makes use of is at once harmonious and expressive.

In the *petite comédie* of "Valérie," where she personates the heroine, — a young *demoiselle* of nineteen, and beautifully too, — I have heard her recite a long passage from the dialogue, in that

soft, silvery tone, unaided by gesture, and without the slightest movement from the spot where she stood; and yet, when the recital was terminated, long and *bruyant* was the applause that greeted it.

Madame Volnys, who made her *début* at the *Théâtre Français*, some three years since, is the lady, who, under the name of Léontine Fay, was so much admired for her precocious talent. Previous to her appearance at the *Comédie Française*, she had, for several years, been the principal ornament of the *Gymnase*. The *ci-devant* Léontine is a clever actress, and, what is of equally great importance for success in Paris, a pretty woman. Her figure is tall and *bien prise*, her hair is dark, and her eye quick and brilliant. Her style of acting is spirited, and at times pathetic; but there is an admixture of affectation throughout, which steals from the general effect.

The works of the old French dramatists are now seen but comparatively seldom upon the *scène* of the *Théâtre Français*. Public taste has placed its stamp of popularity upon a different order of composition. Casimir De la Vigne is now the most successful dramatist of the *Comédie Française*. His play, entitled "Don Juan d'Autriche," had a prodigious run, and, with another, "Louis Onze," that enjoyed nearly a similar success, proved more attractive than any thing brought out at this theatre, during my long stay in the French capital.

As the first of these performances met with such decided success before the most fastidious audience

in Paris, and, we might say, in Europe, perhaps it may not prove tiresome to the reader to throw a cursory glance over its more prominent incidents.

Don Juan d'Autriche, the hero of the play, is the younger son of the great emperor, Charles the Fifth, of Germany, and brother of Philip, king of Spain. From his infancy, he is destined for a life of piety and monastic seclusion; and at an early age is consigned to the care of one well fitted, in the opinion of his royal relatives, to promote such holy purpose. But Don Juan, who seems intuitively to have preferred any course of life to the one destined for him, contrives, through the assistance of the menials, to deceive his indulgent and credulous governor, and at last plights his troth to a beautiful girl (personated by Madame Volnys), of whose Jewish extraction he is for a long time left in ignorance.

At length, Philip of Spain comes to visit his brother, of whose progress in a religious education he has received the most encouraging accounts.

The brothers have an interview, in the progress of which the monarch questions the novice with some severity. Don Juan is here taken greatly at disadvantage, — having been ever sedulously kept in ignorance of his noble birth, and being, in consequence, totally unconscious of the relationship subsisting between him and that stern questioner.

Philip is not a little surprised at the entire absence of spirituality from the conversation of an



*élève*, who, he had been led to believe, was a paragon of enthusiastic piety; and, upon his expressing himself with acrimony on the subject, Don Juan at once throws off the mask, exclaiming, "Il n'y a que trois choses dans le monde; la guerre, la chasse et les femmes." This is one of the most effective points in the piece. The King, astonished beyond measure, abruptly concludes the interview.

So glaring a violation of the spirit of the Order was not to be overlooked; and Don Juan is sentenced to expiate his offence in the gloomy silence of a monastery. As it happens, the one selected for his imprisonment is the same in which the conqueror of Pavia, upon his abdication of the Germanic throne, had retired, a voluntary Exile. From the strong family resemblance, aided by a variety of incidental circumstances, the Imperial recluse is not long in discovering, in that young stranger, the son of his old age, Don Juan d'Autriche. Forgetting the disappointment of his original scheme, the Emperor sees with delight in his son the traces of that martial spirit, that inspired his ancestors; and, as a friendly token, he gives the youth the sword worn by himself at the battle of Pavia.

Through the connivance of his father, and the assistance of a little dependant upon the convent, — charmingly personated by Mademoiselle Anaïs, — Don Juan is enabled to escape from his confinement.

After passing through a variety of scenes, he

is at length brought before Philip, to be judged for his misdeeds. At this critical juncture, when the fate of our hero hangs upon a hair, Charles the Fifth appears in the Hall of Justice, and, by the weight of his paternal authority and name, succeeds in reconciling the brothers.

The conclusion of the piece, as regards the tie between Don Juan and the lady of his heart, is truly French. Although the lover originally resolved to sacrifice all considerations to the ardor of his passion, yet his noble birth, the commands of the superstitious King, and the general tone of the age, forbade such unequal nuptials. Don Juan yields to the force of circumstances, and the unhappy lady is compelled to seek a husband elsewhere. The characters, throughout the drama, are well sustained; that of Charles, by Ligier, cannot be too much praised.

With materials, such as these, has Casimir De la Vigne constructed a performance, which may be regarded as the most successful of the day.

Leaving the *Français*, we will now take a glance at the *Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin*. This is the chosen resort of the modern French Tragedy, — the tragedy of Victor Hugo and his school.

Mademoiselle Georges is the presiding dispenser of the horrors nightly served up to regale the *habitués* of the Porte St. Martin. Her *forte* is deep tragedy. She appears to advantage in Dumas' celebrated piece, called *La Tour de Nesle*, in Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia*, and in the *Fam-*

*ille Moronval*. In these effusions, the Tragic Muse dons her robe of deepest black; each scene breathes of treachery and murder; the assassin's dagger and the poisoned bowl are the rapid and effective machinery, that hurries the complicated drama to its final *dénouement*.

There is something really horrid and revolting to the feelings in each of the three pieces mentioned above, and yet all Paris flocked to see them. So diseased and insatiate is the appetite for the horrible, that even the writers, who essay to feed it, seem to fear only that the alembic of their dark imaginings shall distil nought sufficiently potent to appease awhile this morbid craving. For many years, Mademoiselle Georges occupied, as *tragédienne*, a position second to none upon the French stage. At present, her prodigious size interferes with the exhibition of that energy, for which she was formerly remarkable; yet is her acting ever impressive, and, at times, intensely terrific. Perhaps, however, this effect may result as much from the nature of the pieces, in which she appears, as from any individual display of talent. In her youth, Mademoiselle Georges is said to have been eminently beautiful. Report has made her the favorite of crowned heads. However that may be, she was *finally* banished from France, by Napoleon, and found a refuge and protection in the dominions of Alexander.

Happy to escape from the ominous Porte St. Martin, we will stroll along the Boulevard, and look in at the Gymnase, (formerly *Théâtre Ma-*

dame.) This neat edifice is the home of smiling Comedy, and the *spirituelle vaudeville*, which are admirably sustained by the united talent of *Paul, Allan*, and *Bouffé*, with *Mesdames Eugénie Sauvage*, and *Allan Despréaux*, whose charming *naïveté*, and languishing blue eyes, ever pleased me quite as much as the play. The Gymnase is well patronized by the public, and is decidedly one of the most delightful theatres in Paris.

The *Théâtre des Variétés* holds a rank one grade below that of the Gymnase. It is, as the name would show, dedicated to Variety. An evening passed here rarely fails to afford a hearty laugh—You have the broad *farceur* Odry, Frederic Lemaître, (of *Robert Macaire* celebrity,) and the inimitable Vernet, whom I should place at the head of low comedians. There is a richness of comic *verve* about Vernet, that is perfectly irresistible. In the female department, Mademoiselle Jenny Colon was, until a year or two past, the brightest star; but this fascinating actress aspired to opera, and deserted the *Variétés* for the *Opéra Comique*.

The *Vaudeville*, situated near the Palais Royal, and the Rue St. Honoré, is a favorite resort for those, who are fond of the light, piquant style of comedy, from which this theatre derives its name. There are excellent performers at the Vaudeville, among whom must be particularly designated, Arnal, Lepeintre, jeune et aîné, and Lafont. As regards the ladies, there are Mademoiselle Louise Mayer, and the beautiful Anaïs Fargueil, whose successful *début* at this theatre, I had the pleasure of witnessing.

The above theatres are the most frequented of Paris. Besides these, there are the Théâtre du Palais Royal, the Folies Dramatiques, Gaieté, Salle Ventadour, the Ambigu Comique, the Cirque Olympique, and several others, less known to fame. The "Ambigu Comique" is no misnomer; it certainly is a most ambiguously comic theatre. During my stay in Paris, there was a piece produced at this house, entitled *Le Juif Errant*, which met with prodigious success. The commencement of the drama refers back to the earliest dawn of the Christian faith, when that mysterious personage, the Wandering Jew, is supposed to have first set out on his endless peregrinations. From that early era, he is conducted through a long succession of scenes, down to the enlightened reign of Louis Quinze, and is seen at supper with the king and his *belle maîtresse*, la Marquise de Pompadour, in the likeness of a Count St. Germain, whose eccentricities and supposed extreme longevity created no little stir at that period. This play is of a nature, which could scarce exist in any atmosphere, save that of Paris; but there, for an immense number of nights, its consecutive representations attracted crowded audiences.

I have alluded to this extraordinary drama, the rather as it affords a startling evidence of the lukewarmness of public feeling in the French capital on the subject of religion, than for any intrinsic merit in the composition, or aught else.

There are two theatres, of which I have not yet made mention. These are the Opéra Comique,

and the Odéon. Respecting the former, as I have already treated at large of the French Opera, but a passing notice will be given. The Opéra Comique is situated in the Rue Vivienne, nearly opposite the Bourse. The most popular music at this house is that of Boieldieu, Herold, and Auber, as represented in their chefs-d'œuvre, — *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and *Fra Diavolo*. *Le Pré aux Clercs* is exceedingly admired by the Parisians. When the opera first came out, it was perfectly what is termed *the rage*. Every boy in the street was whistling snatches of its lively airs, while at all the concerts and balls, the bands drew largely upon its brilliant overture, and played its favorite *morceaux*.

The price demanded for admission to the Opéra Comique is greater than that of the ordinary theatres, being seven or eight francs for the most select places, whereas the others for the same demand but five.

The Odéon, situated near the Palace of the Luxembourg, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, was formerly more frequented by the *beau monde*, than any other theatre in Paris; but, in proportion as the wealth and fashion of the Capital deserted this *vieux quartier de la ville*, for the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, did the Odéon gradually decline from its high estate, until it became nearly out of date.

This large theatre is now closed the greater part of the time. Performances were, for a period, exhibited there by the company of the Porte St.

Martin, but the speculation failed of success. One would suppose that the students alone, who are said to abound in Paris to the number of ten thousand, would be sufficient to fill it nightly; but the Odéon is no longer a fashionable resort, and people will not go where it is not the *mode*. The site of the theatre is good; standing as it does, isolated, in the centre of a square. Its style of architecture, however, and general appearance from without, are too heavy and sombre for a temple devoted to the Muses; and within, although the *salle* is spacious and well constructed, there is but little of that airy elegance or grace, which it would seem should ever cling around such a spot.

Before quitting the subject of theatres, I must advert to the extreme fondness, which the French (particularly the middling and lower classes of society) entertain for theatrical exhibitions. The *grisette*, with nought but the light cap to defend her head from the inclemencies of wind and weather, and possessing but the trifling pittance of her thirty *sous* per day, would expend those thirty *sous* for a glance at some favorite *spectacle*.

It is this prevailing taste, which must account for the fact, that Paris, with a population not exceeding the moiety of that which swarms in the British metropolis, supports more than double the number of theatres, and yet the system of *starring* is comparatively unknown in the capital of France. What the minor theatres are to the lower classes, the Opera is to the *beau monde*, — one of the necessities of life. A *loge*, or seat, at the Opera,

seems as much an indispensable to the man of wealth and taste, in Paris, as the handsome equipage, in which he rolls away the careless hour, or the well-furnished hôtel of his residence.

In the French capital, a taste for Music, as well as her sister fine arts, appears to spring, gushing and spontaneous, from the warm and susceptible temperament of the people. In the capital of England, it seems forced and struggling for the frail tenure of its very existence, amid the stern prevailing pursuits that environ it. At Paris, it appears to flourish, bright and full of life, upon a natal soil. In London, it is the rare exotic ; — but the latter city is, at least, fortunate in possessing the golden means to encourage and maintain such an expensive hot-house growth. I shall now put a period to my lengthened remarks on the dramatic amusements of the French metropolis, and bid a final adieu to the theatres of Paris.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Parisian Cafés. — Hotels. — Manner of Living. — La Vie en Garçon. — Breakfasting Houses. — The Café Véron. — The Café d'Orléans. — Remarks on Cafés. — Café Tortoni. — Its Ices and Liqueurs. — The Café Anglais. — The Count. — Portrait of an Eccentric Gentleman. — Breakfasts. — The Café Estaminet. — Billiards. — Eugene. — Glance at the Restaurants. — The Rocher de Cancale. — Véry's Restaurant. — The Viandes. — Details of a Parisian Dinner. — The French Volaille. — Wines.

THE Cafés and Restaurants of Paris form one of the most remarkable features of the city. They are exceedingly numerous and elegant. At first sight, the stranger would deem it impossible, that so vast a number could receive any thing like an adequate support; but a brief stay in the Capital, and the information it will bring with it of the manners and customs of the Parisians, must speedily convince him to the contrary.

The hotels in Paris are widely dissimilar from those of England, or our own country. A visiter arrives in the metropolis, selects his hotel, and engages his room by the day or month. He is not necessarily expected to take his meals in the house; that is entirely at his option. If he breakfasts or dines at his hotel, charges are made for each individual time; if not, he pays but for his apartment. Frequently, the *restaurant* is quite a separate branch from the hotel it supplies, and their

accounts are sent you separately, as is the case with the *Hôtel des Princes*.

The more usual way for one new to Paris, and consequently desirous of seeing all that is to be seen, is to take rooms at an hotel, or *maison meublée*, and obtain his meals at the various *cafés* or restaurants, as fancy may dictate. What is there termed "*la vie en garçon*," is the most unshackled mode of life possible, and one to which the Frenchman is extremely partial. Any of the numerous *maisons garnies* will furnish him lodgings at a reasonable rate. Nothing is known, asked, or required, save the forthcoming of the monthly stipend, that discharges all obligation.

The *garçon*, if his means counsel him economy, takes his simple *déjeuner* of coffee and a roll, for twelve or fifteen sous, and dines well enough on three dishes and half a bottle of wine, for double that sum at the "*restaurant à trente sous*." If, on the contrary, income and inclination advise him to more extended epicureanism, the luxury of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with the columns of the "*Moniteur*" or "*Journal des Debats*," will claim an hour or two of his mornings.

From this mode of life, practised by an immense proportion of the Parisians, it is that the *cafés* and restaurants, seemingly so redundant in number, derive an adequate, and, indeed, an ample support. The most elegant breakfasting-houses in Paris are, in my opinion, the *Café Véron*, on the Boulevard, and the *Café d'Orléans*, in the Passage d'Orléans of the Palais Royal. The first of these

possesses a most eligible and central situation. Its various doors open on three sides, upon the *Rue Vivienne*, the *Boulevard*, and the *Passage Panorama*.

Enter the café, and you are struck with its richness and beauty. The entire apartment is brilliant with costly mirrors, and the walls and ceiling are tastefully decorated with rich fancy-work, intermingled with well-executed designs, in keeping with the character of the place.

The Café Véron is a favorite breakfasting-house with the English and Americans, particularly the latter. Every thing is served up here in the neatest style; there is something attractive in the appearance of the very *garçon*, with his becoming jacket of blue cloth, and the snowy length of his spotless apron, descending to the feet. There is, I say, a something of attractive in the exterior of this important personage, as, in answer to your call for *café au lait*, he glides noiselessly to your table. A ponderous vessel employs either hand. From one of these he pours the aromatic liquor into the snowy porcelain, — from the other, he tempers its strength to the just degree. The coffee and milk are mingled, in nearly equal quantities, to form the delicious beverage that is sending upward its fragrant odor before you.

The Café d'Orléans is not inferior, in size or richness of decoration, to the one we have just been describing, and both are managed upon the same principle.

These cafés are licensed to accommodate their

patrons with simple breakfasts, such as tea, coffee, rolls, &c., and the more various *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which, in fact, differs but in the name from our dinners. They possess not, however, the high privilege accorded only to the restaurants, of exhibiting that triumph of gastronomy, a true French *dîner*. The better class of cafés are ever well stocked with wines and *liqueurs*; but, setting aside the staples of coffee and tea, the more legitimate drinks at these resorts are *limonade*, *groseille*, *orgeat*, and the *bavaroise*. During the season of summer, the cafés derive great profit from the sale of ices, in all their Protean forms, from the mild and soothing *vanille*, to the anomalous *ponche à la Romaine*.

While on the subject of ices, I must not forget Tortoni. Everybody has heard of Tortoni; his name lives in the storied page, as well as in the palates of his grateful countrymen.

The original Tortoni is no more; his ashes have long since been blended with their parent dust; but he has left to posterity the legacy of his name, and that can never die. Tortoni's is the headquarters of the ice, and its antipodes, the *liqueur*. Nowhere is the *maraschino* more beautifully limpid, or the sunny *eau de vie de Dantzic* more glittering in its golden suspension, than with him; but it is the ice, which has more particularly established his undying renown.

I cannot forget how delightful it was, of a warm summer's eve, when all Paris seemed pouring along the thronged Boulevard, — to steal from

the animated scene, and while away the careless hour at Tortoni's.

Entering the café, you ascend the staircase, that conducts to the principal saloon. There, seating yourself by an open window, you hail the waiter with, — “*Garçon, donnez-moi la carte des glaces.*” The well-furnished *carte* is brought; there are *vanille, fraise, framboise, pistache*, and every other ice, which hath a name. You make your selection, and straight appears the object of your choice, in the graceful pyramid of red, green, or white; or, if such be your fancy, an admixture of the three. There you sit, and sip the melting pleasure. The gay saloon is, perhaps, filled with well-dressed personages, intent upon the same agreeable occupation with yourself; the hum of merriment and life, from the busy scene below, falls pleasantly on the ear; the balmy breathing of the air invites the steeped senses to sweet oblivion.

Oh! Souvenirs de Paris! que vous êtes délicieux!

In adverting to the leading cafés of Paris, I must not neglect to mention one, which, though modest and unobtrusive, in its appearance, is yet much celebrated for its substantial comforts and excellent *cuisine*, — I mean the Café Anglais. This establishment, which unites the café and the restaurant, has but little gaud or glitter to recommend it. The only ornament it possesses, is the indispensable mirror, which, in Paris, may be reckoned among the necessities of life; — but I

look upon it as the best breakfasting-house in the city. Nowhere are the peculiar excellences of the *déjeûner à la fourchette* more happily displayed, than at the Café Anglais. You may call for a *bif-teck aux pommes de terre*, or *rognons à la brochette*, or the modest *coutelette à la jardinière*, and all will be served up (to avail ourselves of a convenient Gallicism) in a manner that leaves nothing to desire. The wines, also, at this café, are noted for their excellent quality.

The Café Anglais enjoys—the surest mark of excellence—an extensive patronage from the true *connoisseurs* of gastronomy, who are willing to forego the glitter, in possessing the substance.

Every one, who resided any time in Paris during the years 1835, 1836, will recollect among the *habitués* of this establishment, a gentleman of most singular appearance and eccentric habits. He sustained, I believe, the rank of Count, and was a gentleman, by education as well as birth. He conversed fluently in several languages, speaking English particularly well. He had travelled over almost every portion of the civilized world, and collected a varied and extensive mass of information; but that sensitive and elegant mind had fallen a prey to some master sorrow, that had left but its noble wreck. Every one, who has seen him, will recognise the portrait.

He was somewhat advanced in years. His eyes were piercing and coal-black; his face begrimed with snuff, which he made use of in large quantities. The chin, upper lip, and whole contour

of the visage, were clad in a growth of hair, that would have put to shame the Bearded Man of Versailles. The costume, also, of this unfortunate gentleman bore the impress of extreme antiquity and indifferent usage.

If you chanced to enter the café at a late hour of the morning, you were sure of finding the Count seated at a table, in the further apartment, with at least five or six cups of coffee before him, engaged in writing, or in conversation. Here he would remain for hours, until the day was well advanced. In the evening, he was almost invariably to be seen at the Porte St. Martin; and, after the theatre was closed, he always returned to the Café Anglais, and remained there until three or four o'clock in the morning.

One evening, at the Odéon, when that theatre was temporarily opened by the director of the Porte St. Martin, at the conclusion of an act, a gentleman stepped out of the *avant-scene* (proscenium), and quietly remarking to the audience, "*Messieurs, je vous prie pardon, mais c'est un pari,*" marched across the stage, and entered the body of the house by the opposite *loge*. It was the Count. The spectators, who were principally students, hailed the feat as a capital joke, and honored it with several hearty rounds of applause.

Yet, with all his eccentricities, was the Count an agreeable and an interesting man. With our little *coterie* of Americans, who had nought to do, in Paris, but ring the changes on the *dolce far*

niente, he speedily became quite a favorite ; and we seldom met him, over his coffee, or at the *spectacle*, without exchanging the phrase of civility and kindness ; and it is rather for the sake of recalling the image of their old friend, to the memory of those, who knew him at the same period with myself, than for any other purpose, that I have been led into a digression, the uninteresting nature of which, I can only hope, that the general reader, in consideration of its brevity, will courteously pass over and excuse.

I have said that the Café Anglais is unsurpassed in the happy combinations of its *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The hour of taking this important meal cannot be strictly assigned ; it varies with the varying temperament of its votaries. The earliest legitimate point of time is nine o'clock, and the latest, three. The mean between these hours is the most common ; but the cafés are always prepared to serve up breakfasts at instant notice, between the extremes I have mentioned as the lines of legitimate demarcation. Coming before the first, you encroach upon the province of the broom and dust-cloth ; after the latter, you find the *garçon* abstracted ; his mind is away from the subject upon which you are addressing him, — it is dwelling on affairs of greater moment. Dinner, with its splendid confusion of *entrées*, *entremets*, and *hors-d'œuvres*, is engrossing his sentient powers, and it were your better course to leave him alone.

At the *tables d'hôte*, breakfast is usually served



up at ten, or half past ten o'clock ; but the *bourgeois qui tient maison* generally delays it until near noon, taking merely a cup of coffee upon rising, by way of a palliative until the *déjeûner*.

At first, I must confess, this practice of breakfasting at eleven or twelve o'clock seemed to me as conflicting with every correct principle of taste ; but, by degrees (so imitative are we), I became less and less alive to the unseasonableness of the hour, until finally, if I remember me aright, it began to appear to me quite *comme il faut*.

Nearly all the elegant cafés of Paris are congregated on the Boulevards, more particularly in the vicinity of the *Rue Richelieu* and *Rue Vivienne*, and in the ample enclosure of the Palais Royal. The most noted here, beside the Café d'Orléans, already alluded to, are the Cafés Foy and Corazza. The former is much celebrated for the excellence of its coffee.

There is yet another branch of the Parisian *café*, that remains to be considered. It is that termed *estaminet*. The most extensive establishment of this nature in Paris is on the Boulevard des Italiens, in the immediate vicinity of the Italian Opera House. The words, in prodigious letters, — “Café Estaminet à quatre billards au premier,” convey all the necessary information. You ascend the staircase, and enter the spacious room. Immediately on the right of the door, in a large case, and secured from accident by an interposition of net-work, are seen, marshalled in close order, a formidable phalanx of pipes, the property of the

*habitués*; the atmosphere of the room is cloudy enough to irritate the lungs of a Dutchman. The staples here, are pipes, beer, and billiard-balls; a trio that confer the distinctive appellation, “*Estaminet*.”

The French are exceedingly fond of billiards, and devote much time to the game. The most skilful player I have ever seen, was a young Frenchman, named Eugene; the extraordinary calculation and wonderful execution, which his *jeu* ever displayed, could not be considered as acquired; it must have been an unconscious and innate talent, as was music to Mozart, or poesy to Lord Byron.

The expense attending billiard-playing, in Paris, is but trifling. During the day, a table may be taken, by the hour, for twelve or fifteen *sous*; at night, when the room is lighted, a larger sum is demanded. One reason, that may be assigned for the moderate expense attending this species of amusement in France, is, that there the billiard-table is but a department of an extensive establishment, instead of being, as is frequent with us, the entire stock in trade.

The game is played with three balls, and the great object of the player is the *carambolage*. In holing a ball, the cushion must be first taken; that is, the ball must be doubled, or the party does not score. The game, thus refined down, becomes a mathematical study. It is really interesting to watch a first-rate player, — Eugene, for example, and observe the wonderful accuracy

of that judgment, which directs the ball from angle to angle, until it meets the object of its seemingly sentient search. The spectator regards with surprise and admiration those brilliant *effets de queue*, which appear in his play, causing the ball, now to rebound from the *bande* in defiance of every legitimate angle, now to describe those unexpected curves that denote the most finished execution and correctness of design.

The Estaminet is, indeed, a singular compound. At this table are persons engaged at *ecarté*; with those assembled around the next, the simpler domino is the resource. If it be a pleasant evening, and you can abide a half hour, it is probable the voice of music will be added to the scene; but look! the door opens, and there enters a young girl, of interesting appearance, the paleness of whose cheek tells plainly, that the wandering and exposed life of the minstrel accords but ill with the delicacy of her frame. Pursuing her steps, appears the attendant, with a violin and harp. They strike the prelude; the young girl sings, and accompanies herself on the harp. When the air is finished, the man passes round a little tin case, into which are dropped the few and scattering *sous*. Such is the picture of a Parisian *café estaminet*.

Having now satisfied our curiosity by taking the rounds of the principal *cafés*, let us look in, with what appetite we may, upon such of the *restaurants* as are most known to fame.

The most celebrated of these in Paris are

Véry's, Véfour's, Périgord, and the Trois Frères Provençaux, in the Palais Royal, Grignon's, the Rocher de Cancale, the Café de Paris, and the Grand Vatel. Véry's and Véfour's are considered the most magnificent, though the lofty *salons* and splendid mirrors of the Café de Paris might, in the estimation of some, dispute such precedence.

The Rocher de Cancale enjoys much celebrity, from the superior excellence of its *poissonerie*, and more particularly its oysters, &c., whence the name it has assumed, — *Rocher de Cancale*.\* There is but little external elegance or style about this establishment. The Rocher is an excellent house for a *dîner en société*. You should bespeak the dinner beforehand, and, upon arriving, the dishes will be served up at instant notice and in admirable style. The *cabinet particulier*, into which you are usually ushered, is neat, though not over large. It is pretty well removed from the coffee-room, so as to give you full opportunity of “ganging your own gait,” without annoyance to those, who may chance to be below.

I must confess, one great charm of the Rocher is, the perfect *laissez aller* of the place. You may shut yourself up in your *cabinet*, and make as much noise as liketh you; and no one says *nay*, or enters with rueful countenance, and a long tale about the people in the next room; *par conséquence*, for such parties as Pelham so inimitably describes, where leaps from mouth to mouth the

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\* A rock, of shell-fish celebrity.

poignant jest, and rosy conviviality holds the sceptre, — there is no place like the Rocher.

Grignon's is celebrated for the excellent quality of its Burgundy, the old Chambertin, and Clos de Vougeot. The comfortable, Bacchus-like appearance of the butler, who places it before you, is of itself no bad passport in favor of the generous wines, whose flowery odor he inspires.

To my mind, however, Véry's is by far the most elegant of the Parisian restaurants. Upon entering the saloon, you might, at first glance, imagine yourself introduced into one of those formerly splendid apartments of the Royal Palace, adorned in the style of sumptuous costliness, that marked the taste of its builder, the despotic Richelieu.

When the saloon is illuminated, at the hour of dinner, a brilliant effect is produced. The numerous and splendid mirrors, that line the apartment, upon whose polished surfaces fall the lustre's effulgent rays, are reflecting the richly ornamented wall and ceiling, at a hundred sparkling angles. The well-dressed groups, of both sexes, that fill the apartment, attest the fashionable resort. Add to this, the happy *insouciance*, or volatility, if you will, that appears inseparable from the French character, and, displaying itself even more particularly on such occasions, seems to surround every thing with an atmosphere of mirth. The stranger, after taking his first dinner at Véry's, will own there can be a luxury in satisfying the appetite, which your *commonplace feeder* but little dreams of.

So much for the *salon*. Now for the *viandes*, and the readiest method to procure them. You have entered the room, and given the preparatory touch to your *chapeau*, in compliment to the *beaux yeux* of the *dame de comptoir*; the object next in course is, to secure a seat. Glancing the eye around, you at length espy a table unengaged, and forthwith seat yourself thereat; *ensuite* the *garçon* approaches with the *carte du restaurant*; and what a *carte*! Do not imagine, oh courteous reader, that it owneth even a remote similitude to the meagre *bill of fare*, adown whose slip of five by three, are paraded the perennial fixtures of mutton, beef, and pork. The *carte* we speak of, is a printed volume, containing the titles of those harmonious compositions and *chefs-d'œuvre*, that have conferred a gastronomic immortality upon the genius of a Ude, and upon his illustrious fraternity.

You open the *tome*, and the introductory *potage* (welcome precursor of better things), in all its extended ramifications, first claims the attention. *Purée aux croutons*, *Lait d'amandes*, *Crécy*, *Tortue*, *Julien*, — all are there, to invite a selection. This over, another page opens to the view, *les entrées de poisson*. Here the work grows complicated; the mind, pleased with all, wavers between the piquant charms of the *escalope de saumon*, and the milder graces of the *laitance de carpe*. The eye glances doubtingly over the soft names of *turbot à la Hollandaise* and *à la crème*, and, scarcely less dear to the epicure, of the inestimable *sole au natu-*

*rel* or *en matelotte Normande*; but proceed with the work until the eye rests on the section entitled *entrées de volaille*. It is now you become fully aware of what a hydra-headed thing is the French *cuisine*. This single item, *volaille*, appears in more than fifty divers guises, some of them rather questionable, (*poulet à la diable*, for instance,) from the simple *poulet rôti*, or *farci aux truffes*, to the snowy delicacy of the *suprême*.

The French *volaille* should not be deserted without a passing word of grateful panegyric. It is emphatically *sui generis*, and cannot be found elsewhere in such rare perfection; — no doubt this is to be attributed to the *régime*, for it is education makes the fowl, as well as the nobler creature that devours him. Is it not contrary to every suggestion of reason, to suppose, that our tables can be supplied with well-favored poultry, when these very creatures until, perchance, within a half day of their final appearance upon the festive board, have been frisking away their existence, unheeded and uncared for, so that, by dint of constant exercise, the original delicate fibre becomes converted into that iron thew that doth so task the teeth?

In France a different course is observed. The poultry is doubtless taken excellent care of; at all events, the entire *genus* is kept sedulously out of sight, for I do not remember me of having seen a solitary specimen, in whom the vital spark was not extinct, during my protracted stay in the kingdom.

The education of the bird, I should suppose, (if it be permitted me to offer an hypothesis, which is

based on no stronger *premises* than the undeniable delicacy of the creature in question, and the peculiar satisfaction it is capable of communicating to the palate,) must be conducted in such a manner, as, were there any thing sentient in its compound, could not fail to bestow upon it an earnest of that important station in the animal economy which it is hereafter destined to fill in a manner so creditable to itself.

But to return to the *carte*. You are now supposed to have waded through the long catalogue of *entrées, entremets, hors-d'œuvres, &c.*, until in course you come to the wines. But *à propos* of the wines, — it were better to inform yourself on that subject previously; for the first question the *garçon* addresses you, after bringing the plate and bread is, “*Monsieur, quel vin désirez-vous?*” It never crosses his mind to inquire whether you take wine at all; — he considers that a thing of course, and would not insult you by proposing the query.

You glance over the list; there is the whole family of Burgundy, with that of Bordeaux, amounting to some scores, not to mention the golden Rhenish or sparkling Champagne. If you are an epicure, and dine on *ortolans*, I should recommend you the Château Lafitte or Romanée; if not, I would venture to say, that a bottle of St. Julien or Volnay may well suit your purpose. The French regard Champagne rather as a supper than a dinner wine, or, if it appear at the latter meal, it is generally to bring up the rear, and, like a *forlorn hope*, protect that which has gone before; for, in France, Cham-



pague is looked upon as a more powerful wine than either Bordeaux or Burgundy.

The business of the drama is now over, and by way of epilogue, you toss off a *demi-tasse* of *café noir*, with its accompanying *petit verre de liqueur*, which has been appositely termed *chasse-café*, from the peculiar rapidity it usually exhibits in following that aromatic beverage. The *boule* and *cure-dents* are now presented you, and all is settled save the bill. “*Garçon, la note!*” — the *garçon* signifies your wish to the fair dame who presides, and straight is brought you the account upon a little slip of paper. Each item is particularized, and mistakes but very rarely occur. You pay the amount, throw a franc or two on the table for the *garçon*, exchange a parting nod with the *dame de comptoir*, and emerge into the open air.

Such are the details of a Parisian dinner; a single instance will suffice to characterize the whole. And now we will turn from a consideration of the places that furnish the wherewithal to sustain the body, and dwell, if I may borrow a metaphor from the foregoing, upon that *genre* of *café* and *restaurant*, where are stored the dishes that administer a nobler aliment to the immortal mind.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Paris favorable to Literary Men. — The Royal Library. — Autographs. — Reflections. — Literary Facilities for Strangers. — French Mémoires. — The Novel. — Victor Hugo. — Portrait of M. Balzac. — Paul de Kock. — His Novels. — The Difficulty of Translating them. — The Drama. — Casimir De la Vigne. — M. Scribe. — The Vaudeville. — Concerts of Instrumental Music in the Open Air. — Remarks on them. — Fondness of the French for Pleasure. — Concerts at the Champs Elysées d'Hiver. — Musard's Concerts.

I HAVE said, in a former portion of this volume, that the capital of France is, as a residence, peculiarly favorable to the literary man. The policy of the French government, on the subject of letters, is free and enlightened, removing, as far as may be, impediments from the abstruse paths of Science, and conferring honor and patronage upon those who successfully tread them.

The *Bibliothèque Royale* in Paris is, undoubtedly, at the present era, the best endowed library in Christendom, containing, as is said, more than six hundred thousand printed volumes and eighty thousand manuscripts. This immense repository of learning stands in the Rue Richelieu, and extends its sombre length at least a quarter part of that avenue. The exhibition of his passport will entitle the stranger to admittance, and he may roam at his leisure through the wide halls of varied science.

Interesting as the *Bibliothèque Royale* must ever be, from its prodigious extent, and many thousand

tomes, it is yet more so by reason of the memorials it has preserved in grateful recollection of those celebrated men, whose talents and genius have so eminently enriched it. There are autograph letters of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, and of others, whose names are more deeply wrapped in the mantle of antiquity.

There is a curious feeling, and difficult of analysis, that comes over the mind, as dwells the eye upon those palpable characters, traced by men whose deathless conceptions did, in their own day, surround them with the bright halo of glory, and have descended to us sanctioned by the irrefutable touchstone of Time, as in letters of thrice purified gold. There is to me, in the view of these simple characters, a something of magic, that annihilates the wide field of distance existent heretofore between the sublime author, and the reader, who has drunk in delight and instruction from his richly stored page. From the immediate effect, I revert to the immediate cause ; — before me is the autograph, pale under the effacing influence of time ; my imagination conjures up a vision of him, whose material hand once traced it. I can see the daring author of “Mahomet,” or him, the more eloquent “apostle of affection,” whose life was poisoned by the suffering that ever results from excess of sensibility, — a suffering which his own impassioned pages have so feelingly portrayed ; they are gone, all, and years since, like commoner clay, has the *material* resolved itself to its original elements. But what remains ? To live, — to suffer, — were indeed but a poor boon, and then to die and be forgotten ; —

but happily it is not always thus. Secure in its enduring monuments, the mighty majesty of mind will ever assert its supremacy, and it is the consciousness of this which sustains the child of genius through every ill that existence is heir to, and renders even that existence a blessing. Of what little import then should appear to the rational man, the mere well-being of the physical, that shall endure but a brief space, in comparison with the constant culture and exercise of that divine emanation, that employs its present energies, and may, when ages shall have rolled by, be yet exerting its influence for good or for evil. The *material* is but the subordinate, the slave. We seem to forget that it is the mind,—the mind, with its fearful energies, unconscious of bound or limit, which constitutes that mysterious being — OURSELF.

I have said that the policy of the French, as regards their literary institutions, was open and enlightened, and thus it undeniably is. A stranger, known to be engaged in any literary undertaking, would experience no difficulty in obtaining access, free of cost, to the invaluable stores of learning concentrated in the Bibliothèque Royale ; and not only here, but the same remark will hold true with reference to all the scientific resorts in which the capital abounds.

The most extensive libraries, whose contents may be at the strangers' disposal, for a trifling subscription per month, are first, that of Messrs. Galignani, editors of the widely diffused journal, called "Galignani's Messenger" ; and second, one just

out of the Rue de la Paix, which possesses an extensive collection of works in both the French and English languages.

At Galignani's reading-room, adjoining his library, in the Rue Vivienne, you find the principal London journals and other leading periodicals, with all the Paris papers, and those, generally, of the Continent, that possess a reputation. The American reader may chance, too, to fall upon a file of New York prints; but these are kept rather out of the way; for Messrs. Galignani seem somewhat to undervalue our Republican politics.

A French circulating library contains much more material to amuse (if not instruct), than do our own or those of England. There is one *genre* of composition in which they abound, that with us is very rare; — I refer to the *mémoires*, those piquant confessions of personages in power, which, besides being extremely edifying from their candor and *naïveté*, are not a little interesting from the light they throw upon the general state of society, amid which the writers flourished. Of this nature are, more particularly, the memoirs written during the long reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth; the most amusing of these are, “*Les Mémoires de Madame la Marquise de Pompadour*,” “*de la Duchesse de Barri*,” “*du Duc du Richelieu*,” and “*Les Chroniques de l'Œil de Bœuf*,” continued through a succession of several reigns. None of them, I believe, have been translated; they are certainly very entertaining in their own soft tongue, but I doubt whether they would sustain the difficult test of an English version.

From the libraries we pass, by an easy transition, to a consideration of that light species of literature which forms the most popular portion of their contents. First, let us glance at the novel. The most popular writers in this kind of composition are the Chevalier Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, and Balzac.

The reputation of Victor Hugo, as a novelist, rests upon his celebrated work, entitled “Notre Dame de Paris,” a romance that made its successful author the darling of the enthusiastic Parisians. The work has been translated into English ; it has also been dramatized ; and I recollect having seen it performed, with considerable success, at Covent Garden Theatre.

M. Balzac is the author of “Le Père Goriot,” and other works of less note. During my frequent visits to the Académie Royale de Musique, I seldom failed to observe, seated in the *avant-scène*, a gentleman of very eccentric appearance. He always wore a blue coat closely buttoned to the throat ; his black hair, long and straight as that of an Indian, descended in masses upon his back and shoulders. He was in the prime of life, with a figure a little below the medium height, but making ample amends for a deficiency in longitude by the redundancy of its latitudinary dimensions. The features of the countenance surmounting this figure were laughing and good-humored ; but certainly displaying nought to mark a preponderance of the spiritual over the grosser matter. This was M. Balzac.

Of all the French novel-writers of the present

day, M. Paul de Kock is by far the most prolific, and perhaps the most popular. Several of his productions have appeared in English dress, but the translators have been unable to do justice to that piquant style and exuberance of local humor, that form the strongest features of the original. His novels are, "Frère Jaques," "Georgette," "Le Cocu," "Jean," "L' Amant, le Mari et la Femme," and "La Pucelle de Belleville." Of these "Jean" has been freely translated, under the title of "The Modern Cymon," and another version from the Chevalier, entitled "The Good Fellow," has lately been seen in our circulating libraries; but, as I observed above, they give but a faint idea of the point and wit that run through the original. No man, whose personal experience has not made him well acquainted with life in Paris, can translate felicitously the novels of Paul de Kock. So interwoven are they with the varied incidents of the Metropolitan routine; nay, so redolent are they of the very atmosphere of Paris, that, unless one has undergone the initiatory process of breathing that atmosphere a while, it is in vain (however perfect the knowledge of grammar) to attempt a spirited copy of the original. The colors fall on the canvass with a leaden, lifeless hue, and the artist strives, without success, to infuse into his picture that vitality of conception, which is but imperfectly imaged upon the mirror of his own mind.

Another serious obstacle to the translator, and it may be mentioned without affectation of prudery,

is, the hazard of rendering those strokes of wit, which are well enough in the slippery French, into our own matter-of-fact tongue. The *double entendre* that would but excite the general laugh in France, might resound with far less happy effect amid our more scrupulous circles.

Owing to this combination of difficulty and restraint, the reader, who is not familiar enough with the language to relish the original, will obtain from the version but a very imperfect idea of what manner of thing it is, — the legitimate French Novel.

From the romance let us turn to another species of composition, — that appertaining to the Drama. The two most celebrated dramatists in France at the present day, are M. Casimir De la Vigne and M. Scribe. The former deals in that long, heroic *genre*, that delights the *habitués* of the Comédie Française ; the second is the most prolific and successful *vaudevilliste* of his time. Nor is the muse of M. Scribe circumscribed within the limits of the *vaudeville*. Is a grand opera produced ? *la musique* may be by Auber, Mayerbeer, Halévy ; but you are pretty sure of finding *les paroles* by Scribe. I should think, that one half, or two thirds, even of the successful *petites comédies*, now performing in Paris, are from the indefatigable pen of this author. The yearly income he realizes from them is very large.

The pieces of M. Scribe are represented principally at the *Gymnase* and the *Vaudeville*, and also at the *Gaieté* and *Variétés*. Several of the *comédiettes*, that from time to time appear upon our



stage, are borrowed from Scribe. They are translated by the English play-wrights, with certain modifications to suit the particular temperament of the people, and after a while find their way to our theatres.

There is nothing in our own dramatic literature, or rather in that of England, that corresponds to the French *vaudeville*. This *genre* of composition is remarkable for its *naïve légèreté*, and the *spirituelle* nature of its dialogue. It is interspersed with musical *morceaux*, which are not introduced vaguely and without design, or merely for the purpose of displaying to advantage the actor's vocal talent; they are part and parcel of the play, and serve to continue on the meaning of the author, while they delight the ear by their pleasing variety of sweet sounds.

In adverting to the theatres and the opera, I have neglected to make mention of another class of exhibitions which is likewise very popular in the French capital. I allude to the Concerts of instrumental music. Vocal concerts take place but very rarely in Paris; indeed I recollect of having attended but one, which was given under the auspices of Mademoiselle Grisi and the Italian corps. During the *belle saison* these instrumental concerts are given under the starry canopy in the *Champs Elysées*, and the *Jardin Turc*.

In our changeful clime and beneath our weeping skies, the experiment of such nightly assemblages in the open air might be somewhat hazardous; and

in the midst of a fine overture, we should not unfrequently be put to flight by the descendent shower; but, under the *beau ciel* of France, the skies are more faithful to their promise, and the *belle soirée* rarely fails to be the precursor of the bright and cloudless night. Undismayed by the fear of watery intrusion, or the insidious catarrh, of an agreeable evening, an elegant and fashionable assemblage is sure to be present at the musical rendezvous. A full and effective band gives, with admirable effect, the favorite *morceaux* of the reigning Operas. Alternately the crashing overture, the lively galoppade, or voluptuous waltz, with noisy harmony rend the still air.

For admission to the immediate area, in the centre of which stands the pavilion for the orchestra, one franc is demanded. Those economists who listen *without the pale of good society* pay nothing, and of course constitute a large portion of the audience. It is pleasant, after having drunk in awhile the sweet breath of the music, to saunter forth amid the groves of the Champs Elysées, and watch the people engaged at their various sports; for the Champs Elysées are, as I have before said, the grand pleasure-grounds of Paris.

I remember well the first evening I attended one of these concerts; it was a lovely evening in June. The radiant empress of night, and the bright conclave of her starry train, were shedding their mild lustre over the roofs and towers of the great city. In Paris, of all other places, it seems almost im-

pious to lose such precious hours. Invited by that delicious softness of the air, that makes the mere act of breathing a pleasure, I strolled along the lengthened avenue which conducts to the Champs Élysées; the voice of music reached my ear; I accelerated my steps, and soon reached the spot whence the harmony proceeded; I entered the area and seated myself. The *tout ensemble* of the view (novel as it must be to the American, who, for the first time has but just landed on a foreign shore,) appeared to me as peculiarly striking and beautiful. The groups of fair women rendered yet more fair by the love-lighting rays of the silvery moon; the strains of music, that, blending with the pure and balmy air, seemed to fall with magic influence on the ear, — oh! there is a high excitement thrills through the senses from materials like these, that words but faintly picture; and then, too, the perfect consonance and accord, that dwell upon every thing around. What is it in these fair scenes of amusement and pleasure, that warms the heart of the spectator, and inclines him to a full participation? It is, I conceive, the open, undisguised sincerity of that *gaieté*, that springs gushing and spontaneous from the heart. There is nothing there visible of that cold calculation, which, in some other climes, enters amid the very sports; there is no chilling distinction between the patron and the patronized; all seemed determined to be pleased, and each component part happily mingles to form the harmonious *ensemble*. The pleasures

of the French seem to be a part of themselves, as much as their moral and physical faculties; they are not the forced growth of imaginations, artificially and unduly stimulated, nor the perverted offspring of distorted systems of education. Happy the nation that can at times unbend! As the exuberant glee of innocent childhood more fits the elastic mind to overcome the recurring daily task, so is it with the man; — so is it with the assemblage of men; — and we may be sure, that a nation, where joy and smiling mirth hold occasional undisputed sway; a nation, the spirit of whose constitution has provided for the necessary relaxation of the mind, by setting apart seasons for general rejoicing, is capable of attaining the noblest results in Science, and the most glorious achievements in Action.

From these rather digressional remarks, I return to the subject which induced them. When the season becomes too inclement for the out-of-door's music, the concerts are given in a gorgeous saloon, termed "Champs Elysées d'Hiver," in the Rue Lafitte, next the princely hôtel of the Baron Rothschild. This saloon is by far the most splendid concert-room I ever beheld. On extraordinary occasions it is made use of for balls and *réunions*. At such times, it is most brilliantly adorned and illuminated. It is supposed this splendid hall will easily contain three thousand persons.

Besides the concerts of the Champs Elysées, there are those *donnés chez Musard* in the Rue St.

Honoré, just out of the Rue de la Paix. Musard's concerts are on the same extensive scale with those of the Champs Elysées d'Hiver; the same *prix d'entrée* is demanded; and the establishments are rival aspirants for public favor. Both however are very well sustained.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Carnival. — The Masked Ball. — Crowds on the Boulevards. — Foreign Prejudices respecting the French. — Their Personal Appearance. — Dress. — The Parisian Elégant. — The Bourgeois. — National Guard. — Troops of the Line. — The Parisian Character. — Love of Glory and Pleasure. — Sense of Honor. — Selfishness. — The Female Sex. — Their Due. — Their Personal Appearance. — American and European Beauty. — American Beauty in Paris. — Moral Atmosphere of Paris. — Remark from Bulwer. — Girlhood in the Higher Classes of Society. — Marriages. — Married Life. — Morality of the Lower Orders. — Wretchedness and Crime in European Cities. — Ignorance. — Divorces. — Genius of the French Language respecting Love. — Bad Tendency of the Catholic Religion. — Reflections on Protestant America.

I HAVE NOW touched upon all the more prominent sources of public amusement in Paris, with the exception of those particularly connected with the Carnival. At the head of all the extravagances of this gay season, — stands confessedly the “*bal masqué*.” The balls are given at nearly all the theatres, the opera houses, and at Musard’s. Those at the Académie Royale are much the most distinguished and select. The price here demanded for admission is ten francs, — at the others but five; there is no dancing at the *réunions* of the Académie Royale. The ladies are all enveloped in black dominos, their pretty features concealed by the black and envious mask; save when, more lovingly by contrast from the circumambient blackness, peeps forth the rounded chin, like the white disc

of the silvery moon, just commencing to emerge from the dark bosom of a thunder-cloud. The *cavaliers* are usually dressed in the height of the fashion, and all bespeaks the presence of the *bon ton*.

The masked balls at the Opera are much more agreeable to the Parisian than to the stranger, for reasons that it is unnecessary to assign, and which the enlightened reader will not fail to perceive. The principal place of promenade is the saloon, which is tastefully decorated with evergreens, and rich with splendid mirrors. The *salle* is brilliantly illuminated; a flooring is thrown over the *parterre*, connecting it with the stage, and thus forming an extensive promenade.

At the commencement of the *réunion* there are usually exhibitions on the stage, such as a favorite dance by the *artistes*, or feats of strength and agility by the *troupe* of the *Cirque Olympique* (Franconi.) These over, the company are left to amuse themselves, and this they appear to succeed well enough in doing. The promenading in the saloon continues until a late, I should say an early, hour of the day; the gentlemen are gallant and *empressés*, — the masks are amiable, *exigeantes*, or provokingly mysterious, as caprice may dictate. In fact, they have the game in their own hands, and can play the cards as they like. The whole style of the thing is *à l'Italien*, and very popular, as might be supposed, in a country where custom and clime incite to intrigue.

The “*bal masqué*,” as it appears in the other

theatres of the metropolis, is of a nature far less refined than at the Opera. The hour for the ball to commence is midnight. The men are admitted in every description of fancy dress, but are not suffered to go masked; the women are masked or unmasked, as they fancy, and their costumes are of all imaginable descriptions, and some not a little *bizarres*. The dancing is sustained with ceaseless and unremitting ardor; the *laisser aller* is at its height; a *gaieté folâtre* seems to bear every thing on in its resistless stream.

To a spectator from the *deuxièmes loges*, the scene below wears a singular and not uninteresting aspect. Moving to the strains of music, and circling in the rapid figures of the *danse*, the animated mass, like a sea of life, seems to fluctuate in ceaseless undulation. It is not until the hour of five or six, that a general dispersion of the *monde* takes place. The dancers haste to their morning couches, anxious to recruit their exhausted spirits, and be *en état* for a similar scene on the succeeding night.

The *bal masqué*, however, is but a single feature of Parisian gayety. During the *bruyante* season of the Carnival, every thing seems in accordance. The entire population deliver themselves up to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and hilarity. It is only during the three last days of the Carnival, that masking is allowed in the streets, and then all Paris flocks to the Boulevard; that spacious avenue seems but one confused mass of human beings. Through the immense crowd,



at slowest pace, threads its way the occasional *fiacre*, filled with revellers masked and fancifully costumed. The shouts of these gentry, as they pass along, are responded to by the mass, with a *will* that causes the very air to ring with reiterated acclamations. These three days are the delirious crisis of a raging fever, and when they are past, all settles down once more into the calm, even flow, and the elements of society seem to return to a happier and more harmonious adjustment from the fierce commotion that had threatened to disorganize them.

Before quitting the subject of Paris and the Parisians, I must, as is the custom of all travellers, devote a page or two to a few remarks upon the general appearance, dress, &c., of the people, and upon their moral as well as physical condition.

There is a vulgar idea (unshared, of course, by the well-informed), that the French are a nation of dancers and music-masters, deficient alike in dignity of body and dignity of mind. Their physical particles are kept, it is supposed, in attenuated subjection, through their *soupe maigre* and thin potations, and the original powers of their minds frittered away by a ceaseless attention to the volatile and the frivolous. Such is the prevalent idea respecting the French, among the lower classes of both England and America,—an idea, which unquestionably derives its origin from that deep-rooted national antipathy, which, fostered by continual war, existed for centuries between the rival kingdoms of England and France; and the parent

country has, in a measure, instilled her national prejudices into the minds of her offspring. Let us cast a glance at the Frenchman as he actually is. In height, collectively as a nation, he yields a little to the American; but his body is if any thing more robust, and he apparently enjoys a higher degree of health. Dyspepsia, with its long train of nervous diseases, is but little known in France, and pulmonic complaints exhibit themselves but rarely. Compared with his neighbour across the Channel, the disadvantage is on the side of the Frenchman, both as regards strength and stature. On the score of dress, it must be conceded, I think, that the Frenchman is not a particularly well-dressed man; — he appears to think that the science of dress in all its elaborate details appertains exclusively to the *beau sexe*. There are in Paris no Stultzes, no Nugees. One of the most distinguished *tailleurs* in the French capital was some years since well known in the metropolis of New England. He enjoys an extensive *pratique*, and, from the courtesy of his manners, and his artist-like style, is deservedly a favorite, both among his own countrymen, and the English residents in Paris.

. I have said, the Frenchman would not be remarked as a well-dressed man. In the Capital itself, but little can be discovered of that butterfly species, which corresponds to the full-blown dandy of Bond and Regent streets. Yet Paris has its *élégans*, as the stranger will not fail to perceive, if he devote an evening to the Italian Opera or to Musards'. The Parisian *élegant* sports

the whisker and moustache. His coat and trowsers are from the skilful hand of Humann or Staub; his hand is encased in the kid *chef-d'œuvre* of Privat; while the brilliant boot, that encloses either pedal extremity, and just peeps from beneath the loose trowsers, attests the genius of a Forr.

The *bourgeois* of Paris is generally stout and well made. The *Garde Nationale*, which is mostly composed of this class, and, in the Capital alone, amounts to one hundred thousand men, is a remarkably fine corps.

I have seen about forty thousand of these under arms with nearly an equal number of the Line. The physical difference between these two bodies of troops is not a little striking. The *Garde Nationale* is composed of well-fed, hearty-looking personages, seemingly adequate to a dozen campaigns, while the troops of the line are much smaller men, but possess that bronzed appearance, which indicates *stamina* and great capability of endurance. Their average height, I should think, would not exceed five feet and three or four inches; but *these* were the men, who planted the standard of their Emperor in nearly every capital of Europe.

Thus much for the men, who, after all, differ but slightly in all civilized countries; I shall therefore dismiss them with a few brief remarks on those peculiar traits of character, which may be regarded as distinctive and national. The Parisian is gay, volatile, and irreligious; — but lit-

He is prone to reflection, he sedulously avoids every thing that tends immediately to suggest the image of mortality, though, when compelled to face Death, his constitutional bravery will not allow him to shrink from the encounter. Glory and pleasure are his two idols. In war he will fearlessly risk his life to gain the one; and in peace the hours of his existence are devoted to the other, or to gaining those means which he values principally as enabling him to attain it. His motto is the Epicurean "*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*" In the pleasures of the table he is moderate, being rarely guilty of undue excitement or excess, and the natural flow of his spirits renders aid from artificial stimulus unnecessary.

He is easily aroused to anger, and is ever ready, at the shadow of an affront, to demand or afford the satisfaction of a gentleman; at the same time nothing can be more courteous than his general demeanor; and, if he be quick to resent an unprovoked insult, he is in the like degree slow to inflict one. A candid explanation of a mistake, or a polite apology, will convert him from the bitter enemy to the warm-hearted friend. His pleasures are usually rather those of Sentiment than of Sense; he is fond of music and the theatre; he is likewise addicted to gallantry, and fully alive to the fascinations of the softer sex.

Yet, with all his many amiable qualities, there is a *stratum* of selfishness in the character of the Parisian, which renders it hazardous to depend upon him in those cases of urgency, which are the

*pierre de touche* whereby to test true friendship. He is a pleasant companion to share the conviviality of the social hour, but neither his character nor habits qualify him to be the staunch ally or the bosom friend.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the more prominent traits of character in the men, we will now turn our attention towards the *beau sexe*, which of course claims a closer and more protracted attention.

In France the women can scarcely be called with justice the weaker sex. They preside at the *comptoir*, they do the honors of the table; in fact, the women seem excluded from nothing, save that which appertains directly to the legislation of the realm. Elevated in such a condition of society, the women of France are of course very different from the sensitive and shrinking creatures that result as the legitimate offspring of a diametrically opposite state of public opinion. And, first, let us cast a glance at the physical appearance of the fair sex in France. The French woman is somewhat lower in stature than the American or English, and more inclined than either to the just degree of *embonpoint*, which communicates to the figure that graceful, rounded outline, without which elegance of person can hardly be said to exist. The natural graces of her exterior are heightened by consummate skill in the science of dress. The features of the Frenchwoman are animated and intelligent; her carriage is easy and graceful; her deportment gay and affable, and her whole

appearance conveys to the mind a *je ne sais quoi* of pleasing and harmonious, which, however manifest to the feelings, is yet difficult for the pen to describe.

And here, while on the subject of foreign beauty, if the reader will pardon me the interruption, wafted by Imagination across the broad Atlantic, I will dwell for a moment upon a subject dearer to the American, — the beauty whose home is in his own rough clime.

It must be conceded, and who shall therefor accuse me of an overweening national partiality, that, setting aside those peculiar graces of manner and *tournure* in which the French ladies excel all others, for the obvious reason, that it is the study of their lives so to appear, as most will fascinate the other sex, — setting these aside, I say, as unfair advantages, because the stricter tone of public opinion with us forbids the fair sex the use of such powerful weapons, — it must be conceded, that the highest order of American beauty will eclipse the same order among the nations of Europe; its very delicacy and perishable nature invests it with a charm, the healthier beauties of the Old World are unskilled to inspire. There is a stronger attraction for the heart and the feelings in that kind of loveliness, which half discloses, even at its first bright dawn, the signs of its own ephemeral existence, than in the warmer glow of those opening charms, which promise to expand to a ripe and dazzling maturity.

The mellow, melting tint, which the overhang-

ing cloud borrows from the setting sun, though its transient beauty exist but for a moment, is dearer to the lover of Nature, than the fierce rays of morning, or the gairish effulgence of a noonday sky. Were it, therefore, my envied lot (like that of Paris of old), to decide the claim to preëminence between the beauties that bloom in the various climes through which I have ranged, and those of our western hemisphere,—without keeping the rival fair long in suspense, I should leave the palm *at home*. Nor do I believe, that the flashing beauties of Circassia, nor the melting Georgian maids, can surpass the charms of those lovely countenances, that from time to time flit by our path in our own native land.

From these general remarks I will now descend to particulars. During my residence in the capital of France, the beauty of our countrywomen was favorably represented. Many names might be mentioned, to give weight to the assertion. I will select only among the bright galaxy those of Miss C \* \* \* \* \* and Mrs. W \* \* \* \* \*, and my reader, more particularly if he were there at the time, will not think it an object to dispute the point.

And now I bid adieu to this (to me) fascinating subject, over which the conscious pen would fain linger, — not doubting that the reader, if a gentleman, will find this paragraph as much to his taste as any the author could have written; and, if a lady (here I feel more diffidence), earnestly hoping that she will excuse the temerity, which has ventured to

proffer a homage, heartfelt, however unworthy, to charms, which, indeed, (oh impotence of language!) much abler writers have succeeded *only* — in failing to delineate.

But, to resume our theme, the moral character of the *dames Françaises* has suffered much from the sweeping animadversions of travellers, particularly the English. If we were to give credence to the assertions of certain of these gentry, we should be compelled to believe, that morality is a thing well nigh unknown or exploded in France. In Henry Bulwer's work on that kingdom, of which, during my residence in Paris, I read the French translation, there occurs a passage embodying a sentiment like the following; "*Parmi les Françaises il n'y a point d'honneur aussi farouche que de n'être pas à prix.*" The remark indicates, either that there was some resistless fascination about the writer, reasoning from which he arrives at the general conclusion, or else it displays a most perverse obliquity of observation. Undoubtedly it must be allowed, that the moral atmosphere of Paris is not of the purest; but yet the injustice of such a sweeping observation as the foregoing is too palpable to be for a moment admitted.

Let us briefly follow out the education of the *demoiselle* of good family. At an early age she is sent to the *couvent* or *pension*, where her time is passed in what we should term rigid seclusion. She is permitted no society from without, save that of her nearest relations, and even this is enjoyed but rarely; she is never allowed to leave her abode,



even for the healthful promenade, without being under direct *surveillance*. Even that degree of intimacy, which, with us, is considered as existing with perfect propriety between the young of both sexes, in France is especially interdicted by the imperious *convenance* of society. Thus passes the time until the young lady attains her sixteenth or seventeenth year; she is then freed from the discipline of schools to reënter the paternal, or rather maternal mansion, and prepare for embarking in such matrimonial alliance as her parents shall have agreed upon. In the consummation of this important affair, the voice of the party most interested has but trifling weight; her heart has had but little opportunity of entangling itself, and is presumed to be free. The young lady herself is seldom reluctant to pass the Rubicon that intervenes between the critical epoch of girlhood and the less equivocal state of matron. In a word, she is seldom averse to purchasing liberty even at the expense of a husband. Should she prove at first unreasonable enough to demur at accepting a man, whom in her life she has seen perchance but twice, her *romantic* objections are usually in the end overruled by parental authority. The match is so advantageous;—a title, wealth, or political influence, spring from the intended union. She yields at length to the supposed infallibility of her advisers, and acquiesces in all, as her mother and grandmother did before her.

From this moment her liberty commences; the Opera, the Assembly, the Card-Table, supervene to divert the *ennui* of married life; the parties

understand each other indifferently well, and the *mari* knows, that, if his own course be that of a *roué*, he can calculate but little upon the discretion of his wife.

I have taken as the subject of the foregoing remarks, the *demoiselle* of good family and standing. After casting a glance over the inferior orders of Parisian society, the writer would scarcely attempt the difficult and hazardous task of defending their moral character.

Beside the prodigious number of unfortunates, who earn their bread in a manner humanity shudders at, there are thousands of a better class, such as *grisettes*, *modistes*, &c., who, driven by absolute necessity (so poorly is female labor recompensed in France), and despairing, from their situation, of matrimony, are seldom without their *amans*, to whom, indeed, they have the character of being faithful. Yet, though all this must be admitted, there is not in Paris one quarter part of the disgusting immorality and vice, that disgrace the lower orders of society in London. What a picture is presented of the condition of those classes by the author of the "Great Metropolis." In Paris, if sensuality do, to a certain extent, prevail, it is divested at least of those horrible adjuncts, inebriation and profaneness. The gin palace does not distribute its death-dealing potions, and vice, though ever deformed, is here stripped of much of its grossness.

Any one who has resided a length of time in the larger capitals of Europe, where the wealth is almost entirely in the hands of a small portion of

the community, leaving vast numbers not even the means of obtaining honestly a scanty and precarious subsistence, and where, too, the distinctions which the artificial state of society gives birth too, are imperious and insuperable ;— any one, who has had the opportunity of observing all this, may regret, indeed, but cannot wonder at, the dark pictures of wretchedness and crime the large cities of Europe so constantly unfold to the eye ; and then, too, in extenuation, one must take into view the total neglect of education, another curse which is almost irremediably entailed upon them. But few, among the classes of whom I speak, can read or write, or have other ideas of the Supreme Being, or the nature of religion, than such as spring from the most debasing superstitions. On materials such as these, can Virtue erect unto herself a Temple ? Let us examine before we condemn.

Divorces are obtained with much difficulty in France, and even conjugal infidelity is held as inadequate to annul the marriage vow. The contracting parties do in fact take each other for better or for worse, and, as they are seldom romantic enough to stake their sum total of happiness on the cast of a die, there seems generally to ensue, — let fortune do her worst, — a degree of philosophic indifference, preferable surely to the violent extreme.

The French language is rich in the warm phraseology that depicts the passion of love ; but I am conversant with no phrase that aptly renders our “domestic comfort,” or one that conveys in its

full force the magic of "Home." The very barrenness of the language in this respect is proof enough of itself, that the genius of the people is but little inclined to the enjoyment of that quiet felicity, to which Hymen is supposed to set the seal.

I was somewhat amused at the *naïveté* of a response that was mentioned to me as having been rendered by a *jeune et belle mariée* to her expostulating *mari*; "*Mais, monsieur,*" exclaims the unconvinced beauty, "*que vous êtes déraisonnable! Je suis jeune et sans expérience, et enfin que voulez vous que je fasse?*" The piquancy of the original is lost in attempting its translation.

In concluding my brief remarks upon this subject, I must add, that the standard of morality, *malgré* the assertions of splenetic travellers, is higher in France than in Spain or Italy, or those districts of Central and Southern Europe, in general, where the same religion prevails.

In the domestic history of all nations professing the Roman Catholic Faith, intrigue forms ever a prominent feature. The Confessional, with its abuses; the purchased absolution, with the secret, unhallowed instigation of that numerous and influential body, whose duty it should be to keep salutary guardianship over the morals of the mass, aided by the lamentable ignorance and superstition that prevail among the middling and lower classes, — must necessarily exert a most efficient agency in impairing the moral constitution of society.

Happy is it for Protestant America, that she gloriously commenced where paused in the work of

reformation the most enlightened nation of the Old World. Happy, thrice happy is it for her, that she has been enabled, from the first, to pursue the cheering and enlightened course, pointed out by the finger of THE TRUE FAITH. It is her rare good fortune to enjoy the rich blessings of religious freedom and liberty of conscience. May these privileges never in their abuse lead on to license.

Firm and lasting may the beautiful fabric of our glorious Constitution proudly uprear itself to convince the world, that an educated people, whose measures are the result of a wise and enlightened policy, are fully capable of governing themselves. May it, in a word, be reserved for us to show, that the healthy existence of a Republic is no anomaly in the history of Nations.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Various Objects of Interest. — St. Cloud. — Les deux Trianons. — Swiss Cottages. — Montmorency. — Departure from Paris. — Havre. — Passage in the Apollo. — Arrival at Portsmouth. — Police Examination. — Visit to the Packet Office. — The VICTORY and Lord Nelson. — Journey to London. — The Ascot Races. — Visits to the Zoölogical Gardens and other Places of Interest. — The Duke of Wellington. — Theatres and Actors. — Acting of Madame Malibran in the Maid of Artois. — Concert for her Husband's Benefit. — Her Success at the Concert. — Anecdote in Connexion with this celebrated Singer. — Her Personal Appearance. — English Hospitality. — The Well-bred Englishman described. — His National Fierté. — Remarks on his Reserve. — English Travellers. — Departure from England. — Reflections on England and America.

BEFORE bidding adieu to Paris and its immediate vicinity, I had intended embracing within my remarks a description of St. Cloud, and its graceful Château, set off by the picturesque beauty of its site, and the romantic environs, amid which it reposes, laved by the placid waters of the Seine. I might also have dwelt upon the costly, though heavy magnificence of that palace, which recalls the palmiest days of the Bourbon, the splendid era of Louis "Le Grand"; I might have wandered with the courteous reader through the groves and shaded walks of the royal garden, or reclined upon the grassy couch, protected from the rays of an ardent sun by the grateful umbrage of those waving and stately trees, which owned in their infancy the care of a beautiful and ill-starred Queen.

I would have visited with him *les deux Trianons*, and admired, in the statelier one, a pile, which the Royal Lover caused to rise at the caprice of a Maintenon; or dwelt in the other with deeper interest over the relics, that recall the image of the Imperial Josephine. In his fair company would I have wandered among the Swiss cottages,\* or by the borders of the artificial lake, or, perchance, with admiring thousands, have witnessed the lofty rise of those *jets d'eau*, whose occasional play summons the world of Paris to Versailles.

Or on the opposite extreme, remote from palaces and splendor, might I have courted the sweet solitude that clings around thy vales, rich in treasured reminiscences, romantic Montmorency. The author of the “*Héloïse*” has thrown the mantle of perpetuity over thy name. The Hermitage still stands, where were traced his deathless conceptions, and

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\* The gardens of the *Lesser Trianon* are arranged with much taste and elegance. The visiter who roams over the picturesque and shaded walks, that thread their wide extent, will every where meet with objects that charm the eye and interest the feelings. Here rises, in its airy beauty, the Grecian Temple, fit habitation for the “breathing marble” that embellishes it; further on you behold the artificial rock, piled in fantastic masses, and ever damp from the spray of the foaming cascade. Wherever the eye turns in this magic domain, it will encounter the traces of a refined and luxurious age. Not the least prominent among the objects of interest, in the garden, are several cottages, built after the Swiss fashion, where, wearied with the cumbersome splendor of Versailles, Louis the Fifteenth was accustomed to repair with Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. The fair Marchioness was attired *à la laitière*, and the ladies of the Court costumed in character: thus attended, would the dissolute Monarch of France pass merrily away the hours, forgetful alike of the splendor of a Court, and of the cares that environ a Crown.

the visiter may yet pace along the walks of that garden, where Jean-Jâques was wont to lose sight of the *actual* world, in worshipping the *ideal*, — and where also reposes the heart of a Grétry.

Such, indeed, were my intentions ; but the allurements of Paris have trespassed too largely upon my time and limits to allow their being put into effect. And now I wave *mes tristes adieux* to the city of cities, though I trust not for aye. *Blasé* indeed were the man, who could take his final leave of a capital so rich in all that appertains to the arts and sciences, as well as to the elegances of life, without an emotion akin to sorrow ; and now a feeling of that nature stole over me, as, passing the last barrier, I leaned back in the carriage, and reflected upon those days past, that seemed to have flitted by me as a vision, and upon those which were to succeed. The rolling vehicle was rapidly shortening the distance that intervened between the traveller and his port of final embarkation, and soon I should be tossing on that pathless Ocean whose unfathomable billow laves alike the shores of every mighty Continent.

We arrived safely at Havre, and immediately engaged passage in the steamboat Apollo, for Portsmouth. The hours that intervened between the time of our arrival and that of the vessel's sailing, were passed by my friend and myself in making calls upon bankers, arranging our luggage, and discussing the last continental dinner. At six P. M., the Apollo got under weigh, and landed us in good season the ensuing morning at Portsmouth, with-



out other mishap than some slight symptoms of uneasiness, signifying sea-sickness. Upon landing, we were *en masse* accosted by a police officer, who desired to know if there were foreigners in the company, and, specifically, if there were any American gentlemen. A hint from my more experienced friend, induced me to preserve silence upon this subject. The American, upon arriving from the Continent, at a British port, is liable to suffer both inconvenience and delay from attention to certain tedious forms to be gone through. The officers are by no means particular in examining your effects. They appear to be an excellent-hearted set of fellows, and the tender of a few shillings is, with them, a first-rate passport, even for a suspicious wardrobe. We took lodgings at the "Fountain," a very tolerable Inn for a *place de garnison*; and having duly prefaced the day with such refreshment as mine host of the "Fountain" deemed proper to offer, commenced our work with a visit to the packet office. The packet of the first, a new and *crack* ship, was full. Her captain, learning that we had intended taking passage in his ship, politely offered us the use of his own state-room; but we concluded it would be the better course to visit the Capital, and there await the sailing of the next packet. One day was passed pleasantly in Portsmouth, — a portion of it in plying about the harbour and roadstead, and admiring the huge ships of war. Among others we had the satisfaction of pacing the "Victory's deck." There

is here an inscription carved upon a brass plate marking the spot where Lord Nelson fell.

What a glorious death was his, to fall in the arms of Victory, as she encircled the brows of her favorite son with the bright wreath of glory that shall never fade ! England's greatest Admiral closing his brilliant career amid the thunder of artillery, that announced the most stupendous conquest in the annals of naval warfare, and cementing with his blood an *unwritten treaty*, which should arrogate to his country the proud supremacy of the seas, — could the hero desire a fate more enviable ?

The next day we took our seats in the early coach for London. The distance (about seventy miles) was accomplished in a little more than seven hours ; and once again, after an interval of twelve months, I was rolling along the crowded streets of that proud Capital, that issues its laws to the whole Commercial World. It was then about the commencement of the month of June ; all the world, as the French say, were pouring into the capital, and the “London season” was rapidly approaching to its zenith.

A day or two after my arrival, the Ascot Races took place. They were fashionably attended by the nobility and gentry. The whole scene, with the gay assemblage redolent of the true *bon ton*, — the splendid array of equipages, — and then, too, the liveried grooms with their beautifully conditioned animals, — presented a brilliant *coup d'œil*.

For myself, as there were but few days at my disposal, I resolved to crowd as much as pos-

sible into the brief period of time which was to limit my sojourn in "merry England." Of a fine morning I promenaded along the *trottoirs* of Regent or Oxford street, to catch a glance at the *beau monde*, and especially at the *belles dames*, who were rolling along in their luxurious carriages; or I summoned a cabriolet and drove to the Zoölogical Gardens, where I got rid of an hour or two pleasantly enough in admiring the once wild denizens of the pathless forest; or, when weary of that, in observing the fashionable mob of ladies and gentlemen, who repair to this spot as a general *rendezvous*, to look and be looked at. On one day I visited St. Paul's, and took a glance at the huge city from its lofty Ball; upon another I roamed through the apartments of that blood-stained Tower, that recalls the sanguinary days of the Tudor, or I mused amid the time-hallowed cloisters of that venerable pile, which a grateful nation has consecrated to the memory of Departed Genius.

Of a Sunday I took a turn in Hyde-Park, — on that day of the week, the focus where the rays of Fashion concentrate. The last time I visited the Park, it was my good fortune to behold the most remarkable man of the present day (Talleyrand alone excepted), — I mean the Duke of Wellington. His Grace was on foot, and plainly habited in a blue frock coat, with white trowsers. The appearance of this celebrated personage is thoroughly aristocratic; and there is in his countenance that indefinable *air noble*, which well be-

comes a man whom Providence has selected to humble the *master-spirit* of an age. In height His Grace must be about five feet, nine inches, with a person inclining to the slender, but perfectly soldierlike and erect.

I have said what were my principal occupations during the day. In the evening, after that important consideration, dinner, had been duly discussed, I looked in at the theatres. The dramatic world at that time was in full blast; at Covent Garden there was Macready, backed by Sergeant Talfourd's "Ion," while its sister temple of the Muses was nightly crowded to excess, and with good reason, — the greatest musical wonder of our day, the transcendant Malibran, was there.

She was just appearing in a new and successful opera, composed or compiled expressly for her, by Balfe, an English writer of music; its title was "The Maid of Artois." I had the pleasure of beholding Malibran three times in this Opera; her delivery of the music was replete with the most exquisite sweetness and melody; and her acting, now so gently feminine, would, as the progress of the piece called for a display of more passionate feeling, at intervals absolutely electrify you by its startling energy. Her execution of the difficult *finale*, commencing with

"The rapture dwelling in this breast,"

was beyond comparison the most perfect and effective musical performance I had ever listened to.

As I think any thing relating to the later ex-

hibitions of this celebrated Singer, now passed away like a dream, will not be devoid of interest to the general reader, I shall offer no apology for entering somewhat into detail upon the subject of a Concert, at which she sang for her husband's benefit, and which constituted, probably, the greatest musical treat of that nature, ever offered to the London public.

The talent enlisted upon this occasion was unprecedented. Besides the unrivalled heroine, there was Mademoiselle Giulia Grisi, second only to her. There was Lablache with his voice of thunder; there was Rubini's delicious tenor; there were Tamburini and Ivanhoff, with others whose names Fame had less trumpeted. On the violin there was De Beriot, than whom none could elicit from the chords more touching strains, save that *arch-magician of fiddlers*, Paganini; — Henri Herz, and the German Thalberg, acknowledged the most eminent pianists in Europe, swept the keys of a magnificent double instrument.

The price of the tickets for this Concert (a morning one in the London acceptation, that is, commencing at 2 P. M.) was a guinea each, being double the usual sum. The exhibition took place at the Concert Room of the King's Theatre. Before the appointed hour, the large hall was entirely filled, and the outer doors absolutely thronged with baffled applicants for places. I paid my twenty-one shillings, and, for lack of other place, secured a position upon the stage, where I remained standing during the whole performance. My posi-

tion, however, was not without its advantages, for it afforded me a near view of all the celebrated *virtuosi* of the Italian stage, and of Malibran herself.

I remember hearing this accomplished singer converse upon that day in four different languages, — French, Italian, English, and German, — in three of which she could sing with equal effect. The *bijou* of the concert was a *duetto* between Mademoiselle Grisi and herself, from Rossini's brilliant music; in the execution of this piece, Madame Malibran let loose the luxuriance of her inventive fancy, and electrified her audience with the most brilliant *roulades* and *cadenzas*. The other lady wisely attempted not to follow her rapid course, for the attempt *even there* must have involved a failure.

In the tones of Malibran there would at times be developed a deep and trembling *pathos*, that, rushing from the very fountain of the heart, thrilled instinctively upon a responsive chord in the bosoms of all. This it was, even more than her wonderful execution or unequalled power, that gave her such mastery over the feelings. In her performance of "Amina," in Bellini's beautiful Opera, *La Somnambula*, — who could listen to those passionate, imploring, thrilling notes of mingled *love* and *anguish*, without being affected even unto tears?

But to resume our subject. The concert did not conclude until after five o'clock. Madame Malibran sang many different pieces, and there were several repetitions. At the conclusion of her last *aria* she

hastily quitted the room, amid the busy murmur of acclamation. The interest of the occasion was now gone. I left the theatre of sweet sounds behind me, and entered to a moment the apartment appropriated to the singers. There were present only, beside myself, De Beriot, and a brother musician, and Madame Malibran, who had just seated herself in a chair; almost upon the instant, overcome with fatigue and excitement, she had fainted away. De Beriot turned with great *sang froid* to the other, who was Thalberg, the noted pianist, and merely observing, with much indifference, "*Elle a chanté tant,*" gave himself no further trouble. His companion threw up the window, procured cold water, and soon she returned to consciousness; her first question, tenderly expressed, "*Où est Carl,*" seemed to me in striking contrast with the indifference of him, who evidently occupied the first place in her awakening thoughts.

The slight incident I have mentioned, might, from its intrinsic unimportance, have slipped my memory, had not the subsequent melancholy fate of her to whom it related, tended to impress it deeply upon my mind. There are many doubtless among us, who well recollect that bright creature, the *Signorina Garcia*, with her attractive person, and her even then acknowledged talents; but for those who do not, I shall merely observe, in conclusion, that Madame Malibran was in person a little below the middle size, with the just and graceful degree of *embonpoint*; her hair, which, at the time I saw her, she wore smoothly combed over the head, from

whence it fell in masses upon the snowy neck, was black and glossy as is the plumage on the raven's wing. Her eyes were those dark, expressive orbs, that we gaze upon as indicating the fatal possession of genius. Her teeth were beautifully white and regular, and her whole countenance, with its pensive, and at times melancholy expression, possessed a something of indefinable interest and attraction.

It is by no means my intention here to enter into the details of London life, neither shall I attempt to particularize the numerous curiosities of the Metropolis, or point out its various avenues to pleasure or profit. Even were I to attempt the task, my pen, inadequately guided by personal experience, could only fail in doing justice to the theme.

It is certainly difficult for a foreigner, unless a long residence in the country, and peculiar advantages, have afforded him opportunities denied to the transient traveller, to collect from his own immediate observation other than a very superficial knowledge, both with respect to the capital and the country at large. If it were necessary, ample proof might be adduced to strengthen my assertion, in the unsatisfactory accounts relative to England and the English given us by modern travellers of our own as well as of other countries; for, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, a standard work of travels throughout the kingdom of Great Britain, is yet a desideratum in the circle of American literature.

There is, however, one remark that my personal



experience will allow me to make, and it is this : whatever may be the extent of national prejudice, nowhere is hospitality more freely extended to the American, individually, than in the British Isles. During my two visits to London, I do not recollect of hearing from any quarter so much as an allusion tending even indirectly to injure the nicest national pride ; on the contrary, while there, I never heard *our country* spoken of in other terms than those of respect and admiration.

Let us glance for a moment at the more immediately prominent traits in the character of the *well-bred* Englishman. In the first place, we observe a full share of national *fierté* ; but is that to be wondered at, in the conscious citizen of a country, which, by the mere force of its moral energies, has achieved more glorious results than any other since the *imperial eagles of Rome humbled a world* ? And even now has Great Britain more cause of triumph than ever ; as, turning her eyes from those extended dominions, upon which the Sun never sets, she beholds, across the heaving Atlantic, the proud scion, that, lopped as it were but a day since in the life of nations, from the parent tree, now shoots heavenward its majestic branches, and, Banian-like, multiplying indefinitely itself, embraces a Continent, and laves its boughs in either ocean.

The Englishman is not a little censured by foreigners on the ground of his being reserved and difficult of access. At the first dawn of an acquaintance, perhaps this may be true ; but, let me

ask, must not this result ever obtain in old aristocratic countries, where the nice shades of distinction between man and man are so accurately drawn. If this reserve be a fault (and I for one am unwilling to concede that it is), it is not the fault of the man, but rather of the spirit of the government under which he lives. In England, to be a gentleman by birth, feeling, and education, is among the proudest of distinctions; and the greatest care is observed in maintaining the pure ancestral escutcheon free from aught like stain. Hence naturally results a caution, which by the superficial is mistaken for *hauteur*.

There is yet another more immediate reason for the reserve, that prevails among the higher classes of English society. London, that huge Babylon of the modern world, breeds amid its numerous *purlicues* a swarm of those *chevaliers d'industrie*, who, under the guise and address of gentlemen, are ever ready to entrap the unwary. To guard against the attacks of this numerous *clique*, an undeviating course is pursued by the English gentry; a satisfactory introduction is the only necessary passport; — that given, you will have no cause to complain of distance, or lack of hospitality, in the English gentleman.

I think I may say, both from personal experience and observation, that, when an acquaintance has ripened into intimacy and esteem, you can nowhere find that courteous affability, so characteristic of the well-bred man, united with the sincere devotion we look for in a friend, more proudly

prominent than in the character of the Englishman. These remarks must be understood as applying almost exclusively to the Englishman *at home*; upon those you encounter abroad, the same flattering eulogium cannot with justice be pronounced.

Now that a long peace has opened the various states of Europe to the multitudes of English, the class of tourists are by no means of the same calibre as that immediately posterior to the stirring events of 1815;—now that every one travels, travelling consequently is no longer fashionable.

At present, Englishmen of rank and influence, for the most part, remain at home; or, when they do visit the Continent, it is in a manner that serves as an effectual barrier between them and the herd. The great mass of the English who now cross the channel, for a few months *séjour* in Boulogne, or a saunter through the Palais Royal and *salons* of Paris, are rather dilapidated personages, whose slender incomes, and perhaps slenderer reputations, render it advisable to bid adieu for a time to their natal soil. In the keeping of this class, the English reputation on the Continent has much degenerated, since the proud epoch, referred to above, when the very name of *un monsieur Anglais* conjured up to the delighted inn-keeper's fancy, the image of a *Milord* rolling in gold, and taking his ease in the luxurious travelling-carriage, surrounded by a *garde de corps* of liveried outriders. But after all, a few exceptions to the general rule cannot impugn my position; neither was it to these classes, such as I have described them, that my remarks had refer-

ence. In all civilized countries the vulgar and uneducated are essentially the same.

And now, adieu to thee, merry England! — thy bold shores will soon recede from my view, but the swelling surge that bears me onward can efface nought of thy treasured recollection. Proud as the American is, and ought to be, of the lofty position his yet infant republic has assumed amid the wide-extended family of nations, should he be less so of the noble stock from which he originally sprung? In the rising glory of the present, he will not forget the *noble land* of his ancestry. In his heart of hearts he will preserve enshrined the memory of her gallant sons, who have so often shed their blood in support of the holy faith he professes, who have never failed in the hour of need to step forward and interpose their lives between the liberties of Christendom and its foes. May it be the glory of our republic to follow out the noble course thou hast opened for the general amelioration of mankind. Once more adieu, —

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Our gallant bark has ploughed her onward track across the swelling bosom of the mysterious ocean. Already the green hills of my own native land blend with the distant horizon. How dances the blood with exultation, as opens to the eye each un-forgotten scene!

## CHAPTER XXV.

Reflections on the Effects and Advantages of foreign Travel.

MONTHS have passed away since my foot has pressed the soil of the stranger and the scenes of the Past, now mellowed by memory, steal over me rather with the pictured beauty of a vision than the sterner force of reality. The mind, which naturally dwells upon the fairest features of the varied landscape, has excluded from the retrospect those dark scenes that pleased it not, and blended the various pictures of light in one harmonious whole.

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It has been said, that the inclination for travel, long yielded to, generates a fondness for the excitement of a desultory life, and tyrannizes at last over the mind, with all the force of inveterate habit. Doubtless with some temperaments this is the truth. The man, who flies from himself, and asks but escape from reflection, will find in the varying excitement of constant travel, an opiate, which, if long indulged in, becomes, at last, as necessary to his existence as the very air he breathes.

Upon other minds, travelling will leave but an indistinct and easily effaceable impress. Those that it most visibly affects, and which, indeed, often derive a color lasting as life from it, are the minds, that, from a peculiarity of organization, are ill-fitted to struggle in the clashing scenes of the world, or to appreciate the dull realities of everyday life, — minds, in a word, whose dreamy and speculative cast inclines them to the sublime vagaries of the Ideal, and, imbuing their whole texture with a spirit of romance, induces them to lose sight of the age of utility and invention, and seek a more exciting aliment in the history of the past. These remarks apply indeed more particularly to the American traveller.

It has also been a question, whether seeing the world, as it is called, tends to make a man happier, or better satisfied with his own condition in life. I should say, No, but it may make him wiser ; — it does or should enlarge the circle of his mind, and store it with material, useful for himself and others, and this is the more essential point. It does not make him happier, it seems to me, because it rudely casts down the fair superstructure which fond *illusion* has reared upon a basis of *truth*. The traveller observes, — go where he will, even in the smiling regions of perennial summer, where the climate ever invites, and honest Nature presents spontaneous and unasked her choicest gifts, — that suffering humanity is subject to the same average of ill, and that there is no region so fair, but *misery, disease, and disappointment* find means to

inhabit it. Let him roam over the garden of Europe, the Conqueror, the School of the World, classic, unfortunate Italy. Where now are the marks of that grandeur, which held a world in its embrace. Look for it in yon colossal pile of ruins. Where is that once wide-spread elegance and luxury, that followed in the trace of the sword to civilize and refine? Alas, it dwells only on the pages of her poets and historians; yet *this*, degraded and fallen as it now is, beyond the tardy grasp of redemption, is the land of the noblest associations of history and romance!

Thus much for the past;—now for a glance at the present, with an individual reflection upon ourselves. When we go abroad for the first time, we generally take with us a budget of darling prejudices, with which it is hard parting. We (I speak of the mass of American travellers) gaze about us, on the *foreign slaves*, with a kind of “*Sum Romanus civis*” expression. This feeling is usually rather an ephemeral plant; there is no use in fostering it, when, upon penetrating into the heart of a Continent, we find the mass of the people scarcely acquainted with our national existence; or, if they are aware that there is such a country as the United States of America, usually unenlightened, as to whether our color be white or black.

But if the national vanity be thus wounded, yet worse is it with that of the individual. A man will be fully aware of his own insignificance by the time he has completed the tour of Europe; and this is

by no means an agreeable piece of information to most persons. Of a truth, I know nothing better calculated to stifle in the bud the passion of vanity, than a sojourn in the several populous cities of Europe ; where a man, unless elevated by a high-sounding title, the wealth of a *millionaire*, or the magic of genius, positively seems as nothing in the estimation of any one except himself ; and his existence appears to be of exactly as much consequence to the well-being and continuation of Society, as a drop of water from the sky would be to the *billowy capital* of the eternal ocean.

Besides these personal *désabusemens* so disagreeable to the equalizing republican, there are hosts of other illusions rudely cast down ; those with which the flowing pen of History, investing the sites of memorable events, has transmitted to us, and deeply engrafted upon the mind, but which, alas ! but too often melt away before the touchstone of actual inspection. And, in fine, were there no other reason, the one I am about to mention would be sufficient.

In proportion as we visit far removed sections of the world, between whose boundaries intervenes the huge chain of mountains, or the tempestuous Ocean rolls his fathomless wave ; in proportion, I say, as we look into, and consider, the actual condition of the whole extended family of man, and become familiar by personal observation with the history of our race ; — in proportion as this dearly-bought knowledge increases, — will usually decrease, in a similar ratio, the presence of that phantom we



call happiness. I believe a perfect insight into those *arcana* of nature, now, with our finite perceptions, a mark alone for the arrows of hypothesis and vague conjecture, — to be enjoyed by himself only, — would make a man the most miserable of his race. So is it, *in kind*, with that knowledge, (even in the less degree,) which a comprehensive and searching mind, aided by such opportunity as an investigating spirit and a fearless heart will afford, — may ever command.

To see and deplore those ills which no power of our own can alleviate; to feel bitterly the general degradation of the creature upon whom God has set the seal of reason, and created after his own image; to feel, and *only feel*; to be, perchance, scoffed at by those, who, unable to understand, regard your views as those of the visionary enthusiast, — *does all this bring no sting?*

I have heard mentioned, or read in books, that the American, revisiting his native shores after a long sojourn in the countries of the Old World, returns either a *flaming radical* or an *ultra aristocrat*. The remark runs too much into extremes. I should rather say (if my brief experience may make itself heard), that such an opportunity for investigation, if at all improved, would incline him to the just and middle course.

He sees, indeed, the folly of expecting a perfect result from the *Utopian theories* of the *great Idealist*, which some have been visionary enough to think might be practically realized; he has resided under various governments, and should be qualified

to sum up the several advantages incidental to each, and to determine in his own mind where dwells the greatest amount of *good*; and he generally learns too, whatever be his opinion, to avoid that empty, violent declamation (as different from the calm language of conviction as fire from ice), which is generally the Asinine offspring of Ignorance, and would fain hide from the world its proper self under the skin of the Lion.

But, whether foreign travel open sources of happiness or unhappiness, it is certainly productive of many and signal solid advantages to a reflecting mind. It acquaints man with his fellow man; it is useful alike to the *few* who are set apart to govern, and to the *many* whose duty it is to obey; it enlarges and liberalizes the mind, by weeding from it those unfounded and dangerous prejudices, which vanish before the rays of information, as do the mists of the morning before the material sun.

The Old World is the world of associations and of history. Upon its wide theatre have been enacted the great dramas, that have made man what he is; it has been the scene of every stupendous invention or startling discovery, that has modified the condition of the human race, *save that alone which has given us a country*. It is the world, in fine, to which we look for useful precedents and that *instruction*, which the experience of the past alone can give.

When Time shall have marched onward, until he reach a point in the vast circle of years where his ample scroll shall display an age as far re-

moved from ours as that is from the Augustan era of Rome, perchance, may this land be the only one worth the visiting. European power, with those vast landmarks, which show the progress of centuries, may be swept away by the universal destroyer, and the now growing giant of the Western World may have encircled the wide Universe in his huge embrace, and the lesson it were useful for *us* to learn, might be thrown away upon the superior wisdom of a distant posterity.

Whether as a nation our example shall shine gloriously upon the page of history, or whether our Experiment shall be recorded but as a beacon-light to warn the world, the dim ages of futurity will display. We will not anticipate; our business is with the present. If we shine, it must be by pursuing those Arts and Sciences (cradled in the lap of Old Europe, and fostered upon her maternal bosom), which, by elevating the moral tone and condition of man, are alone worthy of his intellectual endowments.

But it were needless to descant at length upon the advantages of travel. Ask the enthusiastic pilgrim, who has returned from his wanderings over the fields of Italy and Greece, and that other land, that was the school of both;—who has dwelt upon the brightness of those godlike forms, that live in marble, or breathe on the canvass, to show what man might be;—who has mused over that Monumental Ruin, fit emblem of a nation's power;—who has paced the aisles of that Colossal Temple, *Titanic* offspring of Centuries, and gazed upon its

air-hung Dome ; — ask such an one, if a change be not “ come o’er the spirit of his dream ” ? What is the *life of man* ? It is a vision, and a fleeting one ; it passeth away, — and we are not ; but the good men do, it hath been said, shall live after them, and knowledge, a knowledge of mankind, — an acquaintance with their various wants, conditions, and societies, (when rightly directed,) is the *rocky basis* upon which stands, most firmly, the fair structure of good.

I have done ; and, if what I have writ shall serve a purpose more lasting or useful than the mere amusement for a passing hour, my end will be answered, and the task I have attempted not undertaken in vain.

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# GENERAL INDEX.

## A.

- ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE** in Paris, 5. Opera at the, 5. The Ballet there, 7. Names of *artistes* attached to the, 238. Its construction and numerous compartments, 239. Prices of admission to the, 239. Royal Box in the, 240. Seldom attended by the Royal Family, 240. Internal decorations of the, 240. Its saloon, 240. Its external appearance, 241. Operas represented there, 241. Remarks on the opera performers there, 248. The *danse* at, 251. Ballets performed at, 251. Remarks on the ballet performers, 251; on the male *artistes* in the *danse* there, 256. Masked balls at the, 310.
- Ambigu Comique**, theatre of, in Paris, 277.
- America**, reflections on Protestant, 324. Respect for, in England, 336.
- American travellers** in Europe, sensations of, 21. Unsatisfactory accounts given of England by, 336. Prejudices of, 343.
- Amphitheatre**, the ancient, at Nismes, 182; at Toulouse, 210.
- Amsterdam**, ride to, from Rotterdam, 22. House occupied by Peter the Great near, 23, 27. Described and compared with other cities, 24. The Stadt Haus there, 24. Dearth of amusements in, 24. The Picture Gallery there, 25. Scenery in the vicinity of, 27.
- Amusements**, the German, 62. Cheapness of, at Vienna, 84. Remarks on French, 308.
- Anglais**, the Café, at Paris, excellence of the, 285. The Count there, 286.
- Angleterre**, Hotel d', at Rouen, 2.
- Antiquity**, monuments of, in Paris, 9. General appearance of, at Brunswick, 31. Monuments of, at Nismes, 182; at Toulouse, 210.
- Aqueduct** of the Pont du Gard, near Nismes, 184. The colossal, at Caserta, 184. The supposed Roman, at Montpellier, 205; at Toulouse, 210.
- Archduke Charles**, his *maison de campagne* at Baden, 75.
- Archduke Charles Hotel**, at Vienna, 67.
- Arsenal**, at Berlin, 35. At Vienna, 72. At Toulon and elsewhere, 199.
- Artois**, Maid of, an opera, composed for Madame Malibran, by Balfé, 332.
- Ascot Races**, the scene of the, noticed, 330.
- Austria**, its army, 65. Hearts of the imperial family of, 70. Identification of, with Vienna, 83.
- Austria Proper**, the territory of, 65. Its army, 65.
- Austrians**, regard of, for the memory of Maria Theresa, 71.
- Autographs**, in the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, 299. Reflections suggested by, 299.
- Aveugles**, Café des, in the Palais Royal at Paris, described, 236. Its orchestra, 236.
- Avignon**, situation and population of, 177. Cathedral at, 177. Ecclesiastical events connected with, 177.

## B.

- Baden**, a watering-place near Vienna, 74. The Archduke Charles's country seat at, 75.
- Baden-Baden**, the fashionable watering-place, manner of life and objects of interest at, 122. Large edifice at, 122.

- Its locality, 123. Ruins of the castle near, 123. View of, from the castle, 123. English lady at, 124.
- Bals masqués, where given, 310. Prices for admission to the, 310. Character of the, at the Académie Royale, 310; dresses of the ladies, 310; of the *cavaliers*, 311. Character of the, at the opera, 311; at other theatres, and the costumes, 312. The appearance as viewed from the *deuxième loges*, 312. Hour of the dispersion, 312.
- Balfe, author of the Maid of Artois, 332.
- Ballet, at the Académie Royale, in Paris, unrivalled excellence of the, 7, 238, 251. Prominent *danseuses* in the, 238. Remarks on Mademoiselle Taglioni's performances in the, 254; on Mademoiselle Duvernay's, 254; on Mademoiselle Fanny Essler's, 255; on Madame Augusta's *début* in the, 256. Male *artistes* in the, 256; Mazillier, 256; Montjoie, 257; Perrot, 257.
- Ballets, performed at the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris, 251; La Révolte au Sérail, 251.
- Balzac, author of Le Père Goriot, 302. Personal appearance of, 302.
- Basle, journey to, 129. Arrival at, 131. Drei Könige von Cöln hotel at, and the company, 132. Disappointed travellers at 132. The Cathedral in, 134. Remarks on, 134. The burial-place of Erasmus, 134.
- Beauharnais, Prince Eugene, collection of statuary and paintings by, at Munich, 94.
- Beauty, remarks on the mysterious nature of, 125. American and European compared, 318. American in Paris, 319.
- Bellini, Vincentio, the success of his La Norma 264, 265; of his La Sonnambula, 258, 264, 234; of his I Puritani, 262. Honored, 263. Death of, 263.
- Bergs, Hotel des, in Geneva, situation of, 149. American guests at, 149.
- Berlin, ride to, from Hanover, 35. Beauty of, 35. The royal palace at, 35. The royal museum and the arsenal, 36.
- Linden Street, 36. Public amusements in, 37. Theatres, 37. The royal family, 38. The immediate environs of, 38. Charlottenburg, near, 38. Reflections on leaving, 45.
- Berne, fellow travellers and events on the way to, 134. Scenery in the vicinity of, 137, 139. Situation and appearance of, 137. Gothic Cathedral at, 138. Promenade there, 138.
- Berri, Madame la Duchesse de, her place of residence, 93. Compared with Maria Louisa, 93.
- Berri, Duc de, assassinated at the Opera House in the Rue Richelieu, 241.
- Bezières, tunnel through a mountain at, 209.
- Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, 68. Its endowments and situation, 298. Facility of access to the, 298. Autographs in the, 299.
- Billiards, fondness of the Parisians for, 290. The expense of playing, in Paris, 290. Mode of playing, 290. Scientific nature of the game, 290.
- Bingen, views in the vicinity of, 103. Vines cultivated there, 104.
- Black Forest, view of, from the castle near Baden, 123.
- Blois, the city of, 218.
- Boatman on the Rhine, account of the, 108, 112.
- Boats at Marseilles, management and construction of the, 187.
- Boieldieu, the composer, anecdote connected with the funeral obsequies of, 8.
- Bonaparte. See *Napoleon*.
- Bonaparte, Jerome, personal appearance and dress of, 148.
- Bonn, visit to, 112. University and cabinet of natural curiosities at, 112.
- Boppard, notice of, 116.
- Bordeaux, journey from Toulouse to, 211. Described, 212. The theatre in, described, 212. Cornmill at, 214. Montaigne's burial-place, 214. The aristocracy of, 214. The source of its wealth, 214. Comparison of, with

- Marseilles, 215. Once a court residence, 215. Best mode of travelling from, to Paris, 215.
- Boulevards, the crowds on the, during the last days of the carnival, 312.
- Bourbon, Palais de, 228.
- Bourgeois, of Paris, their figure and strength, 315. The Garde Nationale, mostly composed of, 315.
- Breakfasting houses, in Paris, 282. The Café Véron, 283. The Café d'Orléans, 283. Time for taking the *déjeuner à la fourchette* 288.
- Bremen, sojourn at, 30. Wine cellar at, 30. Notice of, 31.
- Bridge across the Moldau, at Prague, 60. At St. Esprit, 176. At Tours, 217.
- Broeck, neatness of the village of, 27.
- Brunswick, arrival at, 31. Its architecture and antiquity, 31. Beautiful walks in the environs of, 32. The vault of the Brunswick family at, 32. The Ducal Palace at, 32.
- Bulwer, Henry, cited respecting French morals, 320.
- Byron, Lord, remark of, 48. His character of Gibbon, 143 ; of Voltaire, 162.
- C.
- Cafés, at Marseilles, described, 191. Pedleresses in, 192. At Paris, 236, 281 ; des Aveugles, and its orchestra, 236 ; Véron, 282. Further remarks on Parisian, 283. Tortoni's, 284. Anglais, 285. Estaminet, 289. Music in the, 291.
- Calais, arrival at, from Paris, 17.
- Canada, prevalence of French character in, 128.
- Canal du Midi. See *Languedoc Canal*.
- Canova, Antonio, his Group of the Graces, at Munich, 94. Compared with Rubens and Raffaele, 94.
- Carlsruhe, plan and construction of, 121. Signification and origin of the name, 121.
- Carnival, in Paris, the gayety and amusements of the, 310, 312 ; the *bal masqué*, 310. Crowds and excitement on the Boulevards during the last three days of the, 312.
- Caroline, consort of George the Fourth, her burial-place, 32.
- Carte du restaurant, at Véry's, 294.
- Castle near Coblenz described, 105. Legend of the, near Nonnenworth, 109. Built by Charlemagne at Heidelberg, 118. Near Baden, 123.
- Catholic countries, poverty of the people and splendor of the churches in, 114.
- Catholic religion, tendency of the, 324.
- Cette, importance and situation of the port of, 207.
- Chain for obstructing the navigation of the Danube, 72.
- Chamouni, excursion to the Valley of, 150. Ascent to, 152. View from, 152. Reflections respecting, 152. Visitors at, 153. Scenery and climate of, 156.
- Champs Elysées, the pleasure-grounds of Paris, 306. Instrumental concerts in the, 308.
- Charlatanerie practised at Marseilles, 194.
- Charlemagne, ruins of the castle built by, at Heidelberg, 118.
- Charlottenburg, once the residence of the King of Prussia, 38. The statue of Louisa, the late Queen of Prussia at, 39.
- Château of Sans Souci, at Potsdam, 41. Of Prince Metternich, at Johannisberg 102. Of the Tuileries, described, 226.
- Christianity, skepticism in relation to, 144.
- Church, the oldest in Germany, 30.
- Cigar-smoking, arrest for, at Osnabruck, 29.
- Civilization, more conducive to morality than simplicity of manners, 77.
- Coblenz, journey to, from Bingen, 105. Castle near, described, 105. Evening stroll at, 106. Annoyance at, by the Prussian police, 107.
- Colmar visited, 129.
- Cologne, notice of, 113. The Cathedral at, 113. Tomb of the Three Kings of, 113. View of, from the Cathedral, 114.

- Rubens's painting of the crucifixion of St. Peter at, 115.
- Colors, permanency of, in paintings, 51.
- Comédie Française, remarks on the present state of the, 268.
- Compagnon de voyage, at Heidelberg, 120.
- Concert, for Madame Malibran's husband, in London, 333. Talent enlisted upon the occasion, 333. Prices of the tickets for the, 333. Thronged, 333. Madame Malibran's success on the occasion, 334. Incident connected with the, 335. See *Instrumental Concerts*, and *Vocal Concerts*.
- Coppet, the abode of Necker and Madame de Staël, visited, 165.
- Cornmill, at Bordeaux, 214.
- Correggio, his *Notte* and his *Magdalen*, 51. Remarks on the colors of his paintings, 51. Pecuniary value of his paintings, 51.
- Count, notice of the, at the Café Anglais, 286.
- Covent Garden Theatre, in London, visited, 18. Macready's performances at the, 332.
- Crétins, described, 90.
- D.
- D'Alembert, autograph of, in the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, 299.
- Damoreau, Cinti, Madame, attached to the Académie Royale de Musique, at Paris, 238. The *prima donna* at the French Opera, 249.
- Danse, 251. Remarks on the, 256. See *Ballet*.
- Danube, chain for obstructing the navigation of the, 72. Appearance of the, on the road from Vienna to Presburg, 76. Appearance of the, by moonlight, 81.
- Dè Beriot, Carl, the celebrated violinist, concert for his benefit, in London, 333. Anecdote of, in relation to his wife, 335.
- De Saussure. See *Saussure*.
- Déjeuner à la fourchette, its distinctive character, 180. At the Café Anglais, 286. The hour of taking the, 288.
- De la Vigne, Casimir, popularity of his dramas at the Théâtre Française, 271. Popularity of his *Don Juan d'Autriche*, 271; analysis of it, 272. Eminence of, as a dramatist, 304.
- Dérivis, attached to the French Opera House, at Paris, 238. Remarks on his performances, 249.
- Diamonds in the Treasury at Dresden, 52. At Vienna, 68.
- Diderot, remark by, 136. Autograph of, at the Royal Library in Paris, 299.
- Diligence, stop of the, at midnight, 135.
- Dinner, details of a Parisian, at a *restaurant*, 293.
- Divorces, difficulty of obtaining, in France, 323.
- Dorval, Madame, remarks on her acting in company with Ligier, 269.
- Don Juan d'Autriche, a play, by Casimir de la Vigne, its popularity, 271. Outline of it, 272.
- Drachenfels, the mountain of, ascended, 111.
- Drei Könige von Cöln, 114. Hotel, called, 131.
- Dresden, 48. Gallery of paintings in, 49. Jewel office or treasury at, 52. Porcelain, 53. The head-quarters of Napoleon, during the Saxon campaign, 53. Environs of, 54. View from a fortress near, 54. Scenery about, 55. Architecture of, 55. The principal church in, and its music, 55. The Elbe at, and its banks, 56. Amusements in, 56. Character of the people of, 57.
- Dress, ideas of the French as to, 314. Character of, in Paris, 314.
- Dresses at the masked balls at the Académie Royale, 310; at the other theatres, 312.
- Drury Lane Theatre, in London, visited, 18. Madame Malibran at the, 332.
- Ducal Palace at Brunswick, 32.



Dutch, cleanliness of the, 24. Their amusements, 25. Their appearance, 25. Dutch Painters, 25. Remarks on their subjects, 26. Compared with Italian, 26.

Duvernay, Mademoiselle, attached to the Académie Royale de Musique, at Paris, 238. Remarks on her personal appearance and performances, 254.

## E.

Education, of a French *demoiselle* of good family particularized, 320. Neglect of, in Europe, 323. See *Ignorance*.

Elhrenbreitstein, notice of a visit to the fortress of, 106. Jealousy of the Prussian government at, 106.

Elbe, the river, and its banks, at Dresden, 56.

Élégant, notice of the Parisian, 314.

Elster River and its vicinity, 47.

Enfer, L', a scene in *La Tentation*, described, 244.

English garden, near Munich, 96.

English singers, contrasted with the Italian, 6.

English travellers, remarks on, 339.

Englishman, the Parisian compared with the, 11. His hospitality, 336. His respect for America, 337. The well-bred, described, 337. His *fierté*, 337. Remarks on his reserve, 337.

Erasmus, the burial-place of, 134.

Essler, Fanny, 7, 238; exceeds Mademoiselle Taglioni in brilliancy of execution, 254. Remarks on her personal appearance and peculiar style, 255.

Estaminet, the Café, its characteristics, 289. Billiard playing at, 290. *Ecarté* at, 291. The domino at, 291. Music there, 291.

Eugene, a skilful billiard player, in Paris, 290.

## F.

Falcon, Mademoiselle, attached to the Académie Royale, at Paris, 238. Suc-

cessful in Halévy's *La Juive*, 246. Remarks respecting, 250.

Fay, Léontine. See *Volnys*.

Ferney, visit to Voltaire's residence at, 161. The old gardener at, 162. Objects of interest there, 163.

Fourehette. See *Déjeuner à la*.

Français, Théâtre, in Paris, remarks on the, and on the actors, 268. Plays now popular there, 271.

France, exile of the Bonapartes from, 149. The happy South of, 177. Ignorance in the South of, 185, 194.

Frankfort, journey to, from Munich, 97. Reflections upon arriving at, 98. Historical associations with, 98. Remarks on the city and its inhabitants, 99. Visit to the opera at, 99. The bridge at, 100. Without liberty, 100. Gardens there, 101.

Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, the private room of, at Potsdam, as left by him, 40. Intimacy of, with Voltaire, 40, 164. Death of, at Sans Souci, 41. Interest of the Prussians in, 43. Visit to the church where his ashes rest, 43. Remarks on, 164.

French, avarice not a national vice of the, 16. Fortunes of the, small, 16. Fondness of, for theatrical exhibitions, 279. Character of their pleasures, 308. The charge of their being a nation of dancers and music-masters considered, 313. Their personal appearance and dress, 314. See *Parisians*.

French drama, De la Vigne and Scribe the most celebrated writers of, 304.

French government, open and enlightened policy of the, in regard to letters, 298, 300.

French ladies, elevation of the, in society, 317. Their personal appearance, 317. Beauty of the, compared with American, 318. Their moral character considered, 320. Henry Bulwer cited, as to the, 320. Sketch of the early education of, 320. Marriages of the, 321. Married life among, 321.

French language, plays performed in the,

- at Berlin, 37. Necessity of an acquaintance with, there, 37. Faint resemblance to the, in the language spoken at Marseilles, 200. Purity of the at Blois and Tours, 218. Its richness in the phraseology of love, 323. Its barrenness as to domestic life, 324.
- French libraries, 10, 68. The Bibliothèque Royale, 298. Easy access to, 298, 300. Contents of the circulating, 301; the *mémoires* in them, 301.
- French Opera House, operas there represented, 241. Robert le Diable, by Mayerbeer, 241, 242; its popularity, and Nourrit's success in the rôle of the Devil Prince in it, 242. La Tentation, a ballet-opera, represented there, 244; the L'Enfer in it, 244. Halévy's La Juive represented there, 246; remarks on it, 246. Les Huguenots, by Mayerbeer, represented at, 248. Remarks on the *artistes*, 248. Masked balls at the, 311, 312. See *Académie Royale de Musique*.
- G.
- Gaieté, Théâtre de, Scribe's pieces represented at the, 304.
- Galignani, Messieurs, the library of the, 300. Their Messenger, 300. Their reading-room, 301.
- Gallery of paintings at Amsterdam, 25. At Dresden, 49. In the Louvre, at Paris, 229. See *Paintings*.
- Gambling, the passion for, in Paris, 14; at Wiesbaden, 101; at Baden-Baden, 122.
- Garcia, Signorina. See *Malibran*.
- Garçon, *la vie en*, in Paris, described, 282. The neatness and service of the, in the *cafés*, 283, 285.
- Garde, Nationale, at Paris, composed mostly of the French *bourgeoisie*, 315. Contrasted with the troops of the line, 315. Their average height, 315.
- Garden of the Tuileries. See *Tuileries*.
- Garonne, bridge across the, at Toulouse, 210. Tower for the distribution of its waters through Toulouse, 210.
- Gastronomy, esteem for professors of, in Paris, 13.
- Geisenheim, views in the vicinity of, 103. Its situation, 103.
- Geneva, Rousseau cited respecting the Lake of, and its environs, 142. Passage on the Lake, 147. American guests at the Hôtel des Bergs in, 149. Excursion from, to the valley of Chamouni, 150. Commercial character and picturesqueness of, 167. The inhabitants of, 168.
- Genius, reflections on, 139.
- Georges, Mademoiselle, success of, in tragedy, 274. Her personal appearance and style of acting, 275.
- Germans, character of the amusements of, 62. Their promenades and gardens, 62. Their orchestral music, 63. Serious and sentimental, 74. Fondness of, for music, 74. Phlegmatic, 100. Contrasted with Frenchmen, 100.
- Gibbon, Edward, abode of, at Lausanne, 143. Character of, sketched by a poet, 143. Contrasted with Rousseau, 144.
- Girlhood, in the higher classes of society in Paris, 320.
- Gold, enlightening effects of, on politicians, 173.
- Golden Fleece, the insignia of the order of, at Vienna, 68.
- Golden Stag House, at Munich, 92.
- Grapes, cultivation of, at Johannisberg, 102; in the vicinity of Geisenheim, 104; of Bordeaux, 214.
- Gras, Dorus, Madame, attached to the French Opera House at Paris, 238. Remarks respecting her singing and her personal appearance, 250.
- Grétry, the heart of, 328.
- Grignon's Restaurant at Paris, 293.
- Grisi, Giulia, Mademoiselle, her personal advantages and physical power, 5. Her performance of Anna Bolena, 6. Her personification of La Norma, 6.

265. Beauty of, 264. An exquisite singer, 265. Remarks on her acting, 265. Second only to Madame Malibran, 333. At a concert for De Beriot, 333. Her *duett* with Madame Malibran, 334.

Gros, Baron, his painting of the dome of the Pantheon at Paris, 225.

Grotto, discovered by De Saussure in Savoy, 157.

Gymnase, remarks on the, 275. The home of the comedy in Paris, 276. Scribe's pieces represented there, 304.

## H.

Halévy, his *La Juive* performed at the Académie Royale, 242. Gorgeousness of its scenery, 246. Time referred to, in the plot, 246. Remarks respecting it, 247.

Hallein, salt works of, visited and described, 88.

Hanover, visited, 33. Objects of interest at, 33. The theatre, 33. Government of, 34.

Havre de Grace, notice of, 2. Return to, from Paris, 328.

Hearts of the imperial family of Austria, 70. Of Grétry, 328.

Heidelberg, romantic situation of, 118. Charlemagne's castle at, 118. View of, from a terrace, 120.

Héloïse, *La Nouvelle*, a romance, by Rousseau, 140.

Herold, popularity of his *Pré aux Clercs*, 278.

Herz, Henri, an eminent pianist, present at De Beriot's concert, 333.

Hugo, Victor, tragedy by, 274. The popularity of *Notre Dame de Paris* by, 302.

Huguenots, *Les*, by Mayerbeer, represented at the Académie Royale, 242, 248.

Hungarians, notice of the, 77. Present character of the, 79.

Hyde Park, in London, visited, 331.

## I.

Ices, the sale of, at the *cafés* in Paris, 234. Tortoni's, 234.

Ignorance among the inhabitants of Southern France, 185. Among the lower classes in European cities, 323.

Imperial Library, at Vienna, 67.

Instrumental Concerts, popularity of, in Paris, 305. Given in the open air, 305. Prices for admission to, 306. Attendance on, at evening, 306. Given in the Champs Elysées d'Hiver, 308. Musard's, 308.

Intemperance, infrequency of, in France, 181, 322.

Italian Opera, superiority of the, in Paris, 5, 257. Not opened on the same night with the French, 241. Remarks on the *artistes*, 258. Excellence of the orchestra, 259.

Italian Painters, Dutch compared with, 26. Remarks on the, 231.

Italian Singers, at the Opera, in Paris, 5. Their different successes at Paris and London, 6. Contrasted with English and other European singers, 6. See *Italian Opera*.

Ivanhoff, a Russian, connected with the Italian Opera in Paris, 260. Remarks on, 264. At a concert in London, 333.

## J.

Jamieson, Mrs., remark of, respecting Paris, 14.

Johannisberg, beauty of, 102. The Château of Prince Metternich at, 102. Its grapes and wines, 102.

Juif, Errant, at the *Ambigu Comique*, in Paris, 277. Success and notice of the play, 277.

Juive, *La*, an opera by Halévy, 242. Gorgeous scenic display of, 246. Period referred to in the plot, 246. Remarks respecting it, 247.

Julie, character of, by Rousseau, 140.

## K.

- King's Box, in the theatre at Berlin, 38.  
At the Académie Royale, 240.  
King's Theatre, in London, remarks on the assemblage at, 18. Its aristocratic character, 19.  
Kock, Paul de, 13. His novels, 303; difficulty of successfully translating them, 303.  
Kursaal, a building at Wiesbaden, 101.

## L.

- Lablache, Signor, of the Italian Opera at Paris, 5. His personal appearance, 259. Characteristics of his performances, 259. His comic *verve*, as displayed in *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, 260. His success in *I Puritani*, 262. At a concert in London, 333.  
Ladies, French and American, 318.  
Lafont, attached to the Académie Royale de Musique, 238. Remarks on his performances, 249.  
Land, sensations upon beholding, at the termination of a voyage, 1, 340.  
Languedoc Canal, described, 208. The route along the, 209. Passes through a tunnelled mountain, 209. Mode of travelling and sleeping on the, 209.  
Lannes, burial-place of, 223.  
Laura, immortalized by Petrarch, 180. Column to the memory of, 180.  
Lausanne, approach to, 139. The abode of Rousseau, 139; of Gibbon, 143. Confused and irregular appearance of, 145. Prospect from, 145.  
Leipsic, promenades in, 46. Site of the battle of, 46. Attractions of, 48.  
Leman, Lake, 167.  
Levasseur, *primo basso* to the Académie Royale de Musique at Paris, 238. Remarks on his style of singing, 249.  
Libraries, the Imperial, at Vienna, 67. The Vatican, 68. The Royal, at Paris, 68, 298, 300. Easy of access to strangers, 298, 300. Circulating, at Paris, 301.

- Ligier, the first of French tragedians, observations on his acting, 268. Remark applied to, 269. Success of, in a play with Madame Dorval, 269; in *Don Juan d'Autriche*, 274.  
Linden Street, at Berlin, beauty of, 36.  
Line, French troops of the, at Paris, 315.  
Lintz, notice of, 86. Its fortifications, 86.  
Literary facilities for strangers in Paris, 10, 298, 300.  
Loire, quay on the, from Argennes to Tours, 217. Described, 218. Route along the, 218.  
London, arrival at, 17. Places in, visited, 17, 330. St. Paul's Church, 18. Theatres in, 18, 332. The King's Theatre, 18. Departure from, 19. Drive from Portsmouth to, 330. Performers in the theatres at, 332. Concert there for De Beriot, 333. Life in, 336. Respect for America there, 337.  
Louis the Fourteenth, his visits to the Swiss cottages in the gardens of the Lesser Trianon, 327, *note*.  
Louis, King of Bavaria, exertions of, to beautify and improve Munich, 96.  
Louisa, the late Queen of Prussia, statue of, at Charlottenburg, 38. Her death, and the effect of it on the King, 38. Attachment of the Prussians to her memory, 38.  
Louvre, palace of the, described, 229. Gallery of paintings in the, 229. Museum of the, enriched by paintings and sculpture during Napoleon's wars, 230.  
Lyons, journey to, 172. Situation of, 175. Connexion of, with the United States, 175.

## M.

- Macready, performing Talfourd's *Ion* at Covent Garden Theatre, 332.  
Madonna of Raffaëlle, in the gallery of paintings at Dresden, 49.  
Magdalen, the painting of, by Correggio, 51.

- Magdeburg, strength of, 34.
- Maid of Artois, an opera composed for Madame Malibran, by Balfe, 332.
- Maison Carrée, at Nismes, 183. Uses made of it, 184.
- Malibran, Madame, allusion to her fate, 5, 263. Her acting in the Maid of Artois, 332. Her delivery of the Finale, 332. Concert for her husband's benefit, 333. Her familiarity with different languages, 334. Her *duett*, with Mademoiselle Grisi, 334. The pathos of her tones, 334. Slight incident respecting, 335. Her personal appearance, 335.
- Malle Poste, travelling by, 215.
- Manheim, visit to, 118.
- Maria Theresa, her private apartment in the Imperial Palace at Vienna, 71. Austrian attachment to her memory, 71.
- Marriage, engagements for, in France, 321. Introductory to liberty, 321. Difficulty of annulling the bonds of, in France, 323.
- Mars, Mademoiselle, the pride of the old French comedy, 270. Her personal appearance and style of acting, 270. Her personation of Valérie, 270.
- Marseillais, *laissez aller* character of the, 193. Ignorance of the, 193. Charlatanerie among them, 193. Their fickle and insubordinate disposition considered, 200. Their language, 200. Statute and physiognomy of the, 201.
- Marseilles, peculiar and picturesque aspect of, 187. The Quai at, 187. Pleasure-boats there, 187. Paucity of public edifices in, 189; of paintings, and the cause of it, 189. The Old Town, 190. The New Town, 190. Beauty of the streets, 190. Amusements at, in the warm season, 191. The *cafés* and their concomitants, 191; pedleresses in them, 192. A charlatan at, described, 194. The Tir au Pistolet, 195. Montagnes Russes, 195. Beauty of the women of, 201. Bordeaux compared with, 215.
- Masked balls. See *Bals masqués*.
- Masks, worn at fancy balls, in Paris, at the time of the carnival, 310. Worn in the streets, 312.
- Massaniello, performance of the opera of, at Prague, 62; at Paris, 241.
- Mayence, notice of, 117. The cathedral, 117.
- Mayerbeer, performance of his Robert le Diable, at Vienna, 84; at the Académie Royale, in Paris, 241. Its popularity, 242. Nourrit's success in the rôle of the Devil Prince, 242. Grand display of scenic effect in the third act of it, 242. His Les Huguenots, 242.
- Mazillier, sustains a character in *La Révolte au Sérail*, 252.
- Meals, custom respecting, in the south of France, 181; in Paris, 181, 286, 288, 293.
- Medical school at Montpellier, 205.
- Mediterranean Sea, first view of the, 186. Translucency of its waters at Toulon, 197, and *note*. Without tides, 197, *note*.
- Mémoires, commonness of, in French circulating libraries, 301. Their character, 301.
- Mer de Glace, view of, 154.
- Metternich, Prince, Prime Minister of Austria, diplomacy of, 65, 75. His Château at Johannisberg, 102.
- Military, high standing of the, at Berlin, 37; in Austria, 65.
- Military exercises at Potsdam, notice of, 41.
- Mines, descent into the, at Hallein, 88.
- Moldau, the river, at Prague, 60.
- Monkey, trick practised with the, at Marseilles, 193.
- Montagnes Russes, ride down the, described, 195.
- Montaigne, burial-place of, at Bordeaux, 214.
- Montanvert, ascent of, 153. View from, 154. Descent from, 155.
- Mont Blanc, excursion towards, 150. Reflections on the ascending of, 155.

- De Saussure's discoveries respecting, 156.
- Montebello, ship of the line, at Toulon, described, 198.
- Montessu, compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni, 254.
- Montjoie, remarks on his appearance and performances, 257.
- Montmorency, associations with, 327. Hermitage of Rousseau at, 327.
- Montpellier, skies and airs of, 203. Elevated site of, 204. Promenades there, 204. Ancient pile near, 205. Medical school at, 205. Visit to Narcissa's grave at, 206. Cette the port of, 206.
- Morals, of the northern and southern districts of Germany, 57. Civilization more favorable to, than primitive simplicity, 77. Of the Viennese, considered, 84. Of the Swiss, 170. Of the Marseillaises, 202. Of the French ladies, considered, 320, 322. Of European cities, 322. Of France compared with other countries, 324. Tendency of the Roman Catholic religion in regard to, 324.
- Moreau, General, place of his death, 53. Notice of his character, 54.
- Moustache, the training of the, among the European soldiery, 64. Sported by the Parisian *élégant*, 314.
- Munich, arrival at, 92. The Golden Stag House at, 92. Diversions there for the Queen Mother of Naples, 92. Remarks on, 93. Canova's group of the Graces at, 94. Churches in, 94. Palaces, 95. The theatre there, 95. Performance of *Der Freischutz* at, 95. The English garden in, 96.
- Musard's, instrumental concerts at, 308. Masked balls at, 310.
- Music, commonness of, in Germany, 47, 74. The orchestral, in Germany, 63. Character of the legitimate German, 84. Fondness of the Parisians for, 280. See *Académie Royale de Musique* and *Concerts*.
- N.
- Name, custom of inscribing the, on the turret-walls of the cathedral at Strasbourg, 128. Rude inscription of the writer's, on the Pont du Gard, 185.
- Naples, the Queen Mother of, at Munich, 92. Diversions contrived for, 92. Personal appearance of, 92. Object and character of her excursion to Germany, 93.
- Naples, hired services of the Swiss in, 169.
- Napoleon, triumphal arch of, 3, 9. Allusions to, 9, 222. Enthusiasm of the Parisians for, 9. Reflections on his greatness, 148.
- Narcissa, extract from Young's *Night Thoughts* respecting, 205. The grave of, visited and described, 206.
- National Guard. See *Garde Nationale*.
- Necker, the abode of, at Coppet, 165.
- Nelson, Lord, falls in the arms of Victory, 330. Reflections on his death, 330.
- Nemours, Duke of, 240.
- Night, on travelling by, 130.
- Nismes, population, situation, and trade of, 182. Buildings at, 182. The ancient amphitheatre there, and reflections on it, 182. The *Maison Carrée* there, 183. Aqueduct of the Pont du Gard near, 184.
- Nonnenworth, the beauty of, and its convent, 109. Legend respecting a castle near, 110.
- Norma, La, success of Giulia Grisi in, 6, 265.
- Notre Dame, the cathedral of, described, 220. The bell on, 221. Situation of, 222.
- Notre Dame de Paris, a romance by Victor Hugo, its popularity and celebrity, 302.
- Notte, a painting by Correggio, 51.
- Nourrit, a French *artiste*, attached to the French Opera House, 238. His success in the rôle of the Devil Prince in

Mayerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, 242; in Halévy's *La Juive*, 246. Remarks on his peculiar style and personal appearance, 246. His yearly pension, 248. Novel, the most popular writers of the, in France, 302; Victor Hugo, 302; Balzac, 302; Paul de Kock, 303. Peculiar character of the French, 303.

## O.

Odéon, a theatre in Paris, remarked on, 278.

Oels, Duke of Brunswick, his burial-place, 32.

Opera, superiority of the, in Paris, 6, 206. Artists attached to the, at L'Académie Royale de Musique, 238. Seldom attended by the royal family, 240. Reason for dwelling on the, 267. See *French Opera and Italian Opera*.

Opera Comique, in Paris, remarks on the, 278.

Orchestra, music of the, in Germany, 63. At the Café des Aveugles, in the Palais Royal, at Paris, described, 236. Excellence of the, at the Italian Opera, 259.

Orléans, objects of interest at, 219.

Orléans, Duke of, 240.

Orléans, Passage d', in the Palais Royal, at Paris, splendid appearance of, at evening, 234.

Osnabruck, journey to, 28. Notice of, 28. Its bombardment, 28. View from the ramparts of, 29. Strictness of the authorities at, 29. Arrest there, for cigar-smoking, 29.

## P.

Paganini, the magician of fiddlers, 333.

Paintings, remarks on Dutch, 24; on the permanency of colors in Correggio's, 51. Cause of the fewness of, at Marseilles, 189. French and Italian, compared, 230. See *Gallery of Paintings*.

Palais Royale, visited, 4, 232. History of

the, 232. Its magnificent area and promenades, 232. Tenants of the, 233. The promenade circumscribing the court, 233. The Passage d'Orléans in the, described, 234; its splendid appearance at evening, 234. Glance at the principal features of the, 234. Variety and brilliancy of its *magasins* and *cafés*, 235. The Café des Aveugles in, 236. Atmosphere of gayety about it, 237; its effect on the feelings, 238.

Pantheon, at Paris, description of the, 223. Inscription on the frieze of its portico, 223. Tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Lannes, in the, 223. Echo in the, 224. Its situation, 224. View from its top, 224. Its dome and painting in fresco, 225.

Paris, approach to, from Rouen, 3. Theatres in, 5, 238. L'Académie Royale de Musique in, 5, 238. The peculiar attraction of, 6. Superiority of the opera in, 5, 267. Attachment of Parisians to, 7. Courtesy to strangers in, 8, 298. Described, 8. Monuments of antiquity in, 9. Unites the graces of ancient and modern architecture, 10. Sources of gratification in, 10. Schedule of a day in, 13. Mrs. Jamieson's remark respecting, 14. Departure from, 17. Journey from Bordeaux to, 216. Notre Dame in, 220. Churches in, 222. The Pantheon, 223. View of, from the top of the Pantheon, 224. Palaces in, 226, 232. The Tuileries, 226. View of, from the Place de Revolution, 227. Palace of the Louvre in, 228. Gallery of paintings in the Louvre at, 229. The Palais Royal in, described, 232. The Ballet in, 251. The Italian Opera in, 257. The Théâtre Français in, 268; de la Porte St. Martin, 274. Lukewarmness as to religion in, 277. The Gymnase, and other theatres in, 278. Ten thousand students in, 279. Support of theatres in, 279. The *cafés* in, 281. The hotels, 281. Mode of living in, 281.

- Restaurants in, 281, 291. *La vie en garçon* there, 282. Breakfasting houses in, 282. Playing of billiards, 290. Favorable to literary men, 298, 300. The Bibliothèque Royale, in, 298. Circulating libraries, 300. Concerts of instrumental music in, 305. The carnival, 310. The *bal masqué* in, 310. The crowds and excitement on the Boulevards during the last days of the carnival, 312. The *élégant* in, 314. The *bourgeois* and National Guard of, 315. American beauty in, 319. Moral atmosphere of, 320. Infrequency of inebriation and profaneness there, 322. Other objects of interest in, 326. Departure from, and reflections thereupon, 328.
- Parisians, attachment of, to Paris, 7. Enthusiasm of, for Napoleon, 9. Manners and character of, 10. Compared with Englishmen, 11. Their passion for gambling, 14; for theatrical exhibitions, 279; for music, 280; for billiards, 290. Foreign prejudices respecting them, considered, 313. Their ideas as to dress, 314. Their character, 315. Glory and pleasure the two idols of, 316. Their sense of honor, 316. Selfish, 316. See *French*.
- Passage d'Orléans, its splendid appearance at evening, 234.
- Patois, spoken at Marseilles, 200.
- Pedleresses, at the Marseilles' *cafés*, described, 192.
- People's Garden. See *Volks-Garten*.
- Perrot, a *danseur*, the easy agility and ugliness of, 257.
- Pesth, steamboat voyage to, 77. Royal palace near, 78. Reflections on, 78. Its buildings and architecture, 79. The Jager-Horn hotel and the guests at, 80. Theatre there, 81. Wagon ride from, to Vienna, 81.
- Peter the Great, house occupied by, near Amsterdam, 23, 27.
- Petrarch, Vaucluse the residence of, 179. His genius and passion, 180.
- Picture Gallery. See *Paintings*.
- Plantes, the Jardin des, 7.
- Poitiers, town and battle of, 216.
- Police, examination by the, upon passing from Switzerland into France, 172. Effects of gold upon the, 173, 329. Examination by the, at Portsmouth, 329.
- Pompadour, Madame la Marquise, mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, 277. Her visits to the Swiss cottages in the gardens of the Lesser Trianon, 327, *note*.
- Poniatowski, Prince, death of, and monument to, 47.
- Pont du Gard, aqueduct of the, near Nismes, 184. Inscription on the, by a rustic artist, 185.
- Popes buried at Avignon, 177.
- Porcelain, notice of the Dresden, 53.
- Porte St. Martin, Théâtre de la, tragedies performed there, 274.
- Portsmouth, in England, arrival at, from France, 328. Police examination there, 329. Visit to the packet office at, 329. The Victory at, and Lord Nelson, 329. Excursion from, to London, 330.
- Potsdam, ride to, from Berlin, 39. Palaces at, 40. The private room of Frederic the Great at, 40. Account of the new palace in, 40. Military exercises at, 41. Death of Frederic the Great there, 41. Château of Sans Souci in, 41. Frederic the Great's burial-place, 43.
- Potter, Paulus, an eminent Dutch painter, 25, and *note*.
- Poultry, particulars respecting French, 295.
- Prague, ride to, from Dresden, 58. Schwarze Ross hotel at, and its company, 58. Its tranquillity, 59. Reflections on the battle of, 59. The bridge across the Moldau at, 60. Islands near, and rifle-shooting, 60. The promenade there, 61. Drive about the environs of, 61. Display of soldiery at, 64.
- Prater, a promenade at Vienna, 72.



Pré aux Clercs, by Herold, popularity of, 278.  
 Presburg, excursion to, 76. Notice of, and of its inhabitants, 76.  
 Princes, Hôtel des, at Paris, 4.  
 Profaneness, infrequency of, in Paris, 322.  
 Protestant America, reflections on, 324.  
 Prova d' un' Opera Seria, Lablache's success in, 260. Humorous scene in it, 260. Conclusion of the piece, 261.  
 Prussia, the Royal Family of, 38. Popularity of the King, 38. Incident illustrating the jealousy of the government of, 107.  
 Prussians, hatred of, towards the French, 37. Their attachment to their King, 33; to the memory of the late Queen, Louisa, 39.  
 Pucelle d'Orléans, La, patriotism of, 219.  
 Puritani, I, by Bellini, its success, 262.

## Q.

Quack medicines, vending of, at Marseilles, 194.  
 Quai, at Marseilles, animated appearance of the, 187. On the Loire from Argennes to Tours, 217.

## R.

Raffaëlle, the painter, notice of his Madonna, 49. Canova compared with, 94. His Transfiguration, 231.  
 Reserve, remarks respecting, in aristocratic countries, 337. Cause of, in London, 338.  
 Restaurants, bands of music stationed in the German, 74. The Parisian, 231. The most celebrated in Paris, 291. Véry's, described, 292, 293. The Rocher de Cancale, 292. The Café de Paris, 292. Grignon's, 293.  
 Réunions. See *Bals Masqués* and *Concert*.  
 Révolte au Sérail, a ballet performed at

the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris, 251. Analysis of it, 252.  
 Rhine, rapidity of the, at Bingen, 104. Passage down the, and account of the boatman, 108. Excursion to Mayence on the, 116.  
 Rhone, steamboat passage down the, 176. Bridge over the, at St. Esprit, 176.  
 Richelieu, the Palais Royal commenced under the auspices of, 232.  
 Rifle shooting near Prague, 60.  
 Robert le Diable, by Mayerbeer, performance of, at the Académie Royale in Paris, 241. Its popularity and absorbing interest, 242, 244. The rôle of the Devil Prince, Nourrit's *chef-d'œuvre*, 242. Scenic effect in the third act, 242.  
 Rocher de Cancale, a *restaurant* in Paris, particulars respecting the, 292.  
 Romance. See *Novel*.  
 Rotterdam, departure from London for, 19. Arrival at, 21. Ride from to Amsterdam, 22.  
 Rouen, passage to, from Havre de Grace, 2. Commissionaires at, 2. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, 2. The cathedral there, 2. Notice of, 3. Distance of, from Paris, 3.  
 Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, reflections on, 139. Remarks on his character and writings, 140. His Julie, 140. Cited respecting the Lake of Geneva and its environs, 142. Gibbon contrasted with, 144. Tomb of, 223. Autograph of, in the Royal Library at Paris, 299. Hermitage of, at Montmorency, 327.  
 Royal Arsenal, at Toulon, 199.  
 ——— Library. See *Bibliothèque Royale*.  
 ——— Museum, at Berlin, 36.  
 ——— Palace, at Berlin, 35. See *Palais Royal*.  
 Rubens, Peter Paul, remarks on his paintings, 26. Canova compared with, 94. Painting of the crucifixion of St. Peter by, 115.  
 Rubini, first tenor in Europe, remarks on his style of singing and pathos, 5, 248, 258. His excellence in *La Somnambula*, 258. At a concert, 333.

Rudesheim, cultivation of vines at, 104.  
View from ruins near, 104  
Russian mountains. See *Montagnes Russes*.

## S.

Saardam, cottage in the dockyard of, occupied by Peter the Great, 23, 27.  
Sail-boats at Marseilles, 188.  
St. Cloud and its Château, 326.  
St. Esprit, the bridge at, 176. Its magnificence and durability, 176.  
St. Paul's church, in London, visit to, and remarks on, 18.  
St. Peter, Rubens's painting of the crucifixion of, 115. Allusion to the church of, at Rome, 347.  
St. Stephen's church, at Vienna, 69.  
Salt Works at Hallein, visited and described, 88.  
Salzburg, arrival at, 87. Situation of, 87. Emblems of war and religion in, 87. The chapel at, 87. Scenery in the vicinity of, 90. Large numbers of Crétins in the vicinity of, 90. Objects of interest at, 91. Gardens and statues, 91.  
Sans Souci Château, visit to and notice of, 41. The favorite residence of Frederick the Great, 42.  
Saussure, De, a Swiss naturalist, remarks on his ascent of Mont Blanc, 156. Grotto discovered by, 157.  
Savoy, scenery in, 151.  
Saxe, tomb and monument in honor of, at Strasburg, 126.  
Saxe Suisse, romantic scenery of, 55.  
Saxony, royal family of, 56.  
Scenery, natural, reflections on viewing at sunset, 120.  
Schoenbrunn, notice of the palace of, near Vienna, 71. The château of, 71.  
Scribe, the most celebrated *vaudevilliste* in France at the present day, 304. The writer of the *paroles* in the grand operas, and of successful *petites comédies*, 304. *Comediette* on the American stage, borrowed from, 304.

Skepticism, reflections on, 144.  
Smoking cigars, arrest for, at Osnabruck, 29.  
Soldiery, display of, at Potsdam, 41; at a military funeral at Pragne, 64. The *moustache* of the, 64. Remarks on French, 315.  
Somnambula, La, an opera, Rubini's success in, 258. Madame Malibran's performance of Amina in, 334.  
Stadt Haus, at Amsterdam, 24.  
Staël, Madame de, Coppet the residence of, 165. Reflections on, 165.  
Statues, Roman, at Toulouse, 210. In the garden of the Tuileries, 227. Grecian, 230.  
Strangers, courtesy to, in Paris, 8. Literary facilities for, at Paris, 10, 298, 300.  
Strasburg, notice of the city and its population, 126. Its cathedral and the spire, 126. View of, from the cathedral, 127. Predominance of German character at, 128.  
Strauss, the German musician, 74.  
Sunset, on viewing nature at, 120.  
Swiss, remark as to the morality of the, 77, 170. Present degeneracy of the, 169. Military, 189.  
Swiss cottages, in the gardens of Lesser Trianon, at Paris, 327. Resorted to by Louis the Fourteenth, 327, *note*.  
Switzerland, a disappointed traveller's remarks on the scenery of, 132. Scenery of, near Berne, 136, 139; near Geneva, 150; in Savoy, 150; at Chamouni, 156. Without distinct individual character, 168. Present fallen condition of, 168. Hopelessness of her recovery, 170.

## T.

Taglioni, Mademoiselle, 7. At the head of the *corps de ballet* at the Académie Royale, 238. Her success in *La Révolte au Sérail*, 252, 257; in *La Sylphide*, 253. Her personal appearance, 253. Remarks on her movements in the *danse*, 254. Compared with other *artistes*,

254. Her character, 255. Her husband, 255. Engagement of, at St. Petersburg, 255.
- Talma, the tragedian, remark on, 269.
- Tamburini, the singer, 5, 262. His rapid vocalization, 262. His performance in *I Puritani*, 262. At a concert in London, 323.
- Tentation, *La*, a ballet-opera represented at the Académie Royale, in Paris, 244. The scene in it characterized as *L'Enfer*, 244.
- Thalberg, a German pianist, at De Beriot's concert given in London, 333, 335.
- Thames river, passage down the, and remarks, 20.
- Theatres, in Paris, 5, 233, 268, 277; in London, 18, 332; in Amsterdam, 24; at Hanover, 33; in Berlin, 37; at Prague, 62. American and European representations at, 63. At Pesth, 81; at Vienna, 84; at Munich, 95; at Marseilles, 191. Admission behind the scenes of, 191. In Toulouse, 211. In Bordeaux, 212. Further particulars respecting the Parisian, 241. Support of, in Paris, 277. The London revisited, 332.
- Three Kings. See *Drei Könige von Cöln*.
- Tides in the Mediterranean Sea, 197, *note*.
- Tomb of the Three Kings, at Cologne, 114, 131.
- Tortoni's, ices and *liqueurs* at, 284.
- Toulon, excursion to, 196. Situation and importance of, 196. Its harbour, 197. French navy at, 197. Translucency of the waters at, 197, and *note*. Description of the Montebello ship of the line at, 198.
- Toulouse, objects of interest in, 210. Bridge there, 210. Water tower, 210. Roman amphitheatre and aqueduct at, 210. Roman statues there, 210. The siege and battle of, 210. Theatre in, 211.
- Tours, bridge and objects of interest at, 217.
- Transfiguration, a painting by Raffaele, 231.
- Travellers, American, sensations of, in Europe, 21. Unsatisfactory accounts given by, 336. Character of English, 339. The prejudices of American respecting foreigners, 343.
- Travelling, reflections on, 23, 44. Excitement from, 48. Wearing influence of, on body and mind, 129. By *Malle Poste*, 215. Its tendency to a desultory life considered, 341. Effects of, on one's own condition, 342. American prejudices respecting foreigners at the time of commencing, 343. Stifles national vanity, 343. Other illusions removed by, 344. Effects of, on one's views of human happiness, 344. Effects of, on Americans, upon their return home, 345. Solid advantages of, 346.
- Triansons, *Les Deux*, at Paris, 327. Remarks on the gardens of the Lesser of the, 327, *note*.
- Triumphal arch of Napoleon, at Paris, 3, 9.
- Tuileries, the garden of the, 7, 226. View from the, 8. The Château of the, described, 226.

## U.

- Ude, gastronomic immortality of, 294.
- Utrecht, journey to, from Amsterdam, 28.

## V.

- Variétés, Théâtre des, in Paris, character of the, 276.
- Vases, containing the hearts of the imperial family of Austria, 70.
- Vaucluse, excursion to, 177. The celebrated fountain of, 178. Appearances of nature there, 178. The residence of Petrarch, 179. Column to Laura there, and her dwellinghouse, 180.
- Vaud, extracts from Rousseau respecting the Canton of, 142.

Vaudeville, Théâtre de, performers at the 276, 304. Characteristic features of the, 305.

Véron, the Café, a favorite breakfasting-house with the English and Americans in Paris, 283. Remarks on the service there, 283.

Véry's Restaurant in Paris, 292. Its elegance, 293. The *salon*, 293. Its *viandes* and the readiest way to procure them, 294. The *carte du restaurant*, 294, 26. The French *volaille*, 294. The wines, 296. Particularity of the bills made out there, 297.

Victory, the ship, at Portsmouth, 329.

Vienna, character of the Cabinet of, 65. Approach to, 66. Archduke Charles Hotel at, 67. The Imperial library at, 67. Public rooms, 68. Churches and architecture in, 69. Hearts of the imperial family of Austria preserved at, 70. Palaces in, 70. Its arsenal, 72. Promenades and gardens, 72. Excursion from, to Presburg and Pesth, 76. Return to, in a wagon, 82. Identification of, with Austria, 83. Opera at, 84. Prices for admission to public amusements in, 84.

Viennese, fondness of, for instrumental music, 74. Their morality and decorum considered, 84. Fondness of, for pleasure, 86.

Vigne. See *De la Vigne*.

Vocal concerts, infrequency of, in Paris, 305.

Volaille, particulars respecting the French, 295.

Volks-Garten, a pleasure-ground at Vienna, noticed, 73.

Voltaire, intimacy of Frederic the Great with, 40, 164. Visit to the residence of, at Ferney, 161. His death, 162. The old gardener's recollections of, 162. Character and skepticism of, 163. Tomb of, 223. Autograph of, in the Royal Library at Paris, 299.

Voyage, to Europe, 1. Return, 340.

## W.

Water, distribution of, through the city of Toulouse, 210.

Water excursions, musings on, 188.

Wellington, Duke of, his personal appearance, 331.

Wiesbaden, a place of fashionable resort, 101. The Kursaal at, 101. Gambling at, 102.

Wine, manufacture of, at Johannisberg, 303. Prevalence of drinking, in southern France, 181. The Bordeaux, 214. At Véry's *restaurant*, 296.

Wine cellar, at Bremen, 30.

## Y.

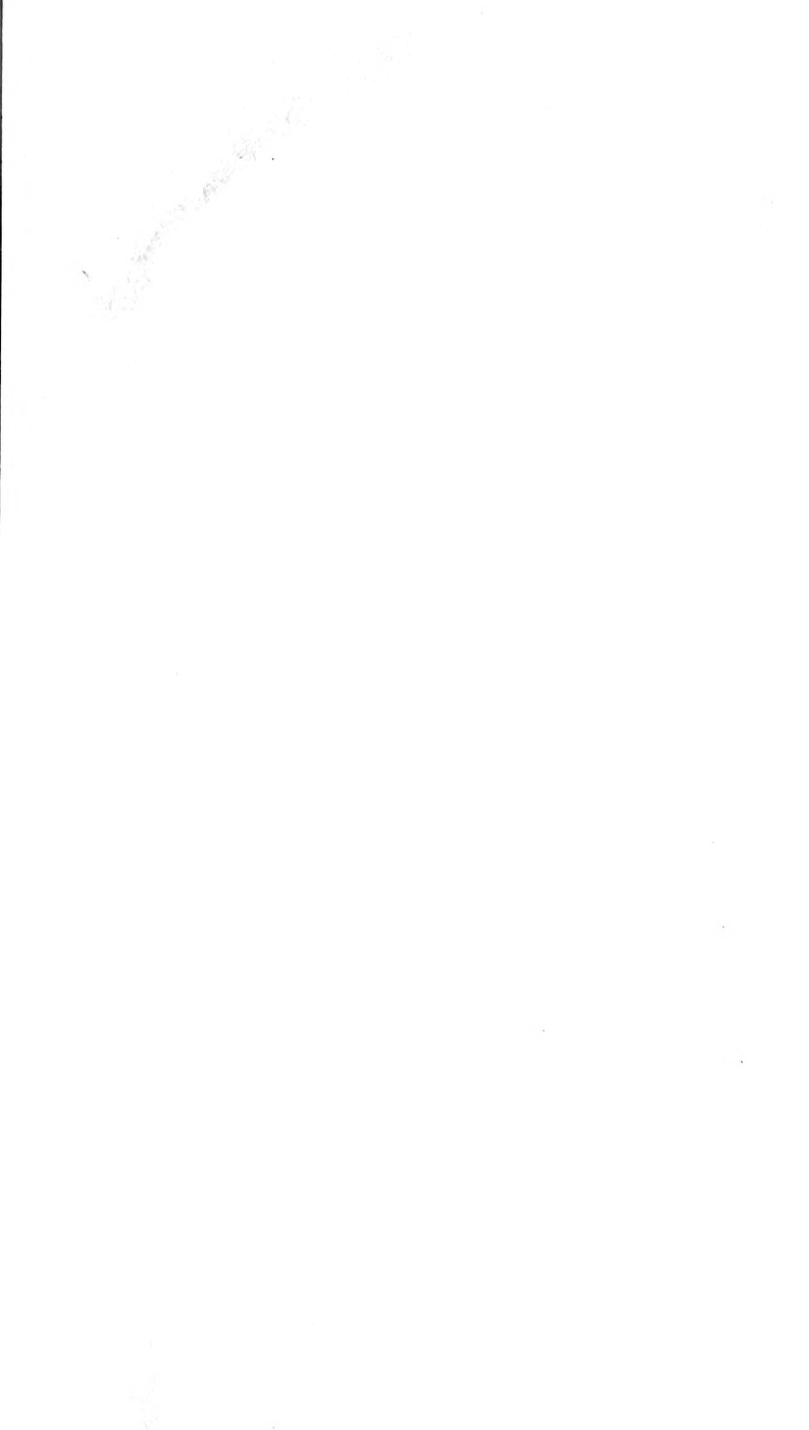
Young, Edward, extract from his *Night Thoughts*, respecting Narcissa, 206.

## Z.

Zoölogical Gardens at London, visited, 331.







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